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MUSICAL SKETCHES

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MUSICAL SKETCHES

BY

ELISE POLKO

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"O Music! Thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?"

Jean Paul.

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MUSICAL SKETCHES

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

"The great artist, when, like Moses, he stands upon the mount and receives the eternal laws of art, must at once forget his inner life, with its joys and sorrows, and, ascending to heaven, leave the petty cares of earth and disappear into the void of space."—JEAN PAUL.

AN autumn evening, foreshadowing winter, followed a cool, gloomy October day; misty forms hurried over the fields; an icy wind arose and ruthlessly tore off the beautiful variegated leaves, that clung with languid strength upon their beloved trees, and scattered them under the feet of the wayfarers. An oppressive anxiety, or a dull sadness, hung over all nature;—it was as though the voice of winter sounded from afar, and, whispering maliciously, suggested dreary days to come—long, dark nights, frost-pictures, and snowflakes. In the town, however, which lay coiled together in the midst of a large plain, it looked more cheerful: all the inhabitants, as though in mockery of the autumn, had retired into their warm houses and cottages; a friendly light—that sign of true comfort—poured forth from all the windows. It was about the year

1732, and the city of which I speak was called Leipzig. It was surrounded by deep moats, high walls, and stately linden-trees, and looked defiant and well protected. The houses were mostly narrow and high, with odd, pointed balconies; here and there one could see a little tower upon the roofs; but few church-steeples were visible. A brilliant light shone from the organist's dwelling: it was attached to the venerable St. Thomas' school, and was situated not far from the stateliest church in Leipzig. The sound of many merry voices was distinctly audible, for a very united family was assembled within.

At the heavy oaken table, that stood in the centre of a room which was adorned with large, dark cupboards and strangely shaped chairs, there sat a man, attired in a plain suit of black, with a flowing but somewhat dishevelled wig. His face was round and blooming; a serious mildness played about the corners of a firm mouth; his brow was wondrously beautiful and transparent, and the glance of his fiery black eyes possessed an indescribable power, a might from whose influence it was difficult to escape. One was forced to gaze ever and again into those magical eyes; it seemed as if beautiful beings, not belonging to this earth, were mirrored there,

and as if they compelled one to cast aside all worldliness and become better.

This man of whom we speak was John Sebastian Bach, well known throughout the city as a great organist. The good people said of him, moreover, that he was a strange fellow, not easily managed; they often shook their wise heads thoughtfully at his remarkably intricate figures and unintelligible fantasies upon the organ. Still all sat entranced when he played; one thrill after another flew through the listener's soul when his powerful tones arose and swept along the aisles of the church, seeming as though they would rend its walls asunder, and bury the petty mass of trembling beings beneath its falling ruins.

The organist's wife sat at his right hand—a vigorous woman with regular features and saint-like eyes; a snow-white cap was upon her head and a dazzling neck-kerchief was crossed upon her bosom. She held her youngest son Christopher, a hardy child, about three months old, upon her knee. Several other healthy-looking boys were lying about, near their mother's feet, eating roasted apples and playing with their baby brother. Bach's eldest son, tall and handsome—like in appearance to his father—stood near the immense stove made of Dutch tiles, and

gazed thoughtfully upon the noisy group of younger brothers. To the left of the organist, a slender, well-dressed young man was seated, with thick black hair, whose mild, amiable, dark face resembled that of the head of the family. It was Bach's second son, Philip Emanuel, there on a visit; he had come from Frankfort on the Oder, a long and wearisome journey, in order to surprise his dear ones. He had just been telling his father about the new musical Academy which he had established at Frankfort, and which he directed successfully. He also spoke of the industry and talent of his pupils; and now he drew a few sheets of music, timidly, from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed them towards the organist, saying: "Dearly beloved father, look at this; tell me if it be good!" It was a fine sonata, which Bach examined with eyes moist with joy; then he put the roll away, and said, pleasantly: "In time something will be made of you, my boy; proceed with God's help! Friedemann improves bravely; he plays quite well; perhaps I may live to have much joy in you both!" The two eldest sons listened, smiling and rejoicing at their father's speech, and pressed his hands gratefully.

Suddenly the trampling of a horse was heard, and immediately afterwards there came a violent

knocking at the house door. The two eldest sons, alarmed, rushed from the room; the children became hushed, the mother grew pale. Sebastian Bach alone looked quiet and tranquil, and said: "Why feel fear? None of us have a bad conscience; so then let come what may!"

After a few minutes a postilion appeared, exhausted and bespattered with mud; he came direct from the Electoral residence of Dresden to speak with the organist Sebastian Bach, and handed him a note written by the powerful minister, the much-feared Count Brühl. The organist drew the large oil lamp nearer to him, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read; Philip Emanuel politely offered the man a chair.

"My Dear Bach:

"Our most gracious Elector and master, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, wishes to have the renowned and well-known organist, Sebastian Bach, perform for him. You are to play on Sunday, the 24th of October, at the church in Dresden. Two days after the receipt of this letter, one of the royal carriages will be in Leipzig to bring you to the palace, where we all await you with the greatest anxiety. Prepare yourself worthily for this great honour, my dear Bach.

"By order of my most gracious master I greet you.

"Signed: COUNT BRÜHL."

Bach stood thoughtful for a long time: derision and displeasure struggled upon his countenance; his eyes turned from one face to another. Friedemann and Philip remained modestly silent.

"Courier," at last said Bach, slowly but firmly, "tell the minister, that I, Sebastian Bach, organist of the St. Thomas' school of Leipzig, shall comply with my prince's orders, and will go to Dresden."

"I must venture to ask for a written document!" said the courier.

"Man," thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "what do you dare to demand? Did you not understand me? Have not I—Sebastian Bach—but now given you my word? Do you take me for one of those faithless vassals that thrive but in the air of courts, and who are more bound by a miserable scrap of paper than by a promise made in the presence of God?"

"Dearest father!" said entreatingly Philip Emanuel.

"Silence, boy! you do not understand such

things,'' hastily exclaimed the father; and turning towards the courier, he said, more quietly: ''You are now dismissed. Tell all to the Count; I care not!''

The messenger, pale with fright, had retreated a few steps. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him towards him and said, pleasantly: ''Well, this will be a wholesome lesson for you, is it not so? Remember it; not only here, but in the palace! And now enough! I shall be very glad if you will remain to supper and take a glass of beer.'' The courier took a constrained and hurried departure, and Bach gayly reseated himself.

Then his family pressed around him anxiously, and his wife, Gertrude, exclaimed: ''Ah, my Sebastian, you will go out into the wide world—far away to Dresden, in the midst of the great magnificence and splendour of the sinful city!—Ah, and the long, long, weary journey! No, my husband, you will not grieve your wife and children by leaving them!'' Then she burst into bitter tears, and threw her arms with many sobs about her husband's neck. The children, who saw their mother weep, commenced to lament and clung about their father; the two sons loudly and eagerly discussed the Count's note: there was much noise in the little room.

At length the full, strong voice of the father conquered the uproar: "Wife, take these wild boys into the nursery; only Friedemann and Emanuel shall remain here!" Then, with a powerful effort, he shook off the screaming children, and the mother took the little ones to their old nurse.

The organist paced up and down the room with long steps; his faithful wife returned, and with moist eyes resumed her seat at the table.— "You must not trouble yourself thus about the long journey, Gertrude," he said to her, mildly, "for in a fortnight I shall have returned to my old nest, if God does not ordain otherwise; besides, I have determined to take these two"—he pointed to Friedemann and Emanuel—"with me to the palace; they shall see the gay world for once, and above all shall take good care of their father."—The sons thanked him with sparkling eyes.—"Yes, children," he continued, "we will so strike the hearts of the worldlings with the glorious, pure voice of God" (so he often called his beloved organ) "that they will start back, and anxiously stretch forth their hands, praying lowly and secretly: *Pater, peccavi!* And master Hasse shall acknowledge that there are sounds more sublime and more divine than the sweet, voluptuous melodies of

beautiful Italy!'' His face wore a transfigured look as he spoke these words, and his family gazed upon him with unbounded reverence.

Then he said, cheerfully: ''Now, mother, let the screamers in again, and bring us the soup!'' The table was set; a large stone jug, full of foaming beer, stood before the father's plate, and an immense loaf of bread lay beside it. Father Bach, after saying a short blessing, helped each one, with loving care, to his share of food and drink, commencing with the eldest; mother Gertrude served the smoking soup, and they all ate, talked, and laughed.

On the following day, the organist betook himself to the rector's house, in order to receive permission to undertake the important journey. It was disagreeable for him to do this, for he avoided, as much as possible, all intercourse with him.

The rector and the organist were not friends. The first complained bitterly of his inferior's rough behaviour and refractory disposition; and Bach used often to scold angrily at the rector, for being a God-forsaken, dried-up pedant. There was not a single fresh branch on this rector tree, still less a tiny green leaf; the whole man was wintry without and within. His soul

was as withered and as shrivelled as was his body; it was ruined and buried beneath the thick dust of mouldering book-learning. No bright flower delighted him; he would count its stamina, examine its calyx, and then cast it away; he remarked merry little birds and animals but to experiment upon them;—to poison them was his greatest amusement. He was indifferent to all mankind; he did not love a soul. He called the organ-playing of the perverse Bach, "devilish;" he withdrew from its influence, and never attended morning service; yes, he had even spread the report, that the devil in person had pledged himself to blow the bellows for Bach when he practised. Whenever he could, he placed some obstacle in the organist's way, and rejoiced in a truly impish manner at his frequent bursts of anger. He would gladly have dismissed him, but it required a very different strength from his to make so great a rock totter; so he stood alone with his hatred; for teachers and pupils alike gazed with silent love and admiration upon the mighty ruler of the swelling organ.

John Sebastian Bach excitedly entered the study of the rector, for he had just had a choir repetition with his pupils, and had become somewhat impatient; his wig, as usual on such occa-

sions, was all awry; the rector raised himself high in his leathern easy-chair, stared with his little grey eyes upon his visitor, and gravely said: "Well, what annoyance brings the organist here?"

"No annoyance, Rector," answered Bach; "I only wished to announce that to-morrow I must start upon a long journey, by order of our Elector; and so you will give me a fortnight's leave of absence, I suppose!"

"What do I hear?" said the rector, half breathless with astonishment and vexation, "a long journey?—'you must'?—'Elector'?—and I have heard nothing of it? Go, go, Bach; this is another roguish little plan of your genial artist's head! How should Elector Augustus"—

"I shall play the organ in Dresden," said the organist, quietly, interrupting the speaker; "the Elector has so determined."

"This really sounds rather enigmatical and dubious," said the rector, smiling mockingly; "however, it does not seem to me that the journey need take place at a certain time; therefore, I declare to you quite plainly that I cannot spare you for the next four weeks. After that, I shall place no obstacle in the way of your wishes."

Bach's open countenance showed no trace of anger or emotion during this spiteful speech; the

wondrous eyes looked fixedly upon the dwarf-like antagonist, and an indescribably compassionate smile played around the mouth. At last he said, firmly and loudly: "Rector, please give me a decided answer! Can I have a fortnight's holiday?"

"No—no," cried the angry man, violently, "and for the last time no!"

"Well and good," replied the organist; "so I announce to you that I will go without permission!" He turned away, without looking back, and with hasty steps quitted his enemy's room, whom he left trembling with rage.

So select an assemblage of distinguished and elegant men and women had never before been collected in the large, handsome Catholic church of magnificent Dresden, as was present on the afternoon of the Sunday on which the organist Bach of Leipzig had promised to play. Countless gentlemen in their shining court-dresses; magnificent ladies in glittering attire; some clad in costly materials and precious stones, others in the more charming ornaments of fresh, blooming youth. They formed a sparkling, animated circle; and in their midst sat the royal form of Augustus of Saxony. The carriage of the prince, although he was advanced in years, was still

erect; he held his head high, but his features—whose former beauty was now revealed only by the delicate lines about the nose and mouth, as well as by the outline of the chin—appeared sunken and listless, and the fire of his large eyes was extinguished. Augustus was conversing in a low tone of voice with his favourite Brühl, who stood at his side, and with the elegant deportment of a finished man of the world listened to the words of his mighty master with apparent subjection. Ungovernable pride was stamped upon his brow; insatiable ambition flashed forth from the restless eyes; boundless thirst of power trembled about the corners of the delicate lips.

"And so the droll organist would absolutely not come to court last evening?" whispered the Elector, smiling; "I shall torment him so much the more to-day: as soon as the music ceases, I shall ask to see him; he shall be carried away to supper, and at the ball the most beautiful of the young ladies of our court shall invite him to dance." Brühl bowed silently. "We are all very anxious to hear the celebrated organist," continued the prince; "suspense can be read upon every face; Hasse has expectantly elevated his thick eyebrows, and even the enchanting Faustina casts an uneasy glance around the

church, as if she feared to discover a rival. Our virtuoso Marchand alone has not laid aside his mocking smile. But there, three persons appear in the choir! Look, Brühl! Two quite youthful men have modestly seated themselves at one side; and what lovely, innocent faces they have!''

''They are the organist's two eldest sons, your majesty,'' responded Brühl.

Then a tone arose from the organ, like a heavenly breath of air, and purified all hearts from vain thoughts. Deep silence prevailed; an inexplicable devotion thrilled through all, and every eye was turned upwards. A magnificent prelude swelled forth like a rich, golden stream upon whose shores bloomed heavenly flowers, and carried the expectant soul away upon its mighty waves, in the powerful, sweeping choral:

„Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott!"*

* „Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen;
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen."

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

Martin Luther, 1483 † 1546.

The proud song of praise of the *evangelical* Church swept along the choir and floated downwards, whilst Father Bach's face glowed with happy smiles; for he solemnized at this moment, in the Catholic house of prayer, the triumph of his beloved Church. Like a crowned conqueror, the elevated melody penetrated through the beautiful aisles, and with so much power that it seemed as though an invisible choir of angels had lent to it their voices. The harmonies flowed continually onward: Father Bach's mind arose higher and higher; the moving sounds became ever more holy, more wondrous; a gigantic, mysterious voice came floating on, ever stronger, striking upon each heart as if about to break it, and soaring aloft as if about to annihilate all beneath it. Then the pillars of the church commenced to tremble; the wailing voices of all mankind were heard imploring compassion; a whole world was entreating for mercy. Mingled with this there arose, like an incense-offering, the melody:

„Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott!"

And then the mysterious rustling became louder, as though in answer to the entreaties of believing love. At last the imploring voices seemed to grow weary; the complaints became softer

and ever fainter, the beseeching more despondingly; then arose, oh, miracle, the sweet forgiveness! The lofty ceiling of the church appeared to float away; ethereal blue with golden streaks of light poured in, and the breath of spring filled the vast halls. Deep, ardent tones were heard, and a heavenly, fervent voice, full of infinite compassion, promised eternal forgiveness to sinners. An astonishment mingled with belief and pious exultation now trembled in pure, holy sounds; and at last there arose, powerful, mighty,—millions of happy human voices, mingled with the triumphant Hallelujah of the angels,—the brilliant song of praise called:

„Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott!"

The tones of the organ had died away. John Sebastian Bach still sat upon his stool, with folded hands; the radiance of heaven lay upon his countenance. Pale as death, trembling with bliss at the success of their honoured father, the sons stood near him. A slight noise was heard in the church; a side-door of the choir was opened, and the Elector entered; behind him came, at a reverential distance, his glittering suite. Augustus of Saxony approached almost timidly the great man, who sat so humbly before him, and who, lost in pious dreams, ap-

peared not to remark the new-comer, who seemed unwilling to interrupt his prayerful meditation. At last he laid his hand gently upon Bach's shoulder; the organist started, arose, and gazed frankly and smilingly into his face. The master's soul was still filled with the splendour of his God, into whose heaven he had just ascended on the wings of harmony. How could worldly power and earthly glory touch him in this moment of holy inspiration? It even cost him an effort to find words for speech. "Gracious sir," he said, in a low tone, after a long pause, "I see that the voice of God has reached the inmost recesses of your heart! Tell me—does not a wondrously blissful feeling mingle itself with a strange anxiety and dread? Do you not feel as though you were enveloped in sunshine? Do you not long to view larger, more beautiful worlds than this little grain of sand upon which we were born? Does not all earthly glory fade into nothingness beside the glittering splendour of heaven above? Would you not give yourself up, mind and life, to the divine voice of God, and be carried at once to the abode of the blest?"

"Bach," answered the prince, in a trembling voice, as he stepped close to him, "the presenti-

ment of my approaching death came to me when I heard you play upon the organ! The thought, however, had no terrors for me; I did not fear its aspect as I once did, when I meditated in the quiet hours of evening upon the obscure enigma of after-life. Oh, master, if I might but hear you play at my dying hour!"

Bach made no answer; he contemplated his much-moved royal master with eyes overflowing with tender emotion and joy. His devout heart enjoyed at this moment a greater triumph than did his artist's pride. There was a rustling at the door; a woman pressed hastily through the prince's suite—a woman in the fullest bloom of life, tall, finely formed, with a proud, Juno-like head: it was Faustina Hasse, the adored singer, the much-praised favourite of all Dresden. She rushed towards the organist with all the passion of an Italian woman; glowing and weeping, she threw her arms around his neck, kissed him vehemently upon both cheeks, and, sobbing violently, she cried, in the greatest excitement: "Blest, oh, eternally blest be thou, dazzling ray of light!"

Bach was filled with astonishment; the bystanders smiled; then Hasse stepped up, drew his wife towards him with gentle force, men-

tioned his own name, and clasped the great master's hands with unfeigned reverence. Even the frivolous French mocker and elegant virtuoso Marchand drew near: his handsome lips were no longer wreathed in scornful smiles, but his eyes shone in the moist light of deep emotion. He silently pressed the master's hand to his breast. The Elector's suite followed the favourite's example; the charming court ladies did not remain indifferent; and soon the most beautiful little hands touched the organist's cheeks or fingers, and the loveliest lips spoke their thanks.

Suddenly the master tore himself away with gigantic strength, and he cried, in a voice whose thunder was reëchoed by the arches of the church: "Enough!—Such soft caressing and sporting should not be the reward of my serious organ-playing! Away from me, ye seductive figures! I will look upon you no longer! I know now full well that I am in voluptuous Dresden; I long to be away from all these beautiful flowers and serpents; I long to return to my dear, quiet house, and to my wife and children! Gracious sir," he cried, imploringly, turning towards the Elector, who gazed upon the scene with a melancholy smile, "let me go! You must see that the old Sebastian Bach can

never be at home here—that he knows not how to swim in these streams!''

''I shall not let you depart,'' graciously replied the prince, ''until you have asked for a favour for yourself!''

''You can give me nothing, my Elector,'' Bach answered, openly; ''I am richer than you; still, I thank you!''

''But remember your sons!'' mildly continued Augustus.

''Well, then, gracious sir, if you could do something for my Friedemann,''—and he drew the blushing one towards him,—''it would please me much! But not for two years; for I need my boy myself; he is a good engraver, and we are now working upon the Passion music. My Philip''—he then nodded to his second son—''has already been provided for by the Lord; he is succeeding well. I thank you, therefore, with my whole heart, my most gracious Elector!''

The Elector now dismissed the much reverenced master with the most flattering promises for Friedemann's future; he took their hands, and as they departed he promised to each his favour. The most distinguished gentlemen pressed forward, in order to descend with them; and they assisted the organist into the carriage with

as much care and reverence as if he had been the mightiest ruler of the world.

On the following morning John Sebastian Bach and his sons were rolling gayly and happily towards their beloved home. As they drove by the magnificent, gigantic fort, and as the glorious Elbe unveiled itself to their admiring eyes, Philip Emanuel exclaimed, excitedly: "Dearest father, Dresden *is* wondrously beautiful; but the most beautiful thing of all is—Faustina Hasse!"

"Hush, boy," cried the master—although a roguish smile played about the corners of his mouth; "you do not understand such things!"

Iphigenia in Aulis

"I press my wreath
Upon the lofty master's noble brow."
Goethe's Tasso.

O MUSIC, how blest is the brow that thou encirclest with thy halo! Like unto a mighty talisman, thy rays avert the countless sorrows of man; those whom thou adornest wander forth protected upon the uneven paths of earth and through the darkness of its nights; nor do they stumble:—all shadows vanish before their prophetic eyes.

"Solitude amidst the greatest tumult, amidst the busiest life, is truly *real* solitude!"—You might have said this to yourself, had you glanced at a serious, thoughtful man who had seated himself upon a little bench in the verdant garden of the park of Versailles one lovely April afternoon. His face was turned away from the moving multitude, and was directed upwards; his lofty, clear brow bore the radiant mark of unwonted grandeur of mind; the sun-

shine did not seem to dazzle the open blue eyes, and a trace of heavenly inspiration played about the noble mouth. The man's dress was simple, indeed, almost careless, and, on account of its grey hue, contrasted strikingly with the richly embroidered costumes of the gentlemen of the French court of the period; for it was the year 1774, and Louis the Sixteenth ruled over beautiful France.

The countless promenaders, who flitted to and fro like a swarm of bees, seated themselves, talked, coquetted, laughed, and paid no attention to the stranger; even the flower-girls with their violets became weary of tormenting him, and lavished no longer glances nor smiles upon him. By degrees the crowd dispersed; it grew more quiet in the garden; the noisy children's voices became silent; the rays of the sun shone less ardently, the blue of the sky darkened; the little birds, intoxicated with the spring, sought their nests; and at last all was still. Then the solitary stranger slowly arose from his seat and prepared to turn homewards, but, still meditating, missed his way and lost himself in the intricacies of the park. There all was enchanting and mysterious; lovely Spring seemed to have hidden herself in these thick avenues,

arbours, and thickets; everywhere flowers bloomed and diffused their fragrance, fountains related splashingly their charming water-fairy tales, and white marble statues of the gods peeped with stolen glances through the fresh young verdure.

The wanderer stopped, and smiled dreamily; but it was not the splendour of this wondrous garden that had called this beaming smile to his lips; no, it must have sprung from the silent one's inmost soul, for sweet thoughts appeared to agitate him. At one moment he would raise his hands, then, quickly dropping them, he would pace hastily up and down, humming a melody, at times very low, at others, passionately:—it was a soft, foreboding complaint. Then his expressive face grew dark; a storm seemed to pass over his lofty brow, fiery glances flashed from his eyes, and, in a rich, powerful voice, he sang the following recitative:

"Go and seek death through thy father's hand! Unto the dread altar shall my foot follow thee! There will I paralyze the arm that threatens thee!"

Then he clenched his hand, his proud figure rose to its full height, he raised his arms

violently, and sang, with heart-rending passion, with noble wrath:

"He will soon be the prey of my anger!
I shall draw my sword upon him!
The altar that they impiously deck,
My threatening arm will cast it in the dust."

Suddenly two stately Swiss soldiers rushed like an infuriated pair of tigers from out the bushes, seized the excited one by the shoulders, and hurled a flood of German and French terms of reproach upon him. "Villain!" screamed one, in broken German, "you would raise your hand against Louis's palace? You would kill the king with a sword? You would destroy the holy Church, and break the altar of the Lord?"—"And here," angrily snorted the other, "the blasphemer destroys the flower-beds of the royal private park, treads down all the violets as well as *les jolies marguerites.* Away, away with him to prison!"

The stranger was completely disconcerted for a few moments: he stared upon them without uttering a word, and, with an expression of unbounded amazement, cast a long, astonished glance upon the destruction caused by his feet; at last a faint, mocking smile spread over his

features. "Very well," he quietly said to his gigantic captors, whose eyes had suspiciously followed all his movements; "drag me whither you will, but first I demand to be led before your queen; I will justify myself to her!"— The soldiers made signs to each other, showing that they doubted their prisoner's sanity, but nodded assent to him; and the little party moved onward.

As they reached the palace-yard, a richly gilt carriage drove up, drawn by four spirited white horses, whose heads were ornamented with gorgeous blue plumes; it stopped before the palace-gate. The door sprang open; a light, graceful female form descended from the fairy-like seat, which was ornamented with precious stones and covered with blue velvet. A black velvet hat with waving feathers was placed on the top of the prettiest little powdered head; pink satin and laces covered the beautiful figure. This brilliant apparition was Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. Whilst her stout companion was painfully descending from the carriage, the lively queen, who was looking curiously about her, remarked the mysterious prisoner who was held tightly in the grasp of the Swiss.

"What is taking place here?" she exclaimed,

hastily, in German, as she lingered upon the threshold. At the sound of this voice the captive raised his proud head higher, and smiled joyfully; a faint cry escaped the rosy lips of the princess. "Oh, Master Gluck," she cried, enchanted, extending her hand; "dear, dear Gluck, who is it that dares to fetter free genius in my realm?"

Gluck's eyes sparkled; at a sign from their mistress, the bewildered Swiss withdrew.

"Come, master, follow me," gayly continued the queen; "you shall not slip away from me! Now *I* am to be your jailor. Tell me quickly, how came you to our palace-gate in such suspicious company? Come, you must tarry an hour or so in the apartments of your former pupil."—She flew up the carpeted flight of stairs with such girlish rapidity that Gluck could scarcely follow her. At a word from the queen, the astonished train of servants remained behind. Marie Antoinette rapidly passed through many golden shining chambers of state with her silent companion, then opened an arras-door, and entered a charming, simple little room, from whose window the wondrously beautiful garden, decked in spring-like freshness, was visible.

"Princess," exclaimed Gluck, visibly surprised, "why, this is the cosy room of our beloved Archduchess Marie when at the Imperial Palace in Vienna! What a pleasing miracle!"

"Do you, indeed, recognize it?" inquired the queen, much moved, as she gave the master a comfortable chair.—"Come," she said, with charming grace and cordiality, "we will speak German, and talk about our dear Vienna. Shall we not, Gluck? Now, so long as you remain here seated by me, let me imagine myself to be the merry, careless, happy Princess Marie, the favourite of her stately imperial mother, and the unapt pupil of the great Master Gluck!"

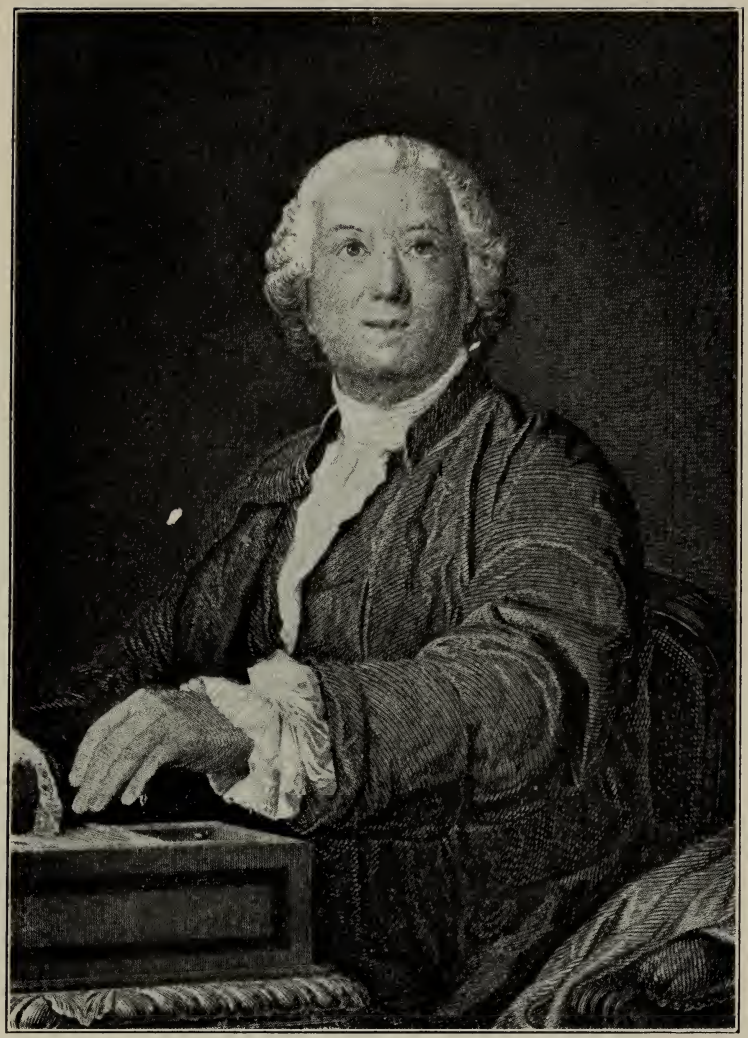
During this speech she had thrown off her pink cloak and her plumed hat, and now she stood before her former teacher in a pale-green silk dress, with a bunch of orange-blossoms and roses upon her breast, looking very, very lovely. Then she threw herself into a low chair, placed her little feet comfortably upon a red velvet cushion, and continued: "Ah, Gluck, how often have I secretly longed to be able to talk with you without restraint about old times, since I received the tidings of your arrival in Paris! But the tiresome court festivals pre-

vented me from fulfilling the wishes of my heart. I have not seen you since that stiff reception when you were presented to the king, and brought me letters from Vienna; then I could scarcely recognize you in your court-dress, and I laughed secretly when I beheld your proud bow, which suited your dress so ill; but when I saw that almost imperceptible movement of the head, which made all our courtiers stare, then it was that I recognized our Gluck. How much better you please me now, in this plain grey suit! Once more I find the image of my dear old teacher."

"Gracious Archduchess," absently answered the master, "those *were* pleasant hours that I passed in the cosy blue room of the Princess at the Imperial Palace in Vienna, and Marie Antoinette was a very observant, docile pupil, eager to learn and indefatigable as are few others."

"Not always, Gluck, not always," interrupted the queen, shaking her head; "only remember how angry you were sometimes when I played badly because I was thinking of a court-ball or of a brilliant sleighing-party! Have you forgotten how often I did not like the fugues of Bach? How well I remember that you would—and that not seldom—hastily

push me away from the piano, with the words: 'Archduchess, such jingling is really unendurable!' And then you would take my place, and you would thunder away at the fugues until I lost both sight and hearing, and would retire to the farthest corner of the room with involuntary timidity. Oh, and then you would play on and on, and ever more gloriously, whilst I would listen with increasing awe; until the door would open, softly, softly, and the Empress would enter, and little by little the silent listeners would gather and fill the room—then the adjoining one—and then the corridors! You, however, not aware of this, would fly away farther and ever higher on the wings of harmony, until at last one of the crowded listeners would accidentally upset something, or the half-smothered stout lady-of-the-household would have an attack of her spasmodic cough: then you would stop suddenly, as though you felt a sudden pang, and rise hastily, with the words: 'That was well played, Archduchess!' —Often you were so strange and so absent-minded that I did not venture to say a syllable; then Marie Antoinette could play as she pleased; Master Gluck heard nothing, scolded at no false note, at no discord, at no slow allegro or fast andante; my teacher's eyes were im-



GLUCK

movably fixed on high; at one moment he would murmur indistinct words, at another his hands would play in convulsive haste upon the top of the piano, and, after such singular reveries, he would spring up, look around him with a happy, inspired face, and whisper, softly: 'Ha! at last, at last thou art mine, holy melody!' And then he would turn to me, as though no interruption had taken place, and say: 'Continue, continue, Archduchess!' ''

Gluck gazed upon his former pupil with fatherly kindness; his brow grew more serene under the influence of the lively, merry, and happy expression of her lovely face. ''We have remained unchanged, your majesty,'' he at last said, dreamily, ''*you*, the careless, childish, joyous, gracious princess, *I* the capricious, strange, visionary Gluck!''

The conversation turned on Gluck's latest work; then the queen asked him about his opera. ''It is called 'Iphigenia in Aulis,' '' she inquired, ''is it not? Will the piece soon be produced? Have the repetitions yet commenced?''

''Ah, your majesty,'' answered the master, ''I gave the first rehearsal to-day in the royal gardens. Have you forgotten my forced appearance here this afternoon? I had been de-

claiming the recitative and the first ten measures of the great and passionate aria of my Achilles, when the brave protectors of the king and his park seized upon me. The honest Swiss thought that my Achilles, who was raving about his drawn sword, was threatening the life of their high master, and, singularly enough, they confounded Louis the Sixteenth with old Agamemnon!"

"Poor, misrepresented, ill-treated singer," said the queen, jestingly; "how fortunate it was that I should be the powerful ruler of France at the moment they wished to drag away my dear master!—But, tell me seriously, how will it be with Iphigenia? When will it be brought out? I confess to you that I can scarcely await the triumph of my countryman and teacher over the multitude of Piccinis, Sacchinis, and Lullys!"

"I do not yet dream of victory," answered Gluck, with melancholy; "they do not even speak of a fixed time for its representation; in the mean while I fight valiantly and incessantly against the secret but mighty power of intrigue and cunning malice; countless stabs are given me, all rehearsals are postponed, and public opinion is misled in advance. However, I shall not give up, I shall not rest; my work deserves

all my energy in order to smooth its path towards the hearts of men. Should I succumb beneath the weight of these contests, it will be without a sigh, without a tear—for I shall leave behind me a dazzling trace of my existence; I shall not have lived in vain!—Yes, queen,'' continued the master, with elevated voice and increasing inspiration, ''this youngest child of my brain, this fruit of my high and holy hours of devotion, is a good work! I have placed in it the noblest emotions of my soul, the purest feelings of my heart, and my most elevated, most serious thoughts! Queen, in this opera my individual being and existence are revealed; this opera will show posterity who I was and what I wished to be! This music is entirely Gluck! I have not only felt it, but I have thought it; it is my acknowledged, indisputable property—myself! The days and nights of error and torment have passed away, the fierce struggles and passionate, restless endeavours are over; clearness, harmony, truth, and nature, the ideal of my soul, stand unveiled and near to mine eyes; my aim will soon be happily attained!''

Gluck was silent. How wonderful was the expression of his animated, classical features, that seemed to gaze upon a more beautiful

world! Marie Antoinette looked upon him with astonishment and reverence. At last she exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Dear master, trust your queen! Your Iphigenia shall be brought out; yes, and soon—in the following week—by my orders! I will brush away the cobwebs of envy by my royal command. To-morrow I shall acquaint the director of the Royal Opera with my decided wishes. You shall no longer struggle and contend; you shall *triumph,* and I myself will crown the victor!"

Gluck gazed, pleased, but incredulous, into the face of the excited speaker; for might not a single brilliant festival cause her to forget her earnest promises? But he met so serious a firmness, such conscious security, that he bowed, much moved, and silently pressed the hand of the charming queen to his lips.

It was midnight on the 19th day of April, 1774, when the opera-house in Paris echoed with cries of delight such as had never before been heard there: the Iphigenia in Aulis, by Gluck, the great German composer, had just ended. The audience had accompanied each air with increasing marks of approbation; but the glorious, magnificent, and passionate aria of

Achilles wrought their enthusiasm to the highest pitch; the officers instinctively drew their swords; the effect was magical. The public was excited to a degree that defies description; it was what we ever-cold Germans call "insanity:" tears flowed, smiles of the highest rapture were seen, sobs were audible, Gluck's name sounded from a thousand lips, countless flowers were scattered upon the stage.

Marie Antoinette leaned upon the red velvet cushion of the royal box, in magnificent attire, doing honour to her beloved teacher's triumph with overflowing eyes. Louis the Sixteenth stood near her, much excited; his usually pale face, with its kind eyes, was slightly flushed; he gazed with lively sympathy upon the noisy, enthusiastic crowd. "Heavens," he suddenly exclaimed, and turned towards the queen, "suppose the joy, the feverish rapture, of this easily excited people converted into rage!— Suppose the angry feelings of this crowd were to boil up as high as does now the sea of their delight! What a terrible, insupportable picture!" Marie Antoinette could not answer; she looked at the king with astonishment; still, she shuddered involuntarily, and anxiously seized her husband's arm. "Where can Gluck

be?'' she whispered, restlessly, almost inaudibly.

He was behind the scenes, tearing himself away from the stifling embraces of his admirers, seeking to escape from the eulogies of his vanquished enemies; he cordially pressed the hand of his conquered adversary Piccini, who had been deeply moved, and then followed, with unsteady steps, a servant, who waited to lead him to the royal box. He was half unconscious, almost fainting, from excess of emotion. When he entered, he involuntarily bowed before the king, but the light of the tapers dazzled his eyes: all seemed to wave and reel about him; his heart beat convulsively, and he struggled for breath. The queen approached him, and placed, with a lovely smile, a fresh, green wreath of laurel upon the inclined head of the honoured hero of sounds.

Then the master hastily drew himself up, his eyes flashed wildly, as he passed his thin hand repeatedly across his pallid brow, casting at the same time glances of intense horror upon the queen. ''All-merciful God,'' he at last exclaimed, with a piercing cry, ''what a fearful sight! August sovereign, pray, quickly wipe away yon terrible streak of blood that encircles your dazzling throat! Who gave you such an

ornament? Destroy it! Oh, hasten, hasten; with every breath the fearful purple band increases! Your head totters; the band becomes a stream;—too late, too late! Heavenly Father!"——With this exclamation he fell, fainting.

"Gluck must see spirits," whispered the king, pale as death; "the violent emotion has made him ill; the victory has been too sudden, both for body and soul!"—Marie Antoinette trembled and shook in every limb; sobbing, terrified as a child, she hastily tore off the shining, costly ruby necklace, which lay in a glittering circle around her snowy throat, and hurled it far away from her. Recommending her unconscious teacher to the care of her physician and to that of her servants, she hastily left her box.

Little didst thou think, great, radiant Orpheus of the new world, that the veil of futurity was lifted for thy prophetic eye in that moment of excitement when thy lips gave utterance to those terrifying words!

The unfading laurel-trees of thy glory had long since entwined their luxuriant branches into a dense arbour over thy silent grave; between their leaves there shone, with golden,

glittering, countless buds, and odorous, wondrous blossoms, Alceste, Orpheus, Helena, Armida, and those lovely sister flowers on *one* stem, thy two Iphigenias! Resting wert thou from the battle of life, victorious, and the hymns of praise, of posterity, no longer reached thy ear; cherubim and seraphim listened to the inspired sounds of thy lyre in a blissful world: then came the bloody fulfilment of thy prediction. Nineteen years after that evening of glorious triumph, the purple band about the throat of thy beautiful and unhappy princess became a stream of blood: Marie Antoinette's head fell beneath the stroke of the guillotine in October of the year 1793.

Violetta

"Bent in itself, unknown to view,
A violet on the meadow grew,
A violet of the loveliest hue."

GOETHE.

THERE is a little village, situated a few miles from Vienna, whose name I have forgotten; it matters not, however, for in the whole world there is none other so charming. A chapel stands on the hill, wild roses and ivy cling to its grey walls, whilst neat, low, white houses gaze humbly out of their luxuriant covering upon the windows of the little church, as though they were pious beggars. This peaceful spot is entirely encircled by lofty linden and chestnut trees.

The organist's house was the prettiest in the village: it was detached from the others, but, like them, was almost hidden by foliage. The old organist took delight in attending to his plants; but among the profusion of roses, violets, lilies, and tulips, the most beautiful flower that bloomed was his dear little daughter Violetta. He had buried his faithful wife when his child was but six years old; this had

been the greatest grief of his life, whose current had until then flowed on quietly and peacefully as that of a brook. He possessed, however, a wondrously powerful consoler, into whose arms he threw himself when his beloved companion closed her eyes; it was *her* soft hand that smoothed away all discomfort, that alleviated every sorrow: this comforter was called—Music; she was indeed fervently loved, and became the sole mistress of his heart.

He cherished another precious treasure—an old spinet—which was placed in the corner of his sitting-room; here it was that the organist held intercourse with the spirits of the great Bach and Handel, conversed with the old Italian masters, and forgot himself whilst wandering in the magic realms which they disclosed to him.

To Violetta these conversations did not always seem charming or beautiful; the spinet rustled and hummed at times most strangely, for her father's fingers often lingered too long upon the keys; she took good care never to say this, but sat quietly and pleasantly at her work; then, when the player stopped, and, highly excited, and speechless, would turn to her with an enraptured countenance, she would

nod at him with a smile, and gently kiss his brow. Her father would often relate to her what he knew about the old masters; but she disliked to hear that the great Sebastian Bach had worn an ugly old wig, and that Master Handel took so much snuff. She shuddered to have the pleasant bright portraits that her fancy pictured to her, of those noble artists, destroyed. The old organist repeated the same stories almost every day; Violetta listened to them with quiet attention (one might almost call it devotion), as though she heard them for the first time; not a feature of her lovely face showed the slightest trace of fatigue. *She* also had seen a celebrated musician, this happy Violetta, nor did she ever forget it; by some he was called "Father Haydn," but Violetta's father always called him "his king," and in the old man's heart there glowed an adoration and love for him, whose power his child could not suspect.

When she was a little girl, her father had once taken her with him to the great imperial city, and there she had heard, in a magnificent church, a glorious work, called the "Seasons." The child's soul, although blissfully and strangely moved, was almost crushed by the powerful masses of sound that streamed upon it

for the first time. She dreamed of the balmy air of "Spring;" she breathed the intense heat of "Summer;" then the huntsman's horn sounded merrily, and spoke to her of the delicious days of "Autumn;" but as cold, icy "Winter" approached, she clung ever closer to her father. He, however, scarcely knew that his child existed; he sat beside Violetta, and listened, half breathlessly, alternately laughing and weeping. When all was over, he took his child by the hand, pushed his way through the throng, and passed out of the church. Without were many people, old and young, men and women, and in their midst stood an elderly slender man, with a countenance like peace itself, and a pair of eyes that reminded one of heaven. From the mouths of all around sounded the name of "Father Haydn!" Violetta looked at him with timid reverence and streaming eyes; Father Haydn had for every one a friendly word, a shake of the hand, or a kind glance; smiles, gentle merriment and jest, hovered continually upon his lips. Then Violetta's father forced his way through the dense circle, and, seizing Haydn's hand, exclaimed, in a half-suffocated voice: "Thanks, Father Haydn!" The master pressed his hand, nodded to him, and smiled. It is true that Violetta

had seen all this; nevertheless she was obliged to listen daily to this occurrence, which was a beaming light in her father's life. "If I were to see my king once more, child of my heart," he sometimes said, "believe me, I would die of joy; for when I held that blessed creative hand in mine I felt as if my heart must break!"

One day, when the linden-trees and the roses were in full bloom, and the village looked its loveliest, Violetta sat dreaming in the garden, as was often her wont, and her father reclined in the arbour, reading. Suddenly a trilling was heard behind the garden-fence, and a fresh, merry face peered over the thick hedge, quite close to the pretty Violetta. The newcomer was a slight young man, who appeared fatigued; he carried a small portfolio under his arm, and a heavy stick in his hand; a little black hat covered his head, his thick light-brown hair was in disorder, and a tame starling sat upon his shoulder. The stranger said, imploringly, and his blue eyes spoke more eloquently than his words: "Dear, charming maiden, let me enter!" Without awaiting other answer than Violetta's smile, he sprang boldly over the hedge. The old organist hurriedly approached, and found Violetta laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks; for

the young man had lost his portfolio whilst taking this *salto mortale;* loose music and pencils flew in every direction; the starling screamed: "Misfortune upon misfortune!" and chattered away confusedly in Italian.

The bold leaper held out his hand to the organist, and said: "Dear papa, you see before you a musical student from Vienna, who has been running about all day for the purpose of stealing some melodies from the dear little forest-birds; but my intermeddler here"—pointing at the starling, who looked at him with his shrewd eyes—"has deceived me shamefully; he has pecked at my provision of bread, and frightened away the most charming singers with his insipid prattle. I beg you most earnestly to change the insupportable and eternal Moll-tone of a sorrowful stomach into a powerful Es-dur."

This speech pleased the old organist; he invited his unexpected guest into the arbour, where Violetta placed before him fresh bread, delicious milk and butter, cherries, and perfumed strawberries. The young man and the starling were delighted; both master and bird ate, drank, and chattered as though for a wager. If the stranger made a joke, the starling repeated it, and he continually cried:

MOZART

"Holà! Figaro, attention! Figaro, attention!"

In an hour's time the inhabitants of the little white house were as confidential with their guest as though they had lived for years together; the old organist even commenced to relate something about Master Bach, and found a very attentive listener in the young musical student. At last the old man's heart opened entirely in the society of this merry, childlike, simple man, and he told him mysteriously—as though he were disclosing to him the existence of the most precious treasure—his favourite story of Haydn's shake of the hand. The young man listened to his discourse with a quiet smile, but when the old man had finished he related to him in return, with moist eyes, and low, trembling voice, that Father Haydn had once given him a kiss. The old organist would not believe this, although the starling screamed like mad: "The truth, although it were a crime!"—As they took leave of each other by moonlight, it occurred for the first time to the true-hearted old man to inquire his guest's name.

"I am called Amadeus," answered he, "and I shall often return."

"Do," said the organist, laughing, and shaking his hand; "then you shall see my collection

of music—a room full of real treasures, I tell you!" Violetta presented the handsome Amadeus with an exquisite bunch of roses; he kissed her for it as lightly as a butterfly kisses a charming flower; but the starling cried: "Farewell, we are going; farewell, farewell, till we meet again!" And so they departed. They heard for a long time a pleasing duet made by a male voice mingling with that of a bird.

Scarcely four days had elapsed when the gay musical student leaped over the hedge again, but this time he was neither exhausted nor fatigued, but bold and fresh. Violetta was rejoiced to see him, and, whilst he without any ceremony threw his arms around her neck and kissed her upon her beautiful mouth, the starling cried: "He who has found a love!" How delighted the old organist was to see the young man again! He drew him with a mysterious air into his little room, opened an old cupboard, and Amadeus beheld with astonishment a treasure, consisting of the most valuable works of Sebastian Bach, Handel, Palestrina, Pergolesi, and others. A few of Father Haydn's masses were there as well. Each work was neatly bound, and the name and date of the birth of each composer were printed in

bright golden letters on the back of each volume. Amadeus turned over their leaves with a really blissful face, and spoke understandingly of every thing, to the organist's great amazement. The old man took off his little cap, laid his hands upon the young man's shoulders, gave him a deep, long look, and said: "You have indeed a clear, beautiful soul, and you will become a great master yourself, if God protect you!" Then he clasped him in his arms, and kissed him upon both cheeks; but the starling cried: "Long live Sarastro!" Amadeus played, and the old spinet trembled under his hands, while, with strangely beautiful melodies, he wafted sweet dreams to the souls of Violetta and her father. When evening came, they went into the garden, and the young man ran with Violetta for a wager; they threw flowers and rose-leaves at each other, and sported like two children with the shrewd starling. Amadeus told Violetta how much he loved the little bird, and that he would never be separated from him. His dead mother had raised it, had given it to him, and now it was his constant companion. He placed himself at night upon his master's pillow, tucked his tiny head under his wing, and slept there until the morning.

The summer passed away, but there was not a week in which Amadeus did not visit them, either to sing with Violetta—for she sang all kinds of old airs with a lovely uncultivated voice—or to talk with the old organist about Sebastian Bach and Father Haydn. Once Violetta's father said: "Do tell me what you think of Mozart, whose works are causing so much excitement now. I should like to hear something about him."

The young man replied: "I know him very intimately—in fact, as well as I do myself: Mozart is a very merry, careless fellow, who resembles myself in appearance, but has a more serious air when he handles his *bâton* or his pen. He is as happy as a child, and always tries to do his best; his soul revels in a sea of sweet tones that enrapture him; the world smiles upon him, and his heart is the gayest and most thoughtless one in the world. He is fond of flowers and butterflies, likes wine, but prefers a lovely maiden's face to aught beside. You would like him, I assure you, for he has not a single enemy; he has a wife whom he loves indescribably, and she deserves his love, for she has few faults; however she is jealous and that sometimes torments the heedless Mozart.

The organist smilingly shook his head, but Amadeus took a hasty leave, although he had been there scarcely an hour, and the sun was still high in the heavens. "Don Juan, a new opera of Mozart's, is to be brought out this evening," he said, "and I am anxious to know how it will please the people; I am of rather a restless nature, and to-day I am quite as much excited as Mozart himself; to-morrow I will tell you all about it." So speedily did he depart that he forgot to kiss Violetta, and left her bunch of flowers lying unheeded; even the starling had scarcely time to call out: "Quick feet, lively courage!" The maiden drooped her little head all day; whether on account of the forgotten kiss or the faded bouquet, I cannot exactly say.

The next day flew by; there was no Amadeus to be seen; the sun sank deeper and deeper, and the yellow leaves fell from the trees. The old organist sat in his arm-chair, buried in the contemplation of his musical treasures; Violetta hummed—but it was very low, for her heart was not light. Suddenly there was a knocking at the window; a well-known voice begged admittance; Violetta sprang up hastily, accustomed to his eccentricities; she opened the window, and the Vien-

nese musical student leaped into the room. "Dear papa," he said, with a face like a spring morning, "Mozart has succeeded very well; Don Juan is quite passable; moreover, he greets you, and has sent you something that I will immediately bring in to you. But first accept this little souvenir from me!"—He placed a few sheets, neatly sewed together, in his old friend's hands. It was an *Ave verum.* Violetta received also a pretty song, with the inscription: "To my Violet." It commenced thus:

„Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese ſtand." *

The young girl was delighted; the old man, however, looked over the pages with his serious black eyes, then arose, went quietly to his music-closet, and laid the sheets carefully between Bach and Handel. The young man's cheerful countenance quivered with silent emotion; the organist took both his hands, and said: "You know better than any one else what this place signifies!" Then Amadeus's blue eyes filled with tears; he seized the old man's hand with passionate impetuosity, and exclaimed: "Father, I am Mozart myself! Yes, I am the wild, merry Mozart, to whom you

* "A violet on the meadow grew."

have given a greater, deeper, more heartfelt joy by this simple mark of honour, than can ever the loud applause of the world! I thank you. But I have also another surprise for you!" He threw himself like a child on the breast of the old man, clasped him in his arms, and then ran out of the door. A moment later his beaming face reappeared; the starling cried: "God save Sarastro!" Then entered—Father Haydn. A flash of delight from the old organist's eyes and a trembling movement of his lips was his only greeting for his king and master. His body could not support so much emotion; and, whilst Haydn with his smile full of soul extended his hand, and said: "God greet you!" Mozart bent anxiously over him; but Violetta threw herself at her father's feet—for God had beckoned to him, and his spirit had soared into the realm of eternal heavenly harmonies.

Many, many years have elapsed since then; Father Haydn has long since led the glorious choir of angels above; Mozart also slumbers the deep sleep of eternity; these and many other stars have disappeared from our earth, but the little village still peeps as peacefully and quietly from its bright foliage, the linden-trees bloom as before, and in the organist's dwelling resides an old woman. It is the once beautiful,

charming Violetta. She never married, and lives a dream-life in her recollections. If you wish to visit her, you need only question her about the great master Mozart; then her eyes become animated, and a flush of youth seems to pass over her features. She will talk of him for hours, and will perhaps show you a little sheet of music, made yellow by the hand of time, upon which stands written, in a careless handwriting:

„Ein Veilchen auf der Wieſe ſtand"

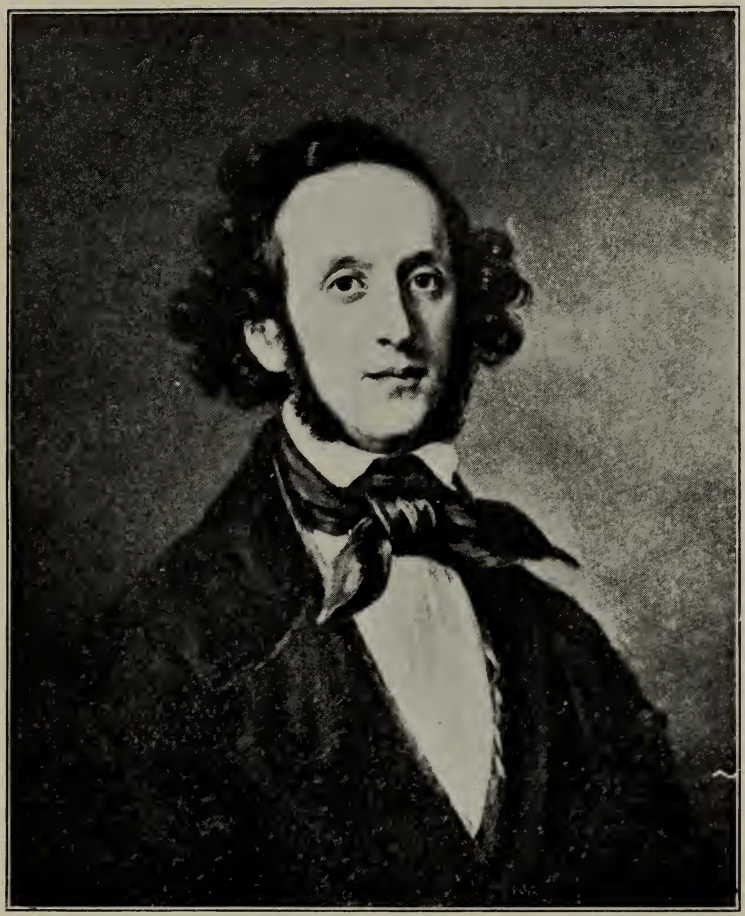
Midsummer Night's Dream

"Nodded smilingly to me the queen,
Smiling she rode by;
Did it augur my new love, I ween,
Or that *I should die?*"

A WONDROUSLY mild summer night spread its perfumed veil over the luxuriant earth; the leaves of the trees whispered to each other; the moon shone brightly and enchantingly; its glance prevented the flowers from sleeping, and its smile seemed to perfectly illumine a magnificent linden-tree that stood in the midst of a large, gloomy garden. At the linden-tree's foot there lay an immense grass-plot, soft as velvet; many tall trees had grown around it in their serious beauty, and many flower-eyes of all colours peeped out from their low bushes upon it. The white walls of a stately house gleamed through the green foliage. It was midnight. The birds were sleeping, as well as the butterflies; here and there a firefly, who had tarried long near the fair rose-queen, was still to be seen stumbling, fluttering, and resting for a moment upon every

flower's heart that jestingly called to him as he half dreaming hastened homewards.

A light, quick step echoed through the silent night, and a slender young man, with a thoughtful brow and wondrously beaming eyes, advanced towards the linden-tree. The blossoms breathed sweeter perfumes when he approached, and the leaves hastily drew close to each other, so as not to prevent the seeking moon's eye from beholding her favourite. The young man looked up earnestly to the still, blue sky, and many serious questions asked he of the stars, that were shining down upon him; he gazed pensively upon the dark shadows of the trees, that extended themselves sombre and dusky over the flower-beds, and sighed deeply. Then there resounded suddenly from the distance a gentle tinkling, like that produced by an eolian harp when kissed by the balmy zephyr, and a light slowly arose from the dark, green grass. Silvery, shining, shapeless mists arose, and the delicious perfume of lilies and roses filled the air. Countless little creatures, shaped like dragon-flies—that, it is said, live but a single night—fluttered by on their light-green wings, and formed a dense circle around the turf carpet. The soft tinkling became louder and louder; a stream of the most in-



MENDELSSOHN

toxicating melodies, now gay, now sad, now seductive, now bewildering, undulated nearer. A profusion of rose-leaves descended, and from each leaf a fairy-like being, with delicate form of surpassing beauty, enveloped in a dazzling veil, with sparkling eyes and long golden hair, arose. Every movement of these enchanting creatures was like the sweetest music, every breath a tone; and, as they sported in the merry dance, the heart of the trembling child of man to whom so wonderful a sight was granted, swelled with rapture.

The handsome countenance of the listener brightened; a superhuman light shone from his eyes, and a happy smile played about his mouth. The sweet dreams of his childhood awoke anew, the lovely fancies of his youthful mind floated in gay procession by him, and the golden legendary world arose again in all its splendour and glory. Then was heard the silvery sound of a chime of bells; a slight rustling made him glance upwards, and a throne—made of the calyx of a pure white lily—floated down; numberless airy forms fluttered around it, half hidden in the cups of various flowers; and the whole aerial structure was suspended by two moonbeams, which looked like delicate silver chains, as they rocked to and fro. The blades

of grass longingly extended their tiny green arms, in order gently to receive the fairy-seat; whilst the singular turf-guardians flapped their wings in welcome to the queen. The sovereign forsook her throne and touched the green carpet with the end of her tiny foot. Nothing can be imagined more lovely, more charming, than this elfin princess—for thus was she called in the realm of spirits; she wore a crown of flower-tears, and they sparkled with more splendour than do the most costly brilliants. The queen's veil was of light, her eye a heaven, her smile bliss. She raised her fair hand, inclined her head, and the dance began. What magical floating and soaring, what sweet, tender entwining, inclining, and flying! The queen, with lustrous wings, fluttered amidst them all, singing and smiling. The flowers near and far opened; every calyx breathed perfume and music; it was indeed a wondrous scene!

The solitary child of mortals, as he stood by the linden-tree, felt deeply the beauty of this magic night, and a gentle "Ah!" escaped his lips, forced from them by the excess of his delight. Suddenly, as though a gust of wind had blown upon the frail forms, terrified and bewildered, they whirled and reeled asunder; but

the queen, with serious and sorrowful glance, beckoned to her companions, and pointed out to them the linden-tree, upon which the moon had spun a thousand gossamer-like threads. The elves enveloped themselves in their veils, and approached nearer to the quivering youth, who had wound his right arm about the tree, as if seeking of it protection from the mighty power of magic. The queen floated near. "Thou art consecrated to death," (so sang she,) "thou beloved, richly blest child of earth; thou art inevitably, inexorably, dedicated to death! No mortal dare gaze upon the spirit-world unpunished! *Thou must die!* Thy brilliant life will be extinguished as suddenly, strangely, and gently as that of a vanished star, and like it will rise anew. Thou art chosen from thousands of thy race; the lofty goddess Music, before whose glory the spirits of heaven and earth bow, has immortalized thee with her embrace. The star of fortune shone upon thy cradle; they called thee *Felix*: thy destiny lies pictured in this name! Thou wilt be happy, fortunate, loved, admired, adored, and at last, O thrice blessed child of earth, thou wilt depart in the midst of thy fame, of thy glory, and of thy power—and a pure, beloved being will precede thee, in order to receive thy

departing soul with a holy kiss at thy dying hour! Give praise to thy fate, O beloved mortal!''

The tinkling words died away; the queen bent her head, and inclined it so low that a flower-tear from her diminutive crown fell upon the white brow of the dreamer; then, gazing upon him with her sweetest smile, she whispered, as she departed: ''Good night!'' The elves slipped by him: they all threw playfully a token of remembrance upon the breast of the half-unconscious one; one, a small pin made of a moonbeam; another, a tiny moss-rose-bud; another, a lily of the valley; another, a veil woven from the red of evening; and as they disappeared, half breathing, half singing, they bade him: ''Good night, good night!'' Throne, queen, fair dancers, perfume, light, and music, all vanished; the young man fell senseless.

When his eyes reopened, the sun shone brightly, and, as he kissed his lofty brow, he wondered at the pale cheeks of his favourite. The birds sang; the flowers bathed themselves in the dew, and glanced at him bashfully and timidly; the leaves of the old trees had many secrets to confide to each other; the fickle butterflies rushed to their pet blossoms, in order to entice from their lips, by dint of kissing and

caressing, the secrets of the past night; a few old black beetles ran buzzing about, lifting up the slender blades of grass; they found much to put in order. The old gardener noticed on this morning, with a shake of his head, a singular whitish ring that encircled the grass-plot: it was made of the dead bodies of the tiny, fragile, winged guardians of the elfin realm.

Felix wandered through the garden, with a countenance upon which the highest and purest inspiration reigned; he hastened to his quiet chamber, and hid himself from the eyes of his loved ones. When he returned to the family circle, he placed, with a significant smile, a few sheets of music in the hand of his beloved eldest sister, his fellow-artist and friend. "Fanny," said he, "these sheets will relate to you a *Midsummer Night's Dream* of your Felix; listen to it indulgently."

The words of the elfin queen were fulfilled: the radiant, honoured, beloved master—he who dreamed the sweetest, most wondrous Midsummer Night's Dream in magical tones—has forsaken our poor earth! Not a leaf had faded in the laurel wreath that encircled his youthful brow; he closed his bright eyes in the full consciousness of his power, in the untroubled splendour of his fame. And we? Alas! We knelt

by the coffin of the beloved one, we gazed with bitter tears and unconquerable sorrow upon his quiet countenance, and touched for the last time with reverential awe the passive hand that knew no rest in life—the hand that had created and called forth so much that was great and magnificent! How soon did the glorious one leave our discordant, earthly sounds, attracted to the radiant home of harmony! There all his dreams have become blissful realities—there the longings of his lofty soul are stilled!

How winter-like, how lonely and sad, has it become over night upon the earth! The throne is forsaken, the harp has grown silent. Weeping mourns the sublime goddess Music, and thousands upon thousands of mortal eyes gaze inquiringly upon the still, lofty heaven. Alas! It gives no answer to the timid, bitter "Wherefore?"

Stabat Mater Dolorosa

"VEDERE Napoli e poi morire!" The truth of these words must have penetrated every human heart, and have overwhelmed every eye to whose glances the splendour of the landscape around Naples was disclosed, one glorious October morning of the year 1735. There lay the fay-like city, with her countless cupolas and towers, over which hung the radiant golden veil of the morning's red. Here arose the high cloud-enveloped spire of the mightiest of all domes, the peak of Vesuvius; and the stately bay—it rested like a heavy, golden, gigantic drop upon the proud bosom of the earth, shiningly rocking to and fro, as though it had fallen from the waving sea of light above. A warm, reddish vapour tremblingly surrounded the myrtle and orange groves; it played around the slight tendrils of the vines that extended their green hands affectionately to each other; it glided with graceful movements through the neighbouring gardens, and kissed the large flowers and creepers that covered the ground

like a many-coloured net. It was as though God's breath floated over this sweetest spot of his earth, and as if here alone were found eternal peace, bliss, and beauty.

On the gentle slope of a blooming hillock leaned an old stone crucifix, with the sorrowing Madonna at its foot; it was hidden by luxuriant bushes of magnificent oleanders, shadowed by plane and olive trees and half overgrown by lovely magnolias and pretty vines. Perchance some strange destiny had carried this group thither, and pious faith had sought to protect the treasure from destruction when it placed it in this quiet asylum; for the workmanship was of striking and remarkable beauty, and would have merited a place in the proudest church. The figures, which were of the size of life, showed that a master hand had transformed the hard stone into a pliable mass and wonderfully endowed it with soul and animation. It was the victorious defender of the faith whose form hung on the cross above—not the tortured mortal; the noble features wore a holy and peaceful aspect; the beautiful body rested in the unconquerable rigidity of death; no trace of struggling or of pain remained. But Mary, the *Mater dolorosa*—what a picture! A glorious figure, bent, but not prostrated, by the

weight of grief; a wondrous countenance, upon which the most excessive sorrow and never-ending anguish lay; tear-drops hung heavily upon the eyelashes, and around the beautiful mouth quivered an expression of inconsolable misery. The fresh green leaves had compassionately clung to the garments of the sufferer, and bright flowers had sprouted forth close to the body of the crucified One, and gently covered his wounds. Seldom did a pious wanderer discover this image; seldom bowed a knee before this cross.

On the October morning described above, it chanced that a young man of lofty form, with a pale face, and with dark but sad eyes, threw himself before the holy image. Deeply sighing, he looked up to the crucified One. He beheld the heavenly peace of the great dead, and a feeling of fervent devotion thrilled through him; he gazed upon the angelic features of Mary, contemplated the nameless grief depicted upon her countenance, and trembled at the aspect of such boundless anguish. An infinite compassion penetrated his soul; it seemed to him as though he must forcibly withdraw the daggers that were piercing the tortured mother's breast; it seemed to him as though the hard stony tears clinging to the eyelashes called to

him for mercy. His own sorrow, which he had carried to her feet, vanished before the gigantic greatness of this silent wretchedness; his own complainings were arrested as he humbly bowed his head. Then a sweet, clear *Ave Maria* resounded through the air, sung by two lovely female voices: two sisters—whose sick mother the Madonna had graciously restored to health —were approaching the Queen of Heaven, and were bringing to her their daily offering of fresh flowers. They were two beautiful maidens; one with a full rounded figure, haughty looks, and glowing cheeks; the other a lovely blonde, with black eyes and soft delicate features. They laid their perfumed wreaths at the foot of the crucifix, prayed softly, and withdrew. The blonde maiden turned her head once more, in order to cast a stolen glance upon the solitary praying one.

He now looked upwards, and said, in a low voice: "Madonna, have pity upon me! I am alone, quite alone, in this beautiful world, and I suffer! Give me a noble heart, that may love me and heal the pains of my diseased breast!" Then it was as though a veil had been rent from before his imploring eyes: the figure of Mary quivered; a flash of life darted over the countenance of the affiicted Mother, and the stony

mouth breathed: "Bring a *worthy* offering to my boundless sorrows; take these fearful motionless tears from me, soften them that they may gently flow and ease my tortured heart; let my stiffened wounds soothingly bleed; and thy prayer shall be granted!"

When the stunned one recovered the clearness of his mind, the mid-day sun already poured forth his glowing rays, and all living objects hid themselves timidly from his ardent, scorching breath. The young man alone, to whom new life had been given, did not heed it; his cheeks burned, his eyes sparkled, and a happy smile played about his lips; with flying steps he hastened back to Naples.

On the following day the fair sisters returned, and sang their childlike pious *Ave Maria;* the silvery clear soprano of the blonde contrasted enchantingly with the rich contralto voice of the charming brunette. They again found the young man with the brown locks and thoughtful brow by the holy image; but he knelt not before the cross; he lay on the slope of the hill, allowing his inspired glances to wander to and fro. He held a sheet of paper in his hand, and traced curious signs upon it with a pencil. His countenance was so animated whilst thus engaged that the pious blonde, Lauretta, almost

forgot to lay her bunch of roses in the Madonna's lap, whilst the proud Lucia gazed upon him with astonishment. Lauretta, as they lingeringly withdrew, secretly dropped at the feet of the stranger the little bunch of orange-blossoms which she wore upon her breast.

These three beautiful beings saw each other daily in the early hours of the morning; never did the storms nor the deceitful rains of the winter months prevent their pilgrimage; the glances of the loving Lauretta grew ever more tender and ardent, and the words and tones of her gentle greeting more trembling and shy; the rapture depicted in the features of the serious man waxed ever more glorious.

March thus approached, that wondrously lovely month in Italy, with its fresh buds, its bright leaves, and its mild winds. The young man's form, despite the invigorating breath of the spring, dwindled more and more away; his step became heavier, his cheeks more hollow; a treacherous, extremely beautiful colour rested upon them, his dark eyes glowed with an unearthly fire; but Lauretta did not perceive this. One day he inquired, in a low voice: "May I venture to bring you on the morrow a song—a song of praise to the Holy Mother? Will you sing it for me with your beautiful pure voices?

The Madonna demanded an offering from me; she has promised me a glorious reward. Oh, how I long for its fulfilment! Help me, help me to perform my vow: chant my song next Sunday at the foot of this crucifix, and be witnesses of the miracle!'' Lucia nodded assentingly and friendly to him, but Lauretta laid her trembling hand in his, and from the glorious night of her eyes a heavy burning tear fell upon it.

It was the sixteenth of March, on a Sunday evening, when the three approached once more the holy image: Lauretta supported the tottering steps of the youth; a wreath of violets hung upon her arm. The crucifix gazed seriously upon the group. The exhausted one sank upon his knees, elevated his waxen-pale hands, and cried, passionately: ''Holy Mother of Sorrows, accept my offering!''

And close to him arose, like the fragrant vapour of a sacrifice, the two female voices, strangely pure, fervent, and exalted; they sang:

''Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta Crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.''

Not even the breath of a zephyr rustled through the leaves of the trees; not a sound was heard; a holy stillness prevailed, all nature was silenced

by the grandeur and true holiness of this melody.

The praying one seemed lost in rapture. With indescribable emotion, with consuming anxiety, with feverish expectation, his glances were fixed upon the features of Mary; and when the words

"Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?"

flowed from the lips of the inspired singers, behold! the rigid countenance of the *Mater dolorosa* trembled; the unutterable grief vanished; a heavenly emotion cast a halo around the divine mouth; the stony tears softened, and melted away; the wounds of the dagger-pierced breast bled; and hot, clear drops fell upon the head of the young man.

Then the ever-gnawing, violent pains of his weak body ceased, his diseased breast heaved, he drew a deep, long breath; a wondrously sweet lassitude crept over him; full of happiness, he extended his arms—Lauretta rushed anxiously towards him—a smile flitted like a sunbeam over the sinking one's face—Giovanni Battista Pergolesi was dead!

The wondrous image of the sorrowing Mary has long since crumbled and decayed; jasmine and aloe bushes cover the lonely spot, and the

body of the immortal master whose believing soul sang the ever-glorious *Stabat Mater,* crowned with glory, rests in the silent cathedral of Vescorato. At the foot of yon hillock, on whose declivity the crucifix once leaned, lies a grave, so woven with flowers and so shadowed by mournful cypress-trees that it is scarcely visible. It conceals the pure tenement of the loving heart that the Madonna once promised to the imploring one—the earthly remains of the blonde Lauretta.

The Master's Grave

A MOST engaging Swallow had built her tiny nest under the roof of a dreary, grey house in a large city. The little creature was charming: she embraced her pretty children for hours at a time; flew about, as though for a wager, with her lively black-eyed mate; happy and free from care, she warbled each day a morning and evening song, and in her airy habitation did not envy the king of the birds, the proud eagle, in his lofty castle. When the Swallow, as she flitted to and fro, so untiringly called, "Good night," and the moon in the heavens smiled upon her, a little window would open, and a friendly human countenance, with handsome though melancholy eyes, would look out and follow long the chirping Swallow. A swallow's song possesses peculiar liveliness and freshness; did all sorrowing ones listen to its artless, cordial chirping, many a human heart would be lightened of its cares! It is probable that the little bird's quiet observer felt this; for when he would leave the window, his eyes no longer looked so desponding, and a faint

smile would often play about his lips. After he had disappeared, glorious, rich sounds would ring through the small room and would sally forth into the silent, reposing world. The tones were not, however, joyous; the thoughtless Swallow felt this, and could not rest when she heard them, filled as they were with dark longing and deep grief; when her little wings grew weary, she would carefully slip into her airy abode, without disturbing the slumber of her little ones, and would stretch her diminutive head, ever and again, out of her nest, and direct her tiny eyes towards the window, behind which a faint light still glimmered. Then the harmonies stormed and rocked ever more powerfully, more pathetically—but the little Swallow did not know *when* they died away; for it seemed to her in the early morning as though the last note had but just ceased.

A deep stillness reigned in the chamber; through the entire day the window was hung with green, and the little bird often brushed by it, but nothing stirred within. Gladly would she have questioned the beautiful passion-flower —which was only visible at night—about the all-powerful magician of sounds; but the passion-flower had her large blue eyes ever directed towards the interior of the room, where sat her

beloved master: she but seldom cast a hasty glance towards the outer world. Besides, this flower is considered among birds to be proud and over-pious; sufficient reason for the Swallow to cherish a slight aversion towards this mysterious blossom,—for little Swallow, with her beautiful eyes, was a free-thinker.

The summer faded like a dream. The birds of passage prepared themselves for their long flight to warm, happy, sunny lands; the young swallows flew around the house, and listened to the loved, well-known sounds that had floated around their cradle. Rough winds tore off and blew away the dry leaves from the trees; the last flowers sank down and died. The little window stood wide open, despite the cool evening, and the sublime sounds echoed without; the unknown enchanter sat with inclined head at his piano, and his delicate white fingers slid almost unconsciously over the keys. Around, papers lay scattered, large and small, covered with notes. The little Swallow, filled with the sorrow of separation, attracted and bewildered by the wondrous tones, forgot all her timidity. She flew into the humble room, fluttered around the head of the magician, touched his noble brow with the tip of her wings, and reeled at last—embarrassed by the mild, thankful glances

of his eyes—upon his weary, suffering breast. She felt that soft hands clasped her, that a breath touched her, and that gentle lips kissed her tiny head; a fresh breeze wafted through the window; the Swallow awoke from her sweet bewilderment, and whizzed, with a cry of joy and farewell, high into the air, whilst the deep, longing sigh of a tormented human heart followed her. Throughout her journey, she talked with her children and with her mate of him who had held her in his hands, of him who had kissed her—and thought of the heavenly sounds by night and by day.

When the lovely spring awoke, the swallows appeared, and sought their old nests with loud cries of joy. An enchanting May-day saw the return of our little Swallow. The narrow, well-known window was not curtained; the room was empty, and the passion-flower stood pale and weary. The sun appeared to find endless pleasure in the charmingly decked earth, for he went slowly and resistingly to rest. The Swallow, on the contrary, could scarcely await the Night. At last she came, and spread her dark veil over the earth; the restless little bird fluttered around and listened. In vain! no sweet sounds were here amid the silence; the window remained firmly closed. The next morning, the

Swallow flew to the passion-flower: she was pining away, sick unto death. She fanned the wearied one with her wings; softly the two whispered together; then the beautiful flower bowed her head and fell asleep. The Swallow gently loosened her from her parched stalk and flew far away with her to the quiet, solitary church-yard. There a fresh heap of turf gleamed in the sunlight: the Swallow laid the flower at the feet of her master, who had so faithfully tended her, and who now slumbered far below, and then returned sorrowfully and wearily home.

In the cool of the evening she hastened to a charming wood close by, and sought her friend, the much-praised songstress, Blackbird. The Blackbird was not alone; she sat upon a handsome fir-tree, and a Goldfinch had boldly taken his place beside her. A Goldfinch with his gay coat is quite as dangerous for a lady bird as is a lieutenant for the young girl of to-day. The Swallow, however, had no eyes for him: serious, weighty thoughts filled her tiny head. Hastily greeting, she said entreatingly to the Blackbird —who had inclined her thick head as coquettishly as possible—"My love, you must do me a favour." "What is it?" sang the Blackbird, rather listlessly—for the interruption did not

give her pleasure. "I wish to arrange an evening concert," answered the Swallow, mysteriously, "and you must sing at it." "Willingly, willingly!" replied the flattered fair one, as she attempted a trill which made the Goldfinch almost break his neck with rapture. "Has King Eagle," said she, "or perchance the handsome Prince Falcon, with his adjutant, the dangerous Count Sparrow-hawk, arrived?" "No; nothing of the kind," said the Swallow, interrupting her friend's speech; "I wish to give a beautiful slumber-serenade at the last resting-place of a beloved master who is dead; my song alone appears insufficient to me, although I know that he liked to hear my chirping when he lived; so pray let me have the assistance of your voice, dear Blackbird!" The singer almost fainted with astonishment. "What presumption," she cried, offended, "to think that I would expose *my* voice to the injurious night air for the sake of a dead musician! No, dear friend, you cannot be serious when you demand this of *me,* the renowned singer of the forest. I must reserve myself for the morrow. I am to sing at the matinée of a Raven virtuoso, who performs, as he passes through, on the bill harmonica; in the afternoon an extremely interesting fugitive Canary-bird, who has broken his contract, gives

a concert; and in the evening there is a musical entertainment at Madame von Magpie's."

In the midst of this chattering the Swallow hastened away, deeply hurt. She went to the pretty, capricious Robin. With zealous chirping the Swallow made her request. Robin was very much occupied and very absent-minded: she was expecting an admirer, a fascinating Greenfinch, and had laid all kinds of delicious, delicate seeds upon fresh little rose-leaves, and placed ready for drinking the cups of blue-bells, filled with dew. Little Swallow waited a while, but no Greenfinch came; suddenly Robin became hoarse, it was "*impossible* for her to sing;" she pretended to be very ill, slipped into her nest, and closed her eyes. The Swallow sorrowfully spread her wings and flew through the forest towards her home. On her way she beheld the faithless Greenfinch, seated upon a fine birch-tree as though upon a throne, and beside him was perched a charming Hedge-sparrow, with whom he sang and trilled incessantly. The Swallow nodded with her little head, and wished to fly by. "What is the matter with you, dear soul?" cried the merry, careless, green-coated fellow. "You look quite troubled; a Swallow with a sad face is something really unusual. Speak, speak!" And little Swallow

spoke. "We will sing with you," said the Greenfinch, quite seriously, when she had concluded, "We will sing with you, I promise you." "And I also, in the name of all my sisters," cried the pretty Hedge-sparrow.

The eyes of the imploring one brightened. "Then I shall have indeed a splendid chorus for my glorious master Franz!" she joyously exclaimed. "Master Franz! Do you speak of *him?*" screamed the Greenfinch, as he threw his outspread wings around the Swallow's neck. "Oh, we all know him! It was he who so lovingly nursed my sick brother, whose leg a wicked boy had broken; it was he who liberated every bird from the nets and snares of artful man; and it was he who bought my beloved—I mean my *first* one—the most beautiful blue-throated warbler in the world—from the hands of a barbarous bird-seller, by means of the last groschen that he had in his pocket, and then he let her fly. Yes, all the birds and flowers knew *him,* the dear master; how often did he wander through the wood, humming low, wondrous melodies!" "At midnight, then, in the church-yard!" whispered quite happy the Swallow, and flew away.

There was a merry scene enacting on one of the last trees in the forest. Cousin Bullfinch

held his school there: a multitude of pretty little birds had assembled around him; he himself, with his tiny black cap and little red waistcoat, sat gravely in their midst, and gazed with clear, friendly eyes upon the wild young people, and related all sorts of droll stories. Swallow told him of her plans. Cousin Bullfinch promised his co-operation, and gave her a kind recommendation to his best friend, the musical director Woodpecker, who resided a few trees from him. The young birds also wished to sing for the good Master Franz, whom they all asserted they knew; some, from hearing their fathers and mothers relate stories of him; others, from the descriptions given by their elder brothers and sisters. Joyfully the Swallow took her leave. We will not disclose what took place at the house of the worthy Woodpecker, but it must have been something pleasant, for the little creature returned home late, beaming with joy and speaking only with her eyes; she nodded to her dear ones, and, after a short repose, flew towards the quiet church-yard.

The obliging moon poured her most dazzling silver light over the master's grave. It was midnight; far and near, sounds arose from all the branches, and a full chorus of the loveliest bird-voices warbled the praise of the dead

SCHUBERT

master, the quiet, serious singer, the stranger on this earth, who was better understood, known, and honoured by birds and flowers than by men —the praise of the solitary, weary wanderer, Franz Schubert. The faithful Swallow fluttered around the mound and kissed the blades of grass; a Nightingale rocked herself upon the rose-bush which inclined over his grave, and sang enchantingly; she was the favourite pupil of the honest musical director Woodpecker, who sat at the dead master's feet and zealously beat time. The birds sang so charmingly that the moon and the dear little stars listened; all the flowers awoke; the beetles came flying near, and the glow-worms formed a lustrous circle around the grave.

Could it be that the fresh, happy voices reached the dreams of him who slumbered so quietly below? The birds believe it; every year, in the first days of the month of bliss—the gentle May—at the quiet hour of midnight, they bring the *first* spring greeting to the dead master Franz; and in the last days of the autumn, when the merry swallows prepare for their distant journey, all the lovely singers chant to him their farewell!

And so his grave is never forsaken; bright bird- and flower-eyes watch over this quiet, hallowed spot.

The Cat's Fugue

IMAGINE a little house, half hidden in dark-green myrtle-bushes, overgrown with grape-vines, and surrounded by wild roses and orange-trees, resting upon a magnificent couch —Naples, the queen of cities—and with the ever-laughing Italian sky extended above it. A scene so richly coloured is too captivating for eyes half dazzled by snow and ice; we place ourselves, with hearts full of longing, in the midst of this luxuriant loveliness; we speak of the deep-blue shining heavens as if we felt the re-animating, intoxicating kisses of the sun, until at length we fancy ourselves gazing upon the strange, enchanting splendour of the South.

Study long this lovely picture, and then turn your eyes towards an old, carelessly attired man. He is seated before the door of the house, gazing thoughtfully into the distance. An orange-tree occasionally lets fall its odorous blossoms; he heeds them not; the rose-leaves sportively kiss his head, gay butterflies flutter around him; all in vain; the busy, moving life about him attracts him not. Yet passion and emotion are depicted

upon his dark, nobly chiselled features, and his flashing Italian eyes contrast strangely with the Northern snow upon his head. It was the master Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp leaned against his chair, and before it a large black cat had seated herself with an indescribably serious air and with inimitable dignity. She was engaged in allowing the tip of her tail (which, like her left ear, was of a dazzling white) to dance gently over the strings, by which singular experiment the strangest sounds were, of course, produced. As her master was never displeased at her musical studies, she abandoned herself to them every morning; she would draw the tip of her tail, with the drollest gestures and leaps, to and fro across the harp, and then, overcome with emotion, would sing one of those old melancholy airs peculiar to her race, which, it is said, are capable of softening stones and driving men mad.

All this never disturbed Master Scarlatti. On the contrary, he laughed like a good-natured fellow at his cat's eccentricities. In the evening the cat sat in a corner of the room, with a face like that of a pathetic alderman, and listened to the playing of her beloved master upon the harp. His performance must have been glorious, for all the little birds that sang in the

orange-trees and myrtle-bushes came flying near in order to hear him, and the roses put their little heads into the open window with such haste and impatience that often a tender little bud would lose its sweet life. The master looked like the strange old bard Ossian, although not so sorrow-stricken nor so bowed down with grief. Was it, then, strange that the sensitive and unsophisticated soul of a cat, who wept the loss of her dead beloved, should melt into melancholy tears at these magical sounds, and that her green eyes should overflow as did those of the King of Thule? When Scarlatti noticed her grief, he would draw his faithful four-footed companion towards him, and kiss and stroke her until she had become cheerful. The cat led a delightful life with her kind master, for whom she supplied the place of friend, wife, and child, and never left him by day or night. When the old master composed, the cat, sitting quite motionless upon his left shoulder, would move the white tip of her tail over the crown of his head; but when Scarlatti's thoughts came not quickly, or his hand grew fatigued, or the ink thickened, he would become angry and impatient, and would throw the cat from him to the middle of the room by an involuntary shrug of his shoulders. She did not take this rough

treatment amiss, but—as acts a judicious wife towards her scolding husband—uncomplaining and gentle, returned softly from her sorrowful banishment, and remounted to her forsaken throne with the most comfortable purring. When the master put aside his pen and paper, the cat received a thousand caressing words, besides many things delectable to her palate.

Each day would have been a holiday for her, had it not been for Sundays. Then a strange, wild fellow was accustomed to take up his quarters at Master Scarlatti's, and to remain with him until the quiet night enveloped in her starry mantle the weary earth. The visitor was a favourite pupil of the master; he came from far-distant Germany, and was called Hasse. A merry youth was he; he delighted to torment the worthy cat in every possible manner: at one time he would fasten a bell to her tail, at another he would put tiny shoes upon her feet; he would crown her with roses, or scatter orange-blossoms over her, whose strong perfume the cat's nose could not endure, and which always made her sneeze convulsively. Besides all this, the young German owned a wicked little dog; but even the cat, his sworn enemy, was forced to confess that he was charming; he was dazzlingly white, agile and graceful, with sagacious

brown eyes. This spoiled favourite was even wilder, more unrestrained, and less considerate than his master; with their teasing the cat fretted herself quite thin.

One Sunday the cat sprang up and down the harp, wildly extemporizing; but her master sat thoughtfully gazing into the distance, as I have already described. And see, the dreaded visitor appeared during the first prelude. Lightly and quickly trod he; very handsome was he, with his flowing brown locks and rosy cheeks; at his side leaped and ran his little companion. "Good morning, Master Scarlatti," cried he, with cordial tone and looks; "how pleased I am to see you!" Scarlatti nodded, smiled—half friendly at the greeting, half mockingly at the strange German accent of the speaker—and replied: "To-day I am a bad companion and friend, Hasse, for I have so much in my head; all kinds of tones buzz confusedly in my ears, and still I cannot form a single melody out of them; I seek something peculiar and original, and, not finding it, I am in despair! I beg you, do not torment me with your pranks, or I will twist your troublesome little dog's neck!"— "Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti," cried his visitor, "that will not be easy to do; although you are in a bad humour, you shall not touch my pet;

you know that he was the parting gift of my dear blonde German love, whose affection and fidelity accompany me as does my little Truelove.''

The master turned towards the young man with a kind smile, and gazed upon his bright and almost childish countenance. The youth stood leaning against an orange-tree, surrounded by Southern splendour; his eyes were directed towards the heavens; did he dream of his beloved home in beautiful Germany, with her clear sky, bright green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains—or did his longing thoughts fly to the fairest of all flowers, his far-absent, constant love? The clouds that had gathered around his brow soon vanished, as Truelove sprang upon him and licked his hands. The master lost himself anew in deep brooding, and his scholar was left to watch over the peace and order of the household; he did this for a short time, but, after delivering an admirable sermon to the two animals, he drew a small wig and a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, and decked the poor cat with them, despite all resistance. This appeared to particularly delight Truelove; he barked loudly, and danced in front of the despairing sufferer with the grace and agility of a tight-rope dancer. Scarlatti looked around

at the group, and smiled to himself, whilst growling at Hasse, who, fearing a volcanic outbreak, enticed the animals into the master's room. The old piano stood open; the young man's fingers glided over the keys as he played a frantic witches' dance. Truelove jumped as though mad; at last, in the highest spirits, he sprang, with a cry of joy, upon the unhappy cat's back, clasping her neck tightly with his forepaws. Then the patience of the cat's soul vanished; with the thought: "to be or not to be," she tore around, endeavoured to climb the walls, jumped, foaming and screaming with rage, over tables and chairs; the master's papers flew about like chaff; clouds of dust filled the little room. Hasse ran after them; his calls, his scolding, were of no avail. The cat, exhausted, filled with shame at the insult offered her, and angry at her own weakness, conceived a grand idea—she would call her master to her assistance. She sprang upon the keys of the piano, trod upon them, coursed wildly up and down, and gave the heart-rending cry of her race. At the first singular tone, Truelove fell half senseless from the inspired one's back; a hollow accord announced this descent—the cat's spectacles followed—the wig alone remained. The confused tones became melody: Hasse listened;

but the old master's face, beaming with the sunshine of passionate delight, peered amid the wild roses and vine-leaves into the open window, and he cried: "To my heart, cat! You have found it!" Nearly swooning, she rushed into his arms. Scarlatti immediately dismissed his madcap scholar until the following day.

When the young man appeared before his master on the next morning, Scarlatti showed him, with radiant and triumphant looks, a sheet of paper, thickly covered with notes, over which stood, in large letters, this title: "The Cat's Fugue."* Master Scarlatti seated himself at the piano, and played; with joyous astonishment the young man recognized in the strange, artistically interwoven and reconstructed theme the singular signal of distress and diabolical melody of the wild hunt which the despairing cat had performed upon the keys. Master and scholar laughed heartily at its conclusion; the crowned cat, however, sat upon the left shoulder of her master, who asserted to the day of his death that she had joined in the laugh like a human being.

Let me impart to you, in conclusion, an important secret: she was said to have been the great-great-grandaunt of the sister-in-law of the niece of Hoffman's celebrated cat Murr.

*„Katzenfuge."

Snowdrops

"In the valley, the tiny bells;
Hear the rustling of the brook;
The rushing of the wind it tells,
Dying in the forest-nook."

H. v. Chezy.

IN a small, quiet island—the Catholic churchyard of the proud, royal city of Dresden—lies a hidden but holy spot for those believing souls who learn to bow in childlike humility before the all-governing power of sublime Music. The cupola of this chapel for pious pilgrims is the infinite sky; the stool upon which they kneel, a simple grey stone; the saintly image, a lyre, wreathed with stars; and in their prayer-book there stand written only these words:

Carl Maria von Weber.

Yes, in thus peaceful a nook rests the famed one. There slumbers he, in dreamless repose, after many a hard battle, after many a glorious victory. Wounded by the thorns of life, he sang his swan's song far away from his beloved home—and then was silent forever. The world decorated the inanimate form with laurel and

laid it in its native earth; they showered upon the dead the honours they had denied the living. Many a bitter tear has doubtless flowed, in gratitude, repentance, and sorrow, from thousands upon the slumbering one.

It seems to us already like a dream that the great master lived, sang, and suffered with us, amidst us, and near to us; and yet the number of years that have elapsed since that happy time are so few! His quiet house stood in a dark, narrow street in Dresden; the magical melodies and sounds which filled his soul, and which will be praised in after-ages, rang forth from a little flower-decked window. There, in the quiet night, would listeners congregate, forgetting sleep and weariness, and, allowing the refreshing shower of tones to stream down upon their thirsting souls, would fervently thank him for such heavenly solace. The love of a faithful wife was ever about him, boundless affection shone upon him from out the bright eyes of his children; but their touching, self-sacrificing devotion did not suffice to smooth the rough path through which their beloved one wandered, nor to avert the sharp stings which envy and malice directed towards him. How often did this noble heart bleed! When spring arrived and gave to the sombre city innumerable

charms; when all nature smiled and flowers arose from out their little graves; when trees with their thousand blossom-eyes gazed without blinking into the beaming countenance of the sun; a simple lily of the valley, a bunch of violets, charmed and elevated anew the master's soul, and the sweet perfume of the flowers was embodied, on his golden lyre, in enchanting spring melodies and the lays of fays.

Above all other flowers he loved *Snowdrops,* whose delicate blossoms appear silvery, pure, and unspotted as an infant's soul! Every year, in the first days of spring, a child would bring him a large bunch of these, his white favourites —a pretty, engaging child, the little daughter of a miller, whose mill lay in the beautiful *Plauenschen Grunde,* whither the master often directed his lonely walks. The little girl would never accept any pay for her bouquet; but, softly and timidly, she would say, "Ah, play something for me!" He always complied with her request, and secretly rejoiced at the silent happiness of the listening child.

Years thus passed; one day the master noticed that the little girl had grown tall, slender, and beautiful—that the child had become a blooming maiden. She returned in the following spring; she was pale—indescribably pale—and death

shone forth from her deeply-sunken eyes. She wept bitterly as she handed to the honoured one the white flowers; and he, as was his wont, played for her sweet, charming, musical fairy-tales.

"I shall not return next spring," she said, in parting. "Farewell! To-morrow they will weave the bridal wreath in my hair."

"And this makes you sad, dear child?" inquired the master, and strove to jest; "I think that my dear little girl commences *also* to relate fairy-tales to me, for a fair bride seldom weeps over her beautiful green bridal garland!"

"They do not wed me to my true love," suddenly exclaimed the pale one, sobbing; "alas, a strange man leads me to his home! My beloved journeyed away, at the last Christmas holidays, far away into the wide world, without leave-taking or parting greeting; how can I be joyous?" She clasped her little hands together, and an expression of heart-rending anguish was imprinted upon her charming features.

The much-longed-for spring appeared; the bells chimed in the valley; an old careworn man, plainly attired, inquired for the dwelling of the "musician Weber." On being shown into Weber's cosy room, he greeted him with a sorrowful smile, and gave him a large bouquet of

delicate snowdrops. "I bring you the last greeting of my child"—the old man faltered, with difficulty; "yesterday we buried our Margaret. She died like a flower nipped by the frost—alas, and died so willingly! Love had broken her heart; and we, wretched parents, are to blame. Oh, had we but suspected that she so dearly loved the handsome journeyman Conrad, we should not have driven him out into the wide world! The worthy lad, with his true, loving heart, was too poor for us; the rich miller, who wished to wed our lovely child, pleased us better! Conrad's love was timid, and as Margaret looked out into the world quietly, cheerfully, guilelessly, as an opening rosebud, we dared to tell the desponding lover that our child rejected him—yes, with disdain—and had promised her heart and hand to the rich suitor. Conrad departed, secretly, proud, and yet so miserable! Endless grief entered our house—Margaret commenced to droop, and we, most unhappy, did then read her heart!

"She only confessed upon her death-bed how dearly she had loved the departed one; despite her violent, secret sorrow, she was a good, pious, dutiful wife to her husband; never did she mention her beloved one's name; but we found this little slip of paper in her prayer-book. Pray

keep it in remembrance of her! You often have given my poor child much pleasure: she could scarcely await the arrival of the first snowdrops. Do not forget poor Margaret!'' The hot tears of the unhappy, repentant father almost stifled his last words.

When the deeply-moved master found himself alone, he thoughtfully unfolded the little sheet of paper, and read with difficulty—for the handwriting was tremulous and half effaced by tears—

''My true love has wandered away;*
All things are so sad and so dreary!
Perhaps he lies in the cold clay—
And I am so woe-gone and weary!

''Gladly to the church I would have gone,
Though false, false tongues stood at the door;
Thus kept they me from my loved one;
Mine eyes with tears run o'er, evermore!

''Thistles and thorns, how deep they sting!
But false, false tongues, they sting still more;
Not fire, nor coal, such wounds can bring,
As secret love in my heart's core!

''Alas! why could not I my parents move?
They for my husband made me take
A noble man, whom I can never love.
Ah me! my heart will surely break!

*„Mein Schatz, der iſt auf die Wanderſchaft hin,"
a well-known German popular song, set to music by Carl Maria von Weber.

"Loved one! sadly I beg thee,
In memory of my most tender love,
In the deep, cool grave to lay me,
Beneath the shelter of a shady grove."

The master did not forget the poor Margaret; the song of the true love who had wandered away floated through his brain. One evening his fingers glided gently over the keys, and a melody arose, soaring up to the sorrowful words: it was wondrously melancholy, and still full of childlike simplicity. Its accompaniment was formed of long-sustained accords; but it seemed as though a thousand tear-drops trembled in the tones, and the anxious love-sighs of a tormented human heart powerfully penetrated through the harmonies.

Thus a new spring flower sprang forth from the inexhaustible, fertile soul of the master, and he laid it upon the solitary mound of her who had died so young.

When a sadness full of old memories steals upon you, then sing this little, plaintive song; at the sound of the strange, soft accords of the simple ballad, melancholy yearning and old long-dormant sorrows will melt away, dissolving in a soothing flood of tears!

When your soul's eyes rest admiringly upon the fresh flower-wreath of the immortal musical

compositions which beamingly surround the glorious master's portrait—when the proud, wondrous flowers "*Euryanthe,*" "*Oberon,*" the ever youthful rose "*Freischütz,*" the fair, smiling lily of the valley "*Preciosa,*" the countless blossoms of his songs and other charming buds dazzle and charm you—then forget not the little pale Snowdrop, that sounds so lovely, and which so timidly conceals itself behind the other luxuriant flower-forms. Greet it with heart and lips, and thank the dear master for his charming gift! For, truly, this Snowdrop, this tender, little, sad song of the true love who had wandered far away, is a tiny, glittering dew-drop upon the most beautiful leaf of the golden laurel wreath of the unforgotten one.

The Playmates

UNDER the glowing enchanting sky of Italy a May-day possesses a magical charm that we children of the North can only imagine in our dreams. The earth laughs and beams in the gayest garb, the sun gazes longingly downwards, and the whole air is filled with perfume. In the midst of this luxuriant nature every human heart expands and rejoices; a cold face, weary of life, is as seldom seen there as are frost-pictures.

So much the more striking was, therefore, the appearance of a boy who was sitting solitary one May morning of the year 1793, on the sea-shore; he had turned his back upon the beautiful city of Genoa, which, like a bride beaming with happiness, rests upon the bosom of the proud sea, and gazed fixedly upon the glittering immeasurable surface of the water. The child was about ten years old, delicately formed, with a refined, pale face, dark hair, and the strangest, the blackest eyes in the world. Their constantly

varying expression almost made one feel uncomfortable—one moment flashing proudly, triumphantly, full of fire, and the next sad unto death.

A clear, sweet child's voice interrupted the youthful dreamer's gloomy meditation; a charming little girl came running along, and threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Naughty Nicolo, where have you been the whole weary afternoon? I have been seeking you everywhere!" Then she kissed him fondly, gazed at him excitedly with her large brown eyes, and finally scattered before him from her little white apron a multitude of flowers—wild roses, twigs of myrtle, and orange-blossoms.

Nicolo put his arm around the little prattler, smiled almost joyously, stroked her jet-black locks, and said, softly: "I have slipped away from my father, Gianetta! I wished to dream a while quietly by the side of the beautiful clear mirror of the sea; you well know this is your playmate's favourite spot!"

Gianetta did not respond, but commenced eagerly to scold at the bad father of her young friend. "He grants you no rest, by night nor day," she cried; "he will bring you to your grave yet. My mother always tells me: 'Your Nicolo is not strong and vigorous; his mad violin-

playing consumes his soul, and his father destroys his body.' She is certainly right!''

''Do not believe that,'' Nicolo answered, gravely; ''I shall not die, I cannot die, for I must first become a great man. I am not weak; look here!'' And he arose to his full height; his form seemed to grow, his eyes burned with the wildest fire, a singular smile trembled on his lips; he suddenly raised Gianetta from the ground, and held her with a firm grasp over the watery deep at his feet. The girl did not become pale; she only sighed softly when Nicolo placed her upon the earth; she did not even utter a word, she merely gave him a timid side-glance. She soon regained her old charming ease, talked and sang; Nicolo listened patiently to all; she spoke of her thousand childish plans, of her flowers and turtle-doves; if, by chance, he lost himself, at times, in melancholy reflection, during her lovely prattle, a kiss from the child's lips or a touch from her tiny hand would arouse him, and then she would quiver with joy and look indescribably lovely.

So they sat together by the sea-shore; the deep-blue sky extended itself like an arch above them; sunshine and lustre encircled their heads; the boy's brow was serious and full of care, whilst the little girl's face resembled the spring.

When it grew dark, they wended their way homeward arm in arm; they wandered through many wide streets, until at last they turned the corner of a little side one, at the end of which stood two houses, thickly covered with grape-vines; Gianetta dwelt in one, Nicolo in the one opposite. The sombre countenance of a harsh, stern father awaited the boy; Gianetta's mother was standing at her door, anxiously watching for the return of her wild daughter; she tenderly kissed her. The children said: "Good night!" and parted.

Nicolo, with a deep sigh, entered his tiny solitary chamber. He hastily opened the lowly window; then he took from out a little box—shaped like a coffin—an old violin, contemplated it with an expression of the most passionate tenderness, and commenced to play upon it. The pure, clear, strangely moving tones flew out into the silent night; they floated and soared up and down the narrow room, so that the walls seemed to tremble and quake. Scarcely had the first note arisen when an unusually large spider, splendidly marked with a cross, crept from the thick vines that grew about the window, and slipped into the tiny room. "Little Silver-Cross, welcome!" said Nicolo, softly, and laid his hand on the window-sill; the spider

ran hastily upon it, and the boy placed her upon the head of his violin, where she hung on firmly with her little feet, and remained stiff and motionless, listening to the sea of tones as they swelled above her. The boy played until his arm was wearied; his eyelids commenced to close, and the morning, enveloped in her light pink veil, peeped into the room. Then he laid aside his beloved violin; the spider became reanimated, and crept through Nicolo's white hand, as though wishing to thank him. He carried her to the window, where she speedily disappeared in the luxuriant foliage of the vines. The boy followed her with his eyes for a long time; a feeling of disconsolate solitude crept over him—a feeling which overpowered him every night when little Silver-Cross, this singular listener and companion of the dark years of his childhood, had hastened away.

Nicolo dearly loved the faithful little creature; the first tones of his violin drew her to his side, and it was not until the last one had died away that she awoke from the sweet lethargy, the wondrous intoxicating dreams, into which they lulled her. Often, when Nicolo sat imagining the fulfilment of his ambitious hopes, he would mechanically touch the strings of his violin; then little Silver-Cross would softly ap-

PAGANINI

proach, and the boy would feel her touch like a hasty kiss. He would close his eyes, and forget his solitude—forget that no one loved him. His father was a stern master; his gentle mother was dead; the boys of his own age avoided him; only the little Gianetta played with him and kissed him, and Nicolo's heart was divided between the beloved girl and his strange window-friend. Gianetta, however, could not endure spiders; she would say, timorously: "They are witches!" The spider seemed to feel Gianetta's dislike, and never came in when the child was there; but if Nicolo drew near to the window with his violin, and gave a stolen look without, he would always perceive the mute listener hanging motionless upon a vine-leaf. Gianetta would sit in a corner of his room, breathlessly listening for hours to his wondrous playing, but when his arm sank exhausted and the tones died away, then she would entreat Nicolo to talk to her. Not only did he relate to the listening child wild fairy-tales, which made her shudder, but all the dreams of his own burning heart, all the plans of his high-aspiring soul, were confided to the silent, faithful bosom of the charming girl; and she would press his feverishly hot hand and gaze at him with eyes filled with sympathy. When he told her of the famous German master

Mozart—how he had written grand concertos when only six years old, and how he shone as a star in the heaven of music—his cheeks would burn, he would tremble with excitement, and scalding tears of indignation would stream from his eyes. "See, Gianetta," he would say, with a bitter smile, "what a wretched bungler I am beside him!" And the girl had not the power to console him.

One day Nicolo was obliged to play the most monotonous exercises under his father's supervision, whilst suffering the bitterest inward torments. His hands were weak, his brow glowed; all the strength, all the life of his body seemed to have passed into his eyes; they shone wonderfully. All at once he heard the voice of Gianetta's mother; she called him by name, anxiously and hastily. Nicolo hurried to her. Gianetta had been suddenly taken ill; a burning fever had seized her. He entered. She looked long and earnestly at her dearest playmate, her friend; he understood her glance, and brought his violin. Grief stormed and raged within his heart. "Gianetta, a sleeping-song for you!" he exclaimed, wildly. She smiled. Then the charmed violin sang the most enrapturing, the strangest and sweetest, of all sleeping-songs. As he ended, Gianetta raised herself from her

couch and called Nicolo; he threw himself into her arms. "Thanks, my dearest," she whispered, softly; "Nicolo, I shall slumber sweetly! You, however, will not rest; you will beam upon earth, a clear star, surpassing every thing else in brightness. Travel far, far away from here! Think of me and of my words!" The beautiful child inclined her little head, and died.

Nicolo remained by the beloved corpse the night through; the following day he ran about half frenzied. When he returned to his home, his dark, quiet room filled him with terror; from his window he could look directly into Gianetta's little chamber. The child lay upon the bier, adorned with flowers—almost buried in them—surrounded by lighted torches, and looking lovely as an angel. A monk knelt by the side of the coffin, and prayed for the pure young soul that had forsaken its beautiful tenement so soon. "Farewell, thou lovely one," softly said the mourning boy, as the hot tears rolled over his pale cheeks: "I am going far away, as far—ah, as far as I can! For what is there to retain me—me, the lonely, unloved one?" And he fell upon his knees and sobbed convulsively.

At that moment he felt a gentle, singular touch upon his hand; he started; little Silver-Cross crept towards him. "It is you, mute—

alas, now solitary—companion of my life!'' cried Nicolo. A ray of joy glided over his countenance, as he thoughtfully contemplated the faithful creature. At last he started up, and exclaimed, pressing his violin passionately to his breast: ''One more parting greeting to Gianetta, then out into the world with you, mighty, heavenly beloved of my heart!'' Then the chords sang more wondrously, more mysteriously than ever: tones that were exquisitely beautiful, although tremulous with sorrow, floated over to the slumbering Gianetta; the dead one seemed to smile; the lovely flowers quivered; the flame of the torches trembled; the praying monk let his folded hands sink, whilst magical, strange dreams passed over him.

When the morning sun looked into the tiny room with his fiery eyes, he found a half-fainting boy lying on the ground, with his violin in his arms; on the strings of the violin hung, firmly clinging, little Silver-Cross, who was dead.

I wonder if the prediction of the lovely Gianetta was fulfilled? The boy's name was *Nicolo Paganini.* Have you ever heard of him?

A Meeting

"All on the heath a little boy
Spied a red rose, rosy as morn,
So sweet and fresh, and full of joy,
A redder rose was never born:
To see it nigh, he quickly sped,
The tiny, blushing rose so red."

GOETHE.

BEAUTIFUL old Strasburg had probably not worn so lovely a bunch of blossoms upon her breast for many a long day as she did on the 12th of May, 1767. The gardens lay like a wreath around the town; everywhere buds, and young untouched green, sprung forth. The lofty cathedrals looked more proudly than usual out into the blessed land; the billows of the Rhine rose like a giant's breast swelling with bounding life and the desire of mighty deeds; the clear Ill rushed with headlong haste into those rustling, majestic waves, and the villages, half buried under white cherry-blossoms, poured forth the chimes of their simple Sunday bells, sounding half like devotion and half like joy.

On this very morning a young man, about

twenty years old, sauntered leisurely out of one of the gates of the city, cheerfully humming the melody of an old French song, the tender love-lay of Henry the Fourth:

"Oh, charmante Gabrielle."

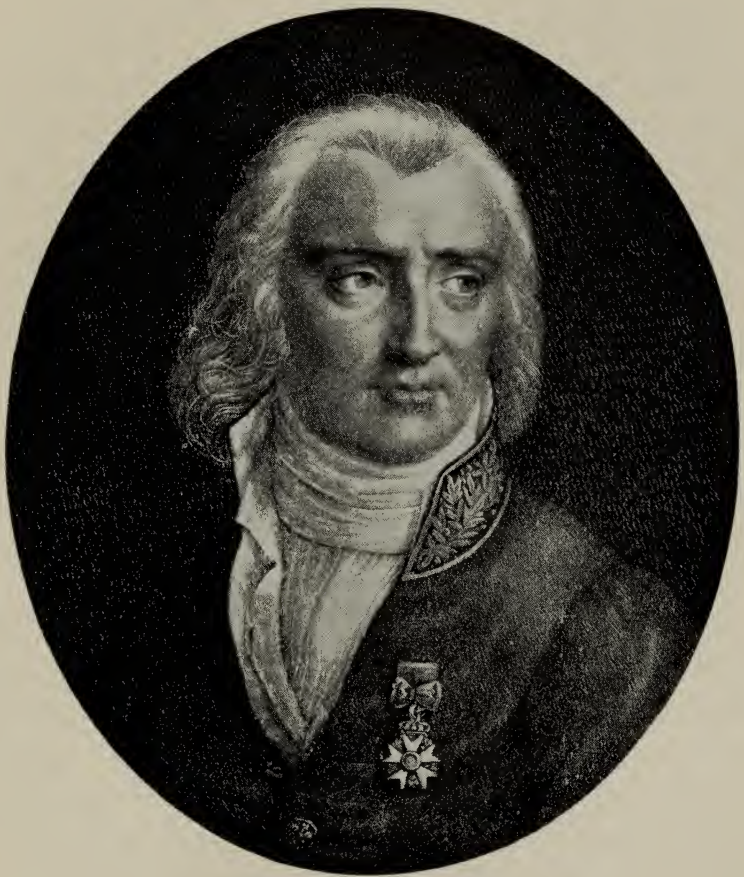
The singer's face was delicate and rosy; his well-shaped figure, the grace of his carriage, and a certain ease of manner, gave him an agreeable appearance. His brow and eyes were remarkable—the one full of fire and enthusiasm, the other full of thought. The joyous wanderer had arrived with a friend, the evening before, from Basel, and they were to journey towards Paris in twelve hours' time. His name was André Modeste Grétry. His companion wished to rest for half a day at the house of an old aunt in Strasburg; and, as the lively Grétry found a *tête-à-tête* with fresh, young nature more inviting than the society of an aged, rather prosy lady, he concluded to dream away the Sunday in the neighbourhood of the old city. Grétry was a musician, and, like all such odd creatures, loved to dream.

Born at Liége, in Belgium, tenderly beloved by his parents, song and music had surrounded him from his earliest youth. His father, the first violin at St. Martin's, used to play to the

six-months-old child all kinds of melodies, which made it kick and crow with delight; and its mother would sing it to sleep with her lovely voice. When he was but six years old, they granted the boy's request to be allowed to take music-lessons: they became the happiness of his young life. As he grew older, this defective instruction no longer satisfied him; he wished to study composition. They gave him an excellent teacher, Renekin, under whose direction the boy's talent was rapidly developed. André Grétry evinced so much industry, understood so easily, and was so grateful, that his teacher called the hours which he passed with this pupil his time of recreation. Renekin took care that André should *hear* as much as possible; he visited assiduously with him all the musical masses, as well as concerts, and pointed out to him the beauties or defects in their rendering. At this time some Italian church-singers came to Liége; their performances made a deep impression upon the susceptible boy. From them he first learned to appreciate the glorious composition of Pergolesi, Galuppi, Palestrina, and Lotti. On listening to these master-works he longed to create something himself. He intensely desired to become a great musician; and, in his childish prayers of thanks to God and the Holy Virgin,

he never neglected to implore the fulfilment of his ardent wish.

On the day of his first communion, when he entered his parents' room, his gentle mother said to him, whilst embracing him: "If you have any very heart-felt wish, my son, impart it confidingly to the mighty Queen of Heaven; *to-day* she grants the wishes of all good children who pray to her with humility." And as the handsome, pale boy knelt in the church, his dark eyes sought the image of the Blessed One in fervent devotion, and he exclaimed, with his whole heart: "Oh, let me become a great musician!" Then the full chime of bells played, and the voices of the angels seemed to mingle with them, promising assent; the child's heart palpitated with joy. In violent emotion, he drew nearer, closer, to the image of the Queen of Heaven; a hollow sound was heard—a cry of terror arose; a heavy decayed beam fell from the belfry into the church, close to the stunned boy. André sank insensible. They carried him with loud lamentations to his home; hot tears fell from his parents' eyes upon his brow: they thought him dead. He suddenly opened his eyes, smiled joyously upon his dear ones, and said: "Did you see how the Madonna protected me from death? She loosened her blue mantle and



GRÉTRY

waved it over my shoulders! She has listened to my prayer. Have patience with me: I shall become a good musician!''

When eighteen years old, Grétry, gay and full of hope, aided by the admirers of his talent, journeyed over the Alps into the land of song—into glorious Italy; and there the flower of his genius slowly unfolded its glittering leaves. Holy, serious Rome became his second home; and Casali instructed him in composition. Grétry studied with true, fiery ardour; introduced by his celebrated teacher into musical circles, he won all hearts by his irresistible amiability.

More than one charming woman sought by enchanting arts to fetter the interesting stranger; but his candid soul, his pure mind, and a certain inconstancy in his whole nature, preserved him happily from all narrow bondage, from all the dangers that threatened his youth and future. It is true that here and there a pair of handsome eyes touched the susceptible youth, it is true that now and then he kissed a lovely, rosy mouth; but this merely resembled the sporting of a butterfly; he was too restless and too occupied to ever allow a deeper inclination to take root in his heart. At this rich, poetic period of his life, his first

important compositions were written—two charming Intermezzos, which equally enchanted musicians and laymen. Now his wildly beating heart drew him forcibly towards Paris—towards that liveliest of all cities, which he had chosen as the theatre of his actions. He took leave of *la bella Italia*, and journeyed, in company with a French painter, through Switzerland towards Strasburg, where we have just found him in full enjoyment of the lovely spring landscape. He revelled in the beautiful day, and did not hasten his solitary walk. At one time he would throw himself upon the grass, under a blooming tree, and gaze smiling into the blue sky; he would peep through his hand out into the distance; he would stoop down and look upon the inverted sky; he nodded to all the church-goers, and sang or hummed incessantly. His soul resembled an eolian harp, from which the breath of every thought called forth a melody. Suddenly he heard the rustling of a dress, and hasty steps:

"Light as a fairy footstep—"

a young girl ran by him, chasing a gayly variegated, remarkably beautiful butterfly. She was scarcely fifteen years old, and her figure was yet childlike. Her short, white dress fluttered about the tiniest of feet; her round straw

hat had fallen off, and was only held by its blue ribbons, which were wound around her neck; her thick brown hair hung in heavy plaits; her lovely face glowed, her eyes sparkled, and she wore a bunch of violets upon her breast. She cried out with delight when she approached the butterfly; she sprang, she almost flew, in order to overtake him. She scarcely glanced at the young man. He, however, stood and gazed, and thought that he had never beheld so attractive a being. He followed her almost mechanically —with his feet, with his eyes, even with his heart. Suddenly he uttered a cry of alarm— the young girl had fallen. In an instant he was at her side. She had injured her left foot, but she showed no sadness, no pain—quite the reverse, for she raised her head and looked upon her unexpected assistant with joyful eyes, as though some great happiness had befallen her. "I have *caught* him, the rogue!" she exclaimed, with vivacity, and extended her closed right hand. At the same moment, a violent pain in her foot made her slender fingers open slightly; the butterfly pressed through—fluttered away— was free. The young man, aided by his broad-brimmed hat, made an attempt to reimprison the fugitive, but the young girl detained him.

"Let him fly; he does not care to remain with

me longer; I do not desire to have him! He was mine for a minute; that satisfies me!"

"Pray, arise; your foot is *malade!*" said André Grétry. He spoke slowly, and in broken German, but his charming companion understood him; she leaned upon his arm, and allowed him to lead her along gently. She pointed to a village near by with her finger, showing him where she dwelt.

"How do you call *l'endroit* where you live?"

"Sesenheim."

"And what is your name?"

"Friederike."

"How *near* is Sesenheim? Let us walk *slowly;* or, still better, let us rest until your foot is well."

And they seated themselves, side by side, upon the green turf under a large beech-tree which had but just unfolded its tender leaves.

The sunshine which lay upon the young grass fell through the trembling branches upon their youthful heads; they both looked so handsome, so good! Who would not have prophesied for them a future as lovely as the spring-day which they were both enjoying? As confidential as children, they talked as though they had been acquainted for years. André, although he pronounced with difficulty the strange German

words, related that he was a musician, that he was on his way to Paris, and that he had just arrived in Strasburg from glorious Switzerland. He depicted his free and merry life with the glowing enthusiasm of youth, and spoke of his high-soaring plans. The maiden showed him, in return, the red roof of the parsonage where she was born, and questioned him about the Swiss mountains of which she had read so much, and of the rosy-cheeked Swiss girls with their clear voices and their merry *jodle*-songs. He described every thing clearly and pleasantly; the young girl sometimes laughed heartily at his phraseology and at the construction of his sentences. With the *jodle*-songs he succeeded admirably; he knew many, had learned to pronounce them correctly, and sang them charmingly with his soft tenor voice. Friederike was particularly delighted with the following song:

"On the mountain,*
As I sat,
Splashed the fountain;
What of that?
As I sprang,
The birds in jest,

*"Uf'm Bergli
Bin i gesässe."

—*Goethe's Schweizerlied*

While I sang,
Built a nest.

As I stood
Among the bowers,
Near a wood,
There were flowers.
In the dells,
Mid the trees
Were the cells
Of busy bees!

"On the green,
In the month of June,
Was I seen
At the sunny noon!
With ripe lip,
As then I flew,
I took a sip
Of evening dew.

" 'Twas still the same
As evening fell;
My Jacky came,
He liked all well.
Then forth we walked,
And him I bid
(While gay we talked)
Do as they did."

And the bees hummed, and fell, intoxicated with the spring, upon the grass; the birds sang; the cool breeze was wafted over them as they

sat there; the young girl smiled upon the singer, and André swam in bliss. She attempted to repeat the air; he assisted her; her voice sounded so lovely; laughing and jesting, she at last learned the song.

"That shall be my souvenir of you," Friederike said, attempting to rise; "I must go home; my foot is quite well!"

"Ah, stay a moment longer! Who can say whether we will ever speak together again?" He so earnestly implored her to remain, that she laughingly reseated herself.

"I hope I shall soon hear a certain Grétry spoken of who has composed much wondrously beautiful music, and whom all Paris, or all France, or all the world, knows and praises!—And then I shall think: 'That was the merry singer who once sat beside me under the beech-tree and sang the lovely song for me.'"

"And I shall bring out one day a grand opera in Paris, and the listeners will cry 'bravo' loudly at its conclusion; but in the midst of the noise a hand will throw me a bouquet—a bouquet of *violettes;* and I shall turn around, and in the first *loge,* near the stage, I shall see a beautiful woman (she is taking her bridal tour)—a woman with brown hair and black eyes; she greets me, and smiles—

and her *cher mari* bows. Who is she? The young German girl from Sesenheim."

"Oh, how delightful that would be! Yes, I should like to show you the one I shall dearly love. He will be, I suppose, handsome and brilliant, handsomer than the butterfly I caught to-day!"

"But suppose he should fly away, like your prisoner, and leave you only sorrow?"

"Nevertheless he would have been *mine* for a moment; then all would be well. The grief I can bear!"

A pause followed these words. Friederike absently plucked her bouquet of violets; her head was slightly elevated, her wondrously beautiful doe-like eyes, full of longing questions, gazed afar. Grétry retained this lovely picture forever in his heart.

Then he drew out his tablets, handed them to the young girl, placed the pencil in her hand, and begged:

"In return for the little song, write me, as your thanks, your dear name and the date."

She did so.

"Give me also the half-plucked bouquet."

Sweetly smiling, she granted this request as well; then she arose, and extended him her hand as she departed. The joyous, merry

young man felt deeply moved as he looked after the maiden while she ascended the narrow foot-path which led to the village. Lightly, free from care, she walked along, often looking back and greeting him, humming at the same time, with a lark-like voice, the melody of the Swiss song:

„Uf'm Bergli
Bin i geſäſſe."

When she at last disappeared behind the hedge, it seemed to the young musician as though he had just seen her coffin borne along; an anxious, troubled sadness lay like an Alp upon his breast, and André Grétry, who had not shed a single tear of sorrow since his childhood, covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly.

Twenty years later, André Modeste Ernest Grétry was sunning himself in the full glory of his fame as a composer. France had declared him her favourite, and Belgium, his native country, named her son with pride. His operas: *"Le Huron," "Le Tableau Parlant," "Lucile," "Zémire et Azor," "La Caravane,"* and, above all, *"Richard Cœur-de-Lion,"* were not only performed everywhere upon the French stage, but Germany as well crowned the

composer with laurels. Grétry's chief forte was correctness and reality in declamation; he endeavoured in song to imitate the conversation of every-day life; he placed the accompaniment in an inferior situation, and determinedly opposed all orchestral ornamentation. His melodies were, like himself, fresh and pleasing; and that the source from which he created was inexhaustible, is proved by the existence of over forty operas from his pen. Grétry's melodies became more popular with the French than those of any other composer; when joy or sorrow moved their hearts, they always thought on their favourite and sought sympathy in his songs. When the great Emperor Napoleon retreated from Russia, when death and desolation surrounded him, and he gazed with silent, bitter grief upon his maimed faithful ones, the Old Guard commenced Grétry's song:

"Où peut-on être mieux
Qu'au sein de sa famille?"

When the mighty hero fled from Elba, and once more stood on the soil of his empire, the sons of France enthusiastically received him, and joyously sang:

"Veillons au salut de l'empire!"

And when at last the fettered Prometheus was suffering a thousand torments at St. Helena, did not countless lips sing, softly, and full of bitter sorrow, the touching lay of the faithful Blondel:

"O Richard, ô mon roi,
L'univers t'abandonne."

Grétry did not conclude the gentle melodious dream of his life until the 24th of September of the year 1813. Happy in his own circle, honoured and beloved by his contemporaries, the last storms of the Revolution alone cast a few dark clouds upon the heaven of his existence. In accordance with the last wishes of the dead, they placed in his coffin, with other loved souvenirs of his happiest days, a little, old tablet, containing a leaf upon which were written the half-effaced words:

"Friederike Brion,
Sesenheim, the 12th of May, 1767,"

and a few violets, almost crumbled to dust.

Lovely maiden whom the honoured one once met, and whose image was never obliterated from his memory, didst *thou* also dream softly?

The lot of Friederike is known to the world. The shining butterfly she longed for flew into her heart: *Wolfgang Goethe* entered the quiet

parsonage of Sesenheim. Among the many lovely airs that the happy girl sang to her beloved was the *Swiss song* that the strange musician had taught her on that May-day. Later, it found its place among Goethe's minor poems, with the simple remark: *"Communicated."*—What a story lies hidden in that quiet word!

For a single wondrously beautiful summer Friederike called the radiant one her own; then he flew away from her *forever.* She bore her measureless grief without complaint; she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said to her dear ones, as did Arria to Pætus: *"It does not pain!"* But it broke, nevertheless; she wandered through life solitary, and often said: *"She who has been beloved by Goethe can never belong to any other man!"*

The Convent of Saint Lucia

IT was on the festival of the Ascension of our Saviour, in the year 1794, that the bells of the beautiful Convent of Saint Lucia, not far from Rome, rang for morning prayers. A crowd pressed towards the gate. The picturesque attire of the pilgrims, the charming women decked with flowers, wearing white veils upon their heads, the proud, slender men with orange-blossoms upon their breasts, formed a spectacle very pleasing to the eye. The glowing orb of the sun fervently kissed the brown, richly-coloured cheeks, and cast his rays upon forms beautiful in their strength.

The windows of the little church were flaming with light. Within, clouds of incense arose, and the faint glimmer of the consecrated torches could scarcely penetrate through the mist. A gentle twilight prevailed; the pedestal of Saint Lucia was so hidden by beautiful wreaths and flowers that the saint looked like the queen of spring herself. The believing multitude fell upon their knees, as the priest with extended arms gave the blessing; then

resounded the *"Kyrie eleison"* from the lofty, concealed choir of the pious nuns. How softly flowed the voices down, how glorious, how elevating, was this serious air of the maestro Palestrina! The chief melody steps so majestically and clearly through the charming wreath of entwined voices; they seek to cover, to envelop, to drown it—but, conquered, humbly withdraw, and at last unite in a soft accompaniment to the glorious whole. The quivering souls of the listeners rejoicingly mount upon mighty pinions to heaven, then sink with a pleasing sadness—as though held by gentle, invisible chains of flowers—to earth.

Then arose suddenly in the *"Gloria"* a soprano voice, whose astonishing volume roused the multitude from their sweet revery. It had a penetrating clearness almost piercing in its purity and overwhelming in its power. It had no affinity, nor did it mingle, with the other voices; solitary, wondrous, full and high, it swelled throughout the church.

In the *"Credo"* it was silent, another voice took its place; but at the conclusion, in the touching *"Agnus Dei"* and *"Dona nobis pacem,"* it pierced anew—like a shining, highly sharpened spear used to victory—through the dense veil of incense. No emotion trembled in

it; it was a voice alike without age or sex—a voice which gave the impression that it had ever been and would ever remain unchangeable.

The people were much moved. "Holy Maria," murmured an old woman, "that was not the voice of a human being." She hastily crossed herself, and prayed softly. Her frightened, black-haired neighbour nodded assent, and repeated the words to a man who knelt beside her, who with fiery glances strove in vain to penetrate through the grating of the choir.

The mass was over. The women forsook the church in violent emotion; the men shook their heads; every one spoke of the magic sounds; but none knew the name of the hidden singer. The torches were extinguished; and the exuberant Italian spring-day brought forgetfulness of doubts, terrors, and superstitions.

On the following day, when the laughing, beaming Italian morning looked with loving eyes into the little church, it was amazed to find already assembled there a vast multitude. Every face was turned with an expression of strained expectation towards the choir, from which the *Hora* sounded. The enigmatical voice again floated over them, and the heart of every listener palpitated anew with a mixture of joy, anxiety, and awe. Suddenly a young

woman, trembling with emotion, exclaimed: "Holy Queen of Heaven, I see the wonder! Maria assist us, it is a child that sings!" Behind the grating the delicate form of a little girl about ten years old was seen, from whose opened lips proceeded the wondrous tones. The child appeared to have sharply cut, regular features; but her figure was as yet undeveloped, and a transparent paleness covered her youthful cheeks. The excitement of the multitude increased hourly after this discovery; daily, crowds made pilgrimages early and late to the convent, in order to hear the singular little singer whose voice could be recognized even in the fullest choir. Its fame flew through the whole neighbourhood, it wandered even to Rome, and the visitors thronged ever more and more to listen to the masses said in the Convent of Saint Lucia.

The troop of believers, who gratefully accepted the supposed miracle without racking their brains, was small in comparison to those who wavered in restless conjectures, their heads and hearts filled with manifold suppositions and doubts about the singer's person. "They say in the convent," asserted some, "that the singer is a boarder in the cloister! At all events, she is deformed; she is certainly

eighteen or nineteen years old, and perhaps she has the form of a child on account of her infirmities. *No child* sings thus!" "No, no," cried others; "they imposed upon you when they told you this tale; we well know that it is one of the younger nuns, Sister Barbara, that sings; the child merely listens quietly!" "By no means," interrupted several women; "a miracle has taken place; Saint Lucia has sent the pious Abbess Theresa an angel from heaven!" "What childish stuff are you chattering there?" exclaimed a strong man, with a wise, determined face; "we are deceived; the whole affair is a shameful cheat, to entice the silver coins out of our pockets!" The people thronged around him with feverish haste; the speaker continued: "Yes, just listen to me, the truth of my words will become clear as day to you! Pay attention; I have but little to say. The convent is poor, Saint Lucia demands a new velvet dress and a golden curtain; for this they need rich contributions, and have studied how to attract the credulous multitude. They have had a machine constructed in Rome, a clock in the shape of a human being—a kind of wax doll with a flute clock-work; I tell you that it is no child and no nun that sings so strangely and so loudly: it is merely a *puppet!*"

The excited multitude started, shuddered, crossed themselves, listened, contested, raved, and finally *believed.* "Certainly, by the holy Saint Giovanni, Matteo is right," thundered out a Hercules with wild gestures and clenched fist; "this sing-song thing is priestcraft, and nothing more! Who ever heard of a singing child with *such* gigantic strength? Deceive yourselves no longer! The miraculous singer is nothing but a wooden puppet with a wax face. The thing is wound up like a watch, and sings all kinds of melodies. I have seen such figures more than once at the house of a celebrated professor in Rome." "Yes, it is not strange that we shudder when the clear, sharp, flute-like tones strike our ear; it is the presentiment of the hellish delusion that causes it," added another excited man, with flaming looks. "This contemptible deception dishonours the church of Saint Lucia; we must not suffer it any longer; we must unveil it, destroy it; and all the Saints will assist us in the work," raved a third.

The heated crowd became wildly agitated. The women described the staring wax face of the puppet, her dead glass eyes, and declared that they had been unable to understand a syllable of the text. Many had distinctly heard

a singular whizzing noise at the conclusion of the "*Gloria.*" "That was the clock-work which had run down," said they to each other. The men grew more and more violent; the gentlest women became excited by the fiery looks of their husbands, lovers, and brothers; they decided to make a visit to the convent in a body, and to demand the delivery of the flute-clock, the deceptive singing doll.

Thus, at the approach of evening, the multitude noisily wended their way towards the quiet convent; they loudly knocked at the ivy-encircled gate, and fiercely demanded entrance. The terrified prioress met the intruders; the nuns fled to their cells.

The venerable countenance of the pious woman, her stately figure and the elevated crucifix, awed the multitude; the wild cries ceased. A few women fell upon their knees; the men drew back, and a spokesman respectfully approached the prioress and explained the suppositions, the wishes and demands, of his companions.

Astonishment and doubt were depicted upon the features of the holy woman. "My children," she exclaimed, "is it possible that you accuse your Mother Theresa of deception? Is it possible that you can so greatly lower your-

selves and can grieve me so inexpressibly? Withdraw, repent of your sins and do penance for them; for know that the voice which has led you into this deplorable error, the voice which has so deeply moved and touched you, flows from the lips of a blessed *child* of God, from the innocent lips of a little girl, ten years old, from Sinigaglia, who is being educated in the convent." "We wish to see the child!" called out a few rude voices. At these words the people again became angry. "Yes, yes, we wish to *see* the enchantress, to hear her speak, to touch her face and hands, to *feel* her warm breath!" And ever more threatening grew the gestures, the confused cries grew ever louder. The exhortations of the Mother died away unheard, and the usually so quiet convent-yard was filled with harsh tones.

Then Mother Theresa disappeared; she soon returned, and presented to the crowd a pale, delicate, trembling little girl. The regular, colourless face of the child seemed as though formed of yellowish wax; her black hair was parted over her transparent brow, and she anxiously gazed with her dark, startled eyes upon the expressive countenances before her. "Angelica," said the prioress, gently, "do not be afraid; be courageous, assist your Mother

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Theresa and these deluded ones; elevate your voice, and greet the Queen of Heaven!"

Angelica opened her lips and commenced an old, simple *"Salve Regina;"* but she sang it with such strength, such purity, such exaltation, that the noiseless assembly involuntarily bent their knees. The deep peace, the spotless innocence, that were heard in those tones could have proceeded only from one untouched by life's sweet sorrow or bitter joy. Softly and gloriously fell the faint, trembling light of the moon upon the heads of all—upon the youthful brow of the singer and upon the serious countenance of the agitated abbess.

When Angelica concluded, the kneeling men and women arose, and rushed towards the child with that overflowing, genuine enthusiasm which is the heart-moving peculiarity of all Southern nations. With sobs, they kissed the little hands of the smiling one, as well as the hem of her garment, her slightly flushed cheeks, her feet; they praised her with tears of rapture; they blessed her; and a unanimous cry of delight pierced the air:

"Evviva Angelica Catalani!"

Mother Theresa shortly afterwards dismissed the wonderful child-singer from the convent; she could not forget the disturbance she had

occasioned. She must certainly have bitterly repented having done so, later; for the little Angelica became, in a very short space of time—as the whole world knows—the great Catalani. Europe lay at her feet. What a collection of splendid garments, necklaces, and little, glittering crowns would Saint Lucia doubtless have received from her visitors had the child remained!

Maria

THE magic splendour of a Southern evening sky in the month of May hung over * * * and its charming neighbourhood. The landscape smiled, lighted alternately by the kisses of the most luxuriant spring and those of the mildest evening. Near this romantic city stood a country-seat, encircled by a blooming garden; a Spanish family had taken it for a few weeks. "A garden in Italy!" This thought fills our Northern fancy with pleasing emotion: pine-trees rustle, cypress-trees cast their shadowy veil over laughing flowers, in order to soften their burning colours; lemon and orange trees playfully drop their delicious blossoms upon the ground; the stately laurel gazes seriously upon their sport, whilst the lovely myrtle extends her delicate arms towards him with silent longing, and it seems as though tiny silver stars glittered amidst her sombre foliage. The voices of countless birds animate the odorous Paradise, and glittering butterflies, free and unfettered as thoughts of love, flutter in blissful intoxication from flower to flower.

In such a garden, lighted by the moonlight—which in this blessed land is a silver sunshine—lay a child, playing; she possessed the delicate and dreamy loveliness of an elf; her pure brow had been kissed by but six summers, but she was unusually thoughtful, and a strangely elevated light shone forth from her dark-brown eyes.

The solitary little one would smilingly heap up blossoms, bury her curly head in the soft perfumed pillow, rest a while and seem to dream, then, unwearied, commence anew her sport. The inquisitive butterflies flew near, wishing to taste caressingly the young lips that glowed as brightly as the proudest rose; the little birds seemed to know the fair little maid, for they hopped near and pulled her long brown locks with their tiny bills. The child looked on, half breathless with joy; she did not even seek to drive away the thirsty gnats, that sank their stings with an enchanted humming into the child's round, white arm.

It is true that the birds and flowers, the beetles and butterflies, the gay flies and the audacious gnats, were the child's playmates; she had no little sister, then, and her father and mother were but serious companions for the dreamy little elf; so the ever-beautiful world of blossoms and free, luxurious nature became the

wise and beloved preceptors of the susceptible child.

When the last sigh of ardent Day had died away, Night approached with her light step; she gently breathed upon the flowers, and allowed the pearly tears of her eyes to trickle upon the pining leaves. Then resounded from the rich foliage of a lemon-tree a wondrously beautiful song. It was that of a nightingale, decked in her plain, gray, feathery dress.

How fortunate are we, also, in knowing this lovely little creature! She is like a sunbeam full of song, thrown from the glowing South into our Northern spring by the loving hand of God! Who, on hearing the name of "nightingale," does not imagine himself seated by the side of a hidden, gently murmuring brook that is densely shaded by drooping willows, the delicate tips of whose green fingers are refreshingly dipped into its cool waters? The moonlight trembles through the branches, as the wondrous song of the bird is wafted through the air.

Then the closed heart opens, and inhales thirstily the magical silver tones; they fall like balm upon every wound, they heighten every joy; they bring sweet nameless sorrows and rapturous longing to the happy, and dreams

of heaven to those whose every joy has vanished and whose every hope is dead.

The child trembled with delight at the tones, which she heard for the first time. The bird sang on, and the little girl's whole soul hung upon the voice, and soared and floated with it far away into the infinite.

All around was deep silence; birds and flowers blissfully sipped the precious drops of sound.

Do you know *whence* the nightingale, of all other birds, obtained this enchanting voice? "The nightingale once"—so related to me the little bird's beloved, a slight, charming rose-elf—"touched with her wings and breast the mighty, golden, gigantic harp of the great Creator of the world in the glorious Paradise. The chords rustled, the eternal harmonies sounded, welled, and streamed over the delicate creature; thence she received the heavenly, beautiful voice. She was not permitted to enjoy her precious gift, for God punished the curious one, and death accompanied the voice. She must sing and sing ever. It was impossible for the frail body to sustain the fulness, the mightiness, of these tones, and the poor bird faded, in the midst of life's bloom, in the midst of her loveliest melodies. The brilliant treas-

ure descended through ages from nightingale to nightingale; but all sang, and died, like this first punished singer of Paradise.

"The All-merciful One, in his boundless compassion, has given a consolation to the nightingale race: they can *bestow* the dangerous stolen treasure upon a pure imploring child of man. Then they can live on in peace, they can enjoy their life; for, as the voice leaves them, death, the inseparable companion of the magic gift, departs.

"Such donations occur but seldom," playfully added the rose-elf, in conclusion, "for *we* love only the *singing* nightingales; the sly ones know this well, and prefer a short but intoxicating life of love to a long, soundless, unadorned existence." With these words the pleasing narrator, somewhat fatigued, slipped into the calyx of a half-closed moss-rose, and reposed.

The listening child did not know of this legend; but the secret, magical power of the nightingale's song cast a spell upon this young heart: it beat wildly with happiness, presentiments, dreams, and hopes which the half-awakened soul of the child could not as yet comprehend. Her little hands were unconsciously folded in prayer, and tears flowed

from the glittering eyes. "Oh," softly sighed the child, "would that I were such a singing bird!"

Ever more lengthened grew the heart-moving sounds, ever more seductive the wondrous song! The siren of the air drew her indestructible fetters ever more and more closely about those who lent an ear to the enchanting melodies. Suddenly the singer became silent; a melodious sigh, a restless fluttering, and the little bird fell dying at the feet of the terrified child. Weeping and astonished, she bent over the expiring one, and laid the little quivering body of the bird upon a bed of perfumed rose-leaves. Then a grateful glance flashed from the nightingale's half-closed eyes; the pitying child laid her blooming cheek upon the numbed body, and gently pressed her round rosy mouth upon the little bird's head. A breath touched her; it was a wondrously balmy breath, and she was forced to draw it deep, deep into her breast! How strange! As she sank upon the grass, it appeared to her that the nightingale, cured and merry, had flown away with a singular chirping. Then came charming forms; they covered the resting one with flowers, and cast golden wreaths of laurel upon her. It seemed to her that she had wings, and that she soared and

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sang as did the gray wondrous bird that she had kissed. Then the veil of unconsciousness spread itself over the feverishly excited being; and thus the seeking parents found their missing child.

Many years had passed since that May night. The icy hand of winter lay upon the warm heart of the earth, and a brilliant assemblage filled the Italian Opera-House in Paris. The rays of the dazzling chandelier fell flatteringly upon many a charming countenance, upon many a snowy neck; they were mirrored in beautiful eyes, and glittered boldly in the countless dewdrops of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds which a fairy-hand seemed to have lavishly scattered over these fair mortal flowers. A joyous impatience was manifested; when the overture to Rossini's "Othello" commenced, low murmurs were heard, and glances of excited expectation were directed towards the curtain. The opera began: forms appeared, tones arose and vanished;—the assembled multitude still watched and waited. At last Desdemona appeared. Then a unanimous cry of delight resounded through the glittering walls of the temple of art; then countless flowers and wreaths were cast upon the stage; a ray of joy

flashed from every eye, a smile of rapture played upon every lip.

To whom belonged this delicate ethereal form, this pale countenance, this glance so full of soul, this irresistible voice? Who was that fair woman, whose song reanimated withered hearts and brought to them dreams of their vanished childhood, mingled with the still brighter ones of their long-buried love?

It was the playing child in the garden, the blest heiress of the nightingale, the queen of song:

MARIA MALIBRAN-GARCIA.

She has vanished, the praised one; but let us not complain, for she died, as all know, as a nightingale must die; the star of her existence was extinguished in the midst of the most exuberant life. She has left for us her memory and a wondrous singing flower that bloomed beneath her eyes—her sister Paulina.

The Angel's Voice

"Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?"
Handel's Messiah, Op. 60.

SPRING had once more visited the beautiful earth; hearts and flowers awoke smilingly; fresh, joyous life hovered through the air; the shining canopy of heaven wore its deepest blue, and the sun shone in brilliant gold. A tall, serious man strode thoughtfully through a little garden. Light-winged spirits fluttered invisibly around him; rosy zephyrs whizzed sportively about his king-like head and waved white cherry-blossoms in his proud, handsome face. An indescribable loftiness graced the straight, vigorous form of the meditating one. On beholding him, one was reminded of the heroes of antiquity and of powerful and wise kings long since dead. A noble self-consciousness and a holy repose sat upon his godlike brow; a sparkling light shone from his large eyes; but a deep melancholy lay about the superb mouth, which not even the fairest smiles of the young spring could dispel. The serious man slowly ascended a grassy mound, whose

summit was crowned with a budding apple-tree, which seemed covered with a purple veil; and here he gazed with delight upon the blooming landscape. Not far from the garden there lay a large city, framed in green meadows and luxuriant gardens, full of life, with smoking chimneys and shining roofs; while lofty blue mountains arose in the distance. It was Dublin, the capital of Ireland.

"O thou green childlike Ireland," exclaimed the solitary one, with emotion, stretching out his arms, "pious, simple land, full of humility and morality, full of belief and endurance. I come to thee with a heart so hopeful; wilt thou understand me? Wilt thou listen joyfully and attentively to the holy tidings that I bring to thee in serious sounds—the tidings of the birth of the Infant Saviour? With pure hearts, in unison with the shepherds of the field, wilt thou adore him? Wilt thou share their amazement at the exalted miracle, and join the heavenly host in their hymn of praise? Will the souls of thy people be more sensible to the revelations of the Lord, to the miracle of the Holy Testament, than were the eternally occupied, cold people of misty England? I announced my high and holy message in the *vacant* aisles of the handsomest church in London; they

scorned its voice amidst the bustle of the noisy city, and forgot to listen to me! A low but infinitely sweet voice, like unto the sound of a harp, murmured to me, one sleepless night: 'Up, arise, away to Ireland! Be of good cheer, holy singer; thou wilt be victorious, and this victory will be the first link of the golden chain of future triumphs!' I obeyed the miraculous voice, and am irresistibly attracted towards thee, my Ireland! I fled from the walls of sombre London, and now I am here! I thought my sorrow could only be ended by thee; would that my grief could but pass away in thy green valleys! Did the mysterious voice announce the truth? Shall I really see the radiant sun of triumph rise above my head, after the many, the lengthened contests of an agitated life? O Lord of all creation, whose praise I announce, whose servant I have become, grant me a glorious victory! Strengthen me, Almighty One, for I have become weary! My father-land, blest Germany, scorns and rejects me; the number of mine enemies grows gigantic, and I am despondent and prostrated; my contending arm has at last become exhausted! Fight for me, O my God!"

Then a strange rustling was heard in the branches; the rays of the sun seemed to shine

more dazzlingly, the flowers appeared to give forth more fragrance, and the balmy air undulated so wondrously, that the serious man, who had just finished speaking, closed his eyes in a blissful dream. Hasty steps approached from the garden; an ugly little man, attired in black, climbed the hillock, and exclaimed, in bad English: "Master Handel, worthiest leader, where are you? I have been seeking you for two hours in all the corners of your house, and also in the houses of all your friends. I can scarcely breathe, I have run so fast: and here you sit and slumber; there is no time for this, sir!" he continued, with an important air, gesticulating with his withered arms and shaking his frightful head, which was covered with a crooked little wig. "I bring you a disagreeable piece of news: Signora Lucia, the famous *prima donna,* has announced that she is ill; the promised performance of your oratorio cannot take place to-morrow. Shall I run to countermand the singers and musicians, and then——"

The master drew himself up as majestically and angrily as a wounded lion. "The representation will *not* take place?" he exclaimed, interrupting the man, and casting a look upon his dwarf-like form that made him involun-

tarily retreat a few steps; "who dares to pronounce such words? Not take place because of the malicious caprice of an Italian *prima donna?* Are there not many fine voices in Dublin, so rich in music?—are there none that can replace this glittering, trilling bird? So true as I am Handel, I will devise some plan! The performance *shall* take place to-morrow evening. Go!"

"By Saint Patrick, this German musician who has flown here is worse than the most raging Englishman," the little man muttered, slinking cautiously after Handel at a respectful distance; "one would like to hide from him! As true as my name is O'Reilly, and as I am leader of the orchestra, I should not like to dwell in the bearish country of which *he* is a native!"

The ardent, inquisitive glances of the May sun, in spite of its arduous efforts, could not succeed in penetrating the dark-red, tightly-drawn, silken curtains of the charming apartment of the celebrated beauty of the day—the much-praised Italian singer Lucia, the favourite of the elegant world of Dublin. The arrangement of the large room was magnificent: rare, fresh flowers stood in gold and silver vases in all the corners; marble basins,

filled with perfumed waters, diffused a pleasant and intoxicating coolness through the atmosphere; whilst the splendour and indescribable softness of the carpets, chairs, and divans manifested a love of luxury and Italian ease. The Signora lay—a picture of *dolce far niente* clad in a white dress, that hung in rich folds upon the red velvet sofa; she had wound picturesquely an expensive veil about her head, and she had arranged it so as to show to advantage a few of the perfumed locks of her black hair. Several of her fellow-artists and friends—elegant men of different ages, and representatives of different nations—were seated near her. Here, a very pale, rich English nobleman, attired in a ridiculous, foppish manner, and with the air of a despairing *blasé*, reclined on a divan; there, a slight, fiery Frenchman moved restlessly to and fro upon his chair; near him a dark, handsome Italian was rocking himself whilst singing softly; a few distinguished Irishmen were there, as well as the *primo tenore* and *primo basso* of the theatre. The rosy light from the curtains shed a soft, deceptive, shining glow upon every thing; the Signora turned her face from one to the other, sympathetically smiling; the carefully effaced rouge had given her cheeks a yellowish hue;

her black eyes and full red lips did not show the slightest trace of illness, of feverish languor or fatigue, but looked as roguish and as provoking as ever.

"How he will rave, *il barbaro Tedesco!*" she said, in broken English, to a strikingly handsome young Irishman who was seated at her feet; "for now he cannot have his horrible, difficult oratorio performed! How pleased I am! And he never shall, with my assistance; I determined that when I sang the first measure of the grand air with the frightful Latin words: *Redemptor meus vivit,* which the maestro gave me. Then he was so ungallant at the rehearsal as to call to me, in a commanding voice, to sing piously—that there was no holiness in my tones! Shall I allow that to be said to me unpunished? Never! I was taken ill, and quite dangerously. Thus, you see me here!" she concluded, with a coquettish smile. Flattering speeches followed her discourse: they unanimously approved of the Signora's conduct towards the proud German musician, and all zealously attacked Master Handel; each one related a piquant story of his severity and pretension, in the hope of winning an applauding smile from the flattered beauty; none spared him.

"I must confess that I am secretly afraid of him," the fair Lucia said, at last; "there is something overpowering in his whole bearing; I cannot endure his glance. When he touched my arm with his baton, I trembled. *Santa Madre,* if he were to reproach me I think I should die of fear!"

"Charming Signora, you forget that your true knights are assembled around you, ready to give their lives for a glance of your eye!" cried the chorus of flatterers.

Lucia nodded, while she graciously smiled, and then continued: "I often call to mind a story of my mother's, who was an intimate friend of the singer Cuzzoni, so celebrated about nineteen years ago. At that time Handel composed operas, which, I suppose, were worth a thousand of his new oratorios; the spoiled Cuzzoni, who was then enjoying her unexampled triumphs in London, was to study a part in the opera of 'Nero,' or 'Muzio Scævola.' At the rehearsal, she found the stiff and unornamented melody odious to her; she threw the sheet of music upon the ground in a fit of impatience, trod upon it with her tiny feet, and exclaimed: '*Barbaro,* I will never sing that!' The enraged maestro sprang upon her, seized her slight, airy form in his gigantic

arms, raised her in the air like a child, and held her out of the open window, far out under the blue sky and high from the ground. 'Will you sing the part?' he inquired. The young woman, half fainting, stunned, and dizzy, tremblingly vowed by all the saints to do his will, did he but spare her life. Handel yielded; Cuzzoni kept her promise, and sang."

The listeners had scarcely time to give vent to their anger and astonishment in exaggerated exclamations, when the pretty *cameriera* of the signora rushed in, pale as death, and cried: "*Santa Virgine—il maestro!*" Lucia trembled, and raised with her beautiful hand a curtain behind her couch. "Away with you," she anxiously cried to her astonished friends; "he must not see me in your company! Quick! quick! go into my cabinet! If I need you, the silvery tone of my hand-bell will summon you!" The elegants quickly disappeared, and the heavy golden fringe of the curtain still trembled, when the door burst open, and Handel entered the room.

The singer had languidly thrown herself back, and closed her eyes. She remained a short time in this position; but when the heavy tread of the master drew nearer, and the slight, costly toys upon the little marble table that

stood before her commenced to vibrate, she raised herself, apparently astonished, and asked, in a faint voice, who it was that ventured to disturb her slumber. "Madam," said Handel, loudly and energetically—and the commanding tone of his powerful voice made the terrified hypocrite's heart beat—"be pleased to remember that at this moment you are not standing upon the stage! You need not exert yourself with me; I did not come here to see you act a comedy, but to demand your partition! Where is the music? Give me back your part; and quickly, for I have no superfluous moments to throw away! At the same time, I will remark to you that your illness is very agreeable to me; for I could not abide your Italian cooing—which is suited to the stage, but not to the church; it would perhaps have ruined my serious work."

A flash of anger spread over the Signora's face; she forgot her *rôle;* she sprang up, and cried, furiously: "Sir, I will not allow myself to be insulted with impunity, in my own house, by an intruder!" She seized the little silver hand-bell, and rang violently. Handel, standing with a king-like air opposite to her, repeated, simply and firmly: "I demand the partition, and nothing more; give it me. You

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can then be ill for as long a time as may be pleasing to yourself!" A constrained pause ensued. Handel at last exclaimed, in an emphatic voice, whilst a shadow of displeasure passed over his noble countenance: "Your invisible valiant friends do not hasten to your rescue; I shall be obliged to invite them to do so myself!" He advanced, and, before the frightened singer could prevent it, he had raised the curtain behind the sofa, and contemplated, with an ironical smile, the group of confused men crowded together there. A few of them ventured to make a faint attempt to bow to him. Lucia, half dead with shame, snatched a roll of music from the piano and threw it upon the table. Handel seized it; without honouring the singer with a glance, much less a word, he left the room.

Late in the evening Master George Handel again paced up and down his garden, his head and heart filled with heavy thoughts and anxious cares. The whole afternoon he had unremittingly tormented and fatigued himself by endeavouring to procure a singer who could take the soprano part in his new oratorio of the "Messiah." He had found no one! At every door upon which he had knocked with joyous

hopes, he had met sickness, caprice, irritability, or deficient musical feeling. He had returned weary, exhausted, discouraged, and sad. His whole soul was bent upon this performance being a successful one—a performance that, after manifold intrigues, had been three times postponed, and was at last really to have taken place. The mortifying coldness and want of sympathy with which London had received the "Messiah" had driven the creator of this most glorious work, prostrated with grief, from the noisy city. He had taken refuge in Ireland, hoping to find there a more yielding ground for his precious seed. And should this consoling hope, to which he had clung with the despair of a shipwrecked man, be frustrated by new disappointments? The master's vigorous form succumbed beneath the torments of his desponding soul; overwhelmed with sorrow, he clasped his hands, and allowed his proud head to sink upon his breast.

"O God, O my Lord," he whispered, with a heavy heart, "dost thou no longer perform miracles for believers? Hast thou quite forsaken me?"

Then a white garment shone through the green bushes; a slight female form glided towards him, and a dazzlingly white transparent

hand touched his arm. Startled, he looked up, and beheld a youthful countenance of wondrous rosy beauty; long blonde locks floated like heavy gold upon her shoulders. The childlike lips of the fair stranger, seemingly emitting a flowery fragrance, breathed the following words, sounding like the tones of an eolian harp: "Grieve no longer, pious master; look up believingly! God has not forsaken thee; therefore be of good cheer! Await the evening of to-morrow with tranquillity, for *I* will sing thy 'Messiah.' No trial is needed, great master; trust me; with God's assistance I shall sing without fear. Arise, thou beloved of God! The victory is thine! Farewell! To-morrow thou shalt see me again in the church!" With a parting salutation the lovely being floated away like a vision, and vanished at the end of the garden. The stars sparkled like happy eyes, the vapours in the air became more odorous, and the master's soul palpitated like a flower beneath the kiss of the angel of dew. His glances sought the silent, radiant canopy of heaven, and his breast heaved with mute, fervent thanks and strange awe. Trembling, believing, inspired, he sleeplessly passed the sultry spring night in blissful expectation.

The magnificent overture of the oratorio of the "Messiah" swept through the vast arches of the church. Countless tapers shone upon the silent, dense crowd of devout listeners, which extended farther than the eye could reach. They shone also upon the full chorus of male and female singers. A slight form, clad in white—it was that of a beautiful maiden—stood next to Handel's elevated seat; she had a glorious face, that none had ever beheld before.

Handel ruled the swelling orchestra as does a king his realm. Erect, in the attitude of a proud hero, the clear, joyous hope of victory sat upon his brow; his sparkling eyes surveyed the extent of his dominions, and the glances of all were fixed reverentially upon his expressive face and upon the firm movements of his baton. There was undoubtedly no one present who did not say to himself, on seeing the grandeur of his appearance: "That which this man creates must indeed be grand and glorious!"

The lovely, tear-moving Larghetto commenced; a fresh, tender tenor voice sang: "*Consolamini popule meus;*"—the beautiful air, so full of faith, followed: "*Omnis vallis,*" and then the entire chorus began, with purity and devotion, the "*Et revelabitur gloria Domini.*" The important air for the bass voice:

"Quis proterit cogitare diem," the splendid chorus following it, and the exalted, fervent, prophetic prayer, sung by a beautiful contralto voice: *"O tu qui evangelizas in Sion, ascende super montem!"* were listened to with rapture by the auditors. The joyous chorus: *"Parvulus enim nobis natus"* died away, and the thoughtful Pastoral gently led the way to the grandest, most holy Annunciation. When the preparatory accords of the recitative passed away, the baton trembled for a moment in the master's hand, a fearful doubt filled his heart with spectre-like dread. The pallor of death spread over his countenance; cold, heavy drops stood upon his forehead; breathless expectation and the silence of the grave prevailed. The unknown singer hesitated for a moment; and then from her half-opened lips floated, silvery, clear, and devoutly serious, the words, so full of meaning: *"Erant pastores in illa regione"* The baton paused, Handel's face beamed with delight; a voice of such purity had never before touched his ear. This was the voice that had spoken to the shepherds in the field; this was the voice that he had heard when lost in holy rapture; these were the blessed sounds which floated above him when heaven was opened to his great soul and the dazzling glories of God

were unveiled to him. Thus had he conceived the touching, convincing, joyous exclamation in the words of the announcing angel: *"qui est Christus—Salvator Christus!"* Oh, how this part quivered through his soul and elevated it! He regained composure only when the heavenly host exultingly sang: *"Gloria in excelsis Deo!"*

The third and last part of the oratorio was over; the last tones of the *Agnus Dei* had floated away; the magnificent, wondrous work was concluded. Handel's head rested, bent down with holiest joy, upon the music-desk; his eyes were closed; he lived only in the sounds that had but now died away. He thought of the heavenly song which he had heard flow from the lips of the unknown—of the pure and holy voice that had sung his aria for him;—of the childlike, innocent, believing expression she had given to the lovely melody: *"et pascet suum gregem;"*—of the touching recitative which related the humiliation and outrage inflicted upon our Saviour, and which spoke of his sufferings "that excited not pity." He thought of the lofty, truly divine sorrow in the singer's tones when she announced the Redeemer's death;—of the joyous, glorious confidence in the words and sounds which

spoke of the *resurrection* of the Buried One! And then the exalted inspiration that this wondrous voice kindled in all! How they had listened, smiling and astonished, when she praised the light step of the heavenly messengers of peace; then the pleasure, emotion, and the long silence of the chorus after the singing of the air in the third part: *"Redemptor meus vivit!"* What jubilant confidence, firm as a rock, spoke in those tones! The Redeemer lived in this soul, and thus must He live and rise again for himself—for all! The final consoling sounds of the conclusion arose again in his deeply moved heart with indescribable force; it seemed that this last greeting must remain forever a consolation to him—that this cry: *"Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?"* must ever resound, fresh and joyous, in his heart—and that despondency could never more assail him. "O thou of little faith," he said softly to himself, "O thou desponding one! *'Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?'* "

When Handel arose with an effort, and would have directed his longing eyes towards this pearl of singers, he found only the pallid faces of the chorus-singers, upon whose features a profound emotion was imprinted. The tapers were half extinguished; below in the

church the audience were still kept spell-bound and motionless by admiration of the immortal work, and the name of "Handel" sounded from a thousand lips like a deep, broken sob.

The spot upon which the fair being had lingered was vacant; the beautiful strange maiden had vanished. When and whither? No one knew. But in her place lay the significant salutation of the angels—a strangely beautiful, odorous, white lily.

An Amati

"The harp has grown silent,
The chords are in twain". . .

SOME artists shine upon us as do suns; some resemble the tranquil stars; while others glide along restless and uncanny as does a will-o'-the-wisp. Their peculiar natures fascinate you; you follow their wanderings and their mad life with a mixture of interest and dread; but at their sudden extinction you remain with a feeling similar to that of a child who, after having been told a ghost-story, is left in the dark.

I am about to relate the history of one of these most singular artists.

In the year 1750, Podiebrad, in Bohemia, was inhabited by a handsome, powerful set of men, whose forms were redolent of fire and life; but the handsomest and stateliest of them all was indisputably Franz Joseph Anderle, the only son of a rich brewer. When he knelt in the little church on Sundays, dressed in his dark-green velvet doublet, with its shining silver buttons, his red waistcoat, his black velvet

knee-breeches, his carelessly tied cravat, and his head (whose dark, clustering curls showed to advantage the purity of his profile and the soft outline of his mouth and chin) slightly elevated, then no young girl could recite her Ave with tranquillity and fervent devotion. There lay upon the young man's brow a something quite bewitching. His blue eyes would often rest upon the peaceful countenance of the Holy Mother, yet seldom did they bear a gentle and pious expression; a light often flashed from them, a longing, a wild desire, for which the young man's heart knew no name. It was the restless striving which is known only to those strangely organized beings who are said to possess *artistic natures.* Although neither Franz Joseph Anderle nor those around him suspected it, there lived within him a deep passion for music—a passion which made the pleasures of youth and all intercourse with men irksome to him. A little violin that his mother had brought him from Prague was the confidant of his musical emotions; it was his friend, his joy, his all. When he received it, he crept into the farthest corner of the room and endeavoured to entice tones from it; he could not be separated from it; he essayed and practised until he could play a few melodies

correctly. He would run after every band of musicians that passed, forgetting food and drink, and several times was brought home half dead from exhaustion. His father, the rich brewer, was very impatient and angry at this fancy of his son's, which "yielded nothing;" his mother, on the contrary, a genuine singing child of Bohemia, was made very happy by observing the development of his talent. To have a teacher of the violin for the boy was not to be thought of: his father would allow no regular instruction. He made his son work constantly: "that is the method to drive away such whims," he used to say. It is true that during the day Joseph obeyed him, without murmuring; but when night came and his parents believed him sleeping, he was out in the woods playing upon his violin until his arm had almost become paralyzed. In the winter-time he would conceal himself in the barn; neither cold nor storms prevented his practising.

Thus years had passed; Joseph had often entreated his father, with tears in his eyes, for permission to devote himself entirely to art, but the old man was inflexible. The young man would often say: "Let me go out into the world with my violin; I will beg my way, I

will find a teacher and become famous.'' His father would grow so angry at such speeches that Joseph gradually learned to bury his wishes in the inmost recesses of his breast.

One evening in August, it happened that the young man had slipped out, as usual, with his violin, with the intention of hastening to his beloved wood. It was a remarkably clear, beautiful moonlight night, and Joseph involuntarily walked slower, and lost himself in contemplation. A true musical heart is ever susceptible to the charms of nature. The distant blue mountains were bathed in moonlight, and seemed to draw nearer in order to show their perfumed beauty; the immense pond—which, according to tradition, was unfathomable—trembled slightly beneath the beautiful veil of light that concealed its depth; the old trees rustled slightly; the elves seemed to be stirring amid the flowers in the gardens; and a freshness, a perfume, was wafted from the forest, rich enough to strengthen a poor, suffering heart and to recall it to the joys of life. Suddenly Joseph started, paused, and listened. The tones of a violin sounded from out a little, isolated house situated near to the wood. The hut had been until now uninhabited. Whence came these sounds? And what tones! Tones

such as Joseph had heard only in his dreams—rich, warm, melting, ravishing—his ideal—such as could come only from an Amati. The invisible violinist was playing a popular melody,—his performance was simple and quiet, but his bowing betrayed a practised player.

When the piece was concluded, Joseph rushed towards the house; a storm of conflicting sensations swept over his soul. Through the open window he beheld an old man seated by a table, upon which stood a lighted lamp, and in his arms rested the violin which possessed such magical power. The old man's features plainly showed the Israelite; the sad, sharp profile, the receding forehead, the clear, restless eye, the long, white beard, the flowing hair, and the gentle mouth, produced a pleasant impression. His dress consisted of a long, grey robe, girded across the hips with a black cord. By the window, so that the moonlight fell full upon her, was seated a young girl, about eighteen years old, the daughter of the Jew. Her hands lay dreamily folded in her lap; her rich black hair was twisted in a knot upon the back of her head, and her face showed the richest type of Oriental beauty. She was a true daughter of Judea—pale, slightly bent, as though bur-

dened with invisible chains, and with the deep melancholy expression of those who sat by the waters of Babylon and wept.

"Forgive my abrupt entrance—but the violin has irresistibly attracted me. Whence comes its magical tone? Oh, teach me your secret!"

With these hasty words, Joseph Anderle appeared before the father and daughter. The old man sprang up and instinctively clasped his violin more tightly; Leah stared at the young man, half terrified, half enchanted. How handsome he was in his excitement!

"I beg you to have pity upon me, and to give me instruction. I am rich, and will pay you whatever you may demand."

"I have been living here but three days, and desired to rest from my wandering life; I wished neither to instruct nor to play. Yet, as you express so great a desire to learn, I will gladly teach you the little that I know."

"Shall I learn to produce such tones upon the violin as you have just done?"

"I scarcely think so, young man; for *my* violin is almost a prodigy. It is a *genuine* Amati."

Joseph contemplated the apparently insignificant violin with looks of reverence and

longing. So this was an Amati!* He had so often heard of these precious instruments!

"Are there no more such violins to be had?" he inquired, after a pause.

"There are still many Amatis, but none like this; my violin was blessed by a dying man!"

The young man, sighing deeply, related in a few words the story of his musical studies. After some parley between the two men, it was settled that Joseph should come there every evening and take lessons by stealth. Fortunately, Joseph, being the son of a rich man, had considerable pocket-money, for the expenditure of which he was only obliged to account to his mother. The lessons were to be paid for with this. The young man hurried away with a hasty greeting, but not towards his home—his heart was too full; he must visit his dear forest! He threw himself upon the grass, wild with joy, and dreamed until morning. Of what did he dream? Of the Jewess's wondrously beautiful eyes? Ah, no! Of the enchanting Amati. He had scarcely glanced at the young girl.

The old Jew Isaac was a wild natural virtuoso of considerable talent. He had led a

* A violin from the manufactory of the Amati family, at Cremona, in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

strolling life, had struck his tent here and there, and had restlessly wandered to and fro, letting his violin be heard now at joyous festivals, now at the house of mourning. As a boy he had wandered about the world with a violinist of mediocrity; had rendered him the most self-sacrificing services, had faithfully shared want and grief with him. From him he had learned the first principles of violin-playing. When his friend and master died, from a disease of the chest, he bequeathed him his Amati, blessed it, and thanked him for all his care of him. From that time Isaac looked upon his violin as his greatest treasure. He never allowed it to leave his sight; yes, he would sooner have given up wife and child than this sweet comforter. With it he could endure all hardships; it was his life, his happiness. When his faithful wife Rebecca died, it had sung over her the touching lament for the dead; then he had taken his little daughter by the hand, and wandered away, leaving the care of the interment to other hands. There were days when he went without food, in order to nourish and clothe his child; then he would seat himself in some corner, and draw tones from his Amati that would make him forget his hunger. He often played until he became unconscious;

but his hand would always clasp the instrument tightly, and when he felt the pain in his chest, which tormented him oftener and more painfully the older he grew, he would stretch out his meagre fingers, pass them gently over its strings, touch its bridge, then its head, and—suffer on without complaint.

Leah, his beautiful and beloved child, had long been accustomed to look upon the Amati with holy timidity and reverence; it seemed to her to be a part of the life and soul of her father. She listened to every note of the strange instrument with devotion. In the night-times its tones would pass tremblingly from out her father's chamber, penetrate into Leah's little sleeping-room, and joyously greet her in her maidenly dreams. Like the sound of a peacefully flowing stream, they would quiet her, and lull her into a blissful unconsciousness.

Since the handsome Joseph had become her father's pupil, Leah's dreams had taken another form. She had assisted at all the lessons; but, seeing that neither master nor pupil took notice of her, she gave herself up with mind and soul to the dangerous pleasure of watching the charming varying lights and shades of a passionate soul play upon the young man's brow.

By day she but looked forward to his coming in the evening. The young man's finely chiselled features stood ever before her soul; his magical eyes beamed continually upon her. The night gave her no rest. The sound of the violin agitated a deep, wild sea, whose every billow bore upon it the beloved form; the dear face smiled upon her, and two arms extended themselves longingly towards her. But when she would bend forward to clasp the beautiful image, it would fade away like a shadow—ever near and yet ever unattainable. The more glowing the heart, the more concealed its love! Leah's countenance betrayed naught of her struggles and contests; the summer, autumn, and winter passed away, and the spring approached. Then she felt for the first time that this passion, in which her whole existence was cast, was gradually consuming her body. This feverish thrill of delight when Joseph's step was heard from afar, this stupefying anxiety when he remained absent longer than usual, the long, painful hours when she did not see him, these nights filled with wild dreams, were ruining her health. Leah rejoiced at the increasing weakness of her body. There are moments in which hope would be madness, in which there is but *one* consoling

angel for the bleeding heart—the thought of death.

Joseph had no suspicion of this. He scarcely noticed the young girl; he bowed to her when he came and when he departed, and occasionally would make some indifferent inquiry of her; that was all. He appeared to have but one thought—to learn. His progress was such that it actually terrified his teacher. Notwithstanding his success, the young man remained sad and gloomy; an indescribable melancholy was seen both in his face and manner. Leah took his secret sorrow to heart, and thus suffered doubly.

One evening Joseph said suddenly to old Isaac: "The more I learn, the more miserable I become. Of what avail is my skill if my tones always remain weak and without charm? My violin is loathsome to me; its groaning makes me ill. Why did I hear your Amati?" He threw his instrument violently upon the table, approached the Jew, and, trembling with excitement, he whispered: "I must say it to you, else my heart will break. You alone can cure my grief. You alone can make me well and joyous. I entreat you, for the sake of my poor soul, sell me your violin!"

The Jew became pale as a corpse, and clasped

his fingers convulsively around his beloved instrument.

"Sell it to me, I implore you! See me on my knees before you! Have compassion! Since the evening that I first heard its seductive sounds, I have struggled with an insane longing for its possession. I cannot free myself from its tones; I hear them ever, day and night. It will drive me mad. The Amati has bewitched me; I would sell my eternal happiness for the sake of this enchantress. Speak, demand what you will; I will give you all my property; for I shall be of age in two months. I would rather be a beggar, and wander forth in the wide world with the Amati, than be a rich man without it."

"Do you know that you demand my *life?*"

"Old man, your days are numbered; how short the time that you have yet to live. You are weary, and should pass the evening of your life in repose. I would assist you and your daughter. With my youth that torments me, with my vigour that makes me suffer martyrdom—how many years have I before me! I feel that I cannot live without the Amati."

"When I have passed away, the violin shall become yours; I swear it by the God of my

fathers. But so long as old Isaac breathes, no emperor, no king, is rich enough to buy it from him."

"Isaac, do not drive me mad! I *must* possess the Amati!"

"Would you kill me like a dog, in order to rob me? If so, it would become your curse!"

"You will not—really not? Is this your last word?"

"My last. I cannot sell the violin!"

"Then God help me; you will never see me more!"

With these words he turned, and walked away.

"Never again?" murmured a voice that sounded like that of a dying person. It was Leah who spoke. She arose mechanically, followed, and overtook him at the house-door. Joseph stopped. The young girl laid her hand heavily upon his shoulder, looked at him wildly, and asked him, slowly, accentuating each word: "Will you *remain* should the Amati become yours? Will you be *happy—quite happy?*"

The young man gazed long and inquiringly at the speaker. She trembled under his glance, and withdrew her hand. A veil was rent from

before Joseph's eyes. He bent down to her, and whispered: "Leah, do you love me?"

She gave a faint cry, and would have fled.

Joseph held her fast. A wild joy darted through his heart. Quick as thought he wound his arm around Leah's slender form, and said, in a low voice: "Girl, I will return your love if you will venture for me that which I suspect! Have you the courage to make not me alone, but *both of us,* happy?"

Leah raised her black eyes, and her glance was so ravishing and convincing that the young man felt deeply moved, and bent down to kiss the charming creature. The young girl checked him gravely and hastily, and said: "Await me every evening at the entrance of the forest; as soon as I can persuade my father to consent to your wish, I will bring you the Amati."

"And if he remain inexorable?"

"You shall be happy; trust to me."

Joseph waited long. Night after night passed; Leah came not. The young man became ever more impatient; this continual wavering between hope and fear irritated him to the utmost degree. Those around him suffered much; he was so cross and violent that all avoided him. There were moments when

to attain his object he would have been capable of murdering the old Jew; there were others when he would have liked to kill himself, so as not feel the burning longing which drove him restlessly to and fro. On the ninth day Leah came. It was almost daybreak. Thick clouds had gathered, and the day threatened to be overcast. A cool wind agitated the folds of the long black dress that the Jewess wore. She walked slowly and solemnly. The cold grey light of morning made her features appear so pale that Joseph was terrified. She carried the Amati in her hands, and extended it to him from afar. When he took it from her, a violent shudder ran through her frame, and she said, moving her lips with difficulty: "There—there—take it, and be happy; love me, for now I have nothing but *you!*"

"What do you say?"

"My father is *dead!* It was so to be! He withstood my fervent entreaties; he withstood my tears, my despair. To-night, at midnight, whilst he was sleeping deeply and gently, I robbed him of his treasure. I listened at his chamber-door; all remained still. Then I heard groaning. I ran to return him his comforter. I reached the bedside and leaned over the poor old man: it was too *late!* He only

recognized me, and with his last breath called me *murderess!* Keep *your* word, for I have robbed—murdered—for *you!*"

She fell fainting into his arms.

Joseph raised her. "Unhappy one," he said, coldly, "what have you done? By heaven, I did not wish this! Why did you not let me die, instead of staining your soul and mine with a horrible murder? The prize is too trifling for so great a sin!"

Leah started. She convulsively pressed her hand upon her heart; a fearful change passed over her countenance. She cast a look upon the man whom she had loved so unutterably, even unto guilt—a look that caused Joseph to forget every thing, even the possession of the Amati. Then she said, with the calmness of death: "Father, you are avenged upon your murderess—she has atoned for her crime!"

She turned proudly, and, with a firm step, walked towards the house and disappeared in the doorway.

Twelve years had passed since that fatal morning. Franz Joseph Anderle was much altered. He had become an opulent man; he had taken his father's brewery, had married a rich wife—one chosen by his parents—and was

the father of two children. He could scarcely be called handsome now; his brow was gloomy, his eye was dim. He was never seen to smile; he never partook of any pleasure; never jested or played with his children. He was gentle with all, but silent and secret as the grave. The day on which he received the Amati, he had been attacked by a violent nervous fever, and besieged by the wildest fancies. He would not allow his dearly-bought violin to be taken from him. It was fearful to see the sick man rise up in bed and play heart-rending melodies upon it. At these times his friends would forsake the room, overpowered by an insurmountable feeling of horror and dismay. His mother alone remained, and, kneeling beside the bed, would pray until the last dread-inspiring tone had died away. When Joseph recovered, he inquired for Leah. None had seen her; but one of her little shoes had been found upon the brink of the deep pond. The all too ardent heart was at rest.

Then Joseph, with a shudder, locked up his Amati, and vowed never to draw his bow again. He endeavoured to live like others; but his heart was almost broken; his life resembled that of a rose-tree that has been planted in a foreign clime and which bears thorns and

leaves, not blossoms. He wrestled with his ever-increasing artistic impulses, until the power of resistance left him—his genius conquered. He took out his Amati, kissed it as he would have done a holy relic, and secretly forsook his house and home. He wandered to Poland, took lodgings in Warsaw, practised and listened much, and then suddenly appeared with great success in public. His technical skill was wonderful, and the gloomy passion of his execution exerted an endless charm upon his listeners. The mere tone of his instrument possessed a magical power. They endeavoured to retain Franz Joseph Anderle in Warsaw, and many advantageous offers were made him; but it seemed as though a portion of the restless nomadic nature of his dead teacher had passed from his violin into the young man. He could not remain long in any place. Neither ambition nor the prospect of gain could retain him more than a few days in any one spot. His name became rapidly known, and his journeys through Poland and Hungary resembled a triumphal procession. The most distinguished people thronged around him; they overwhelmed him with tokens of their favour; whoever heard him play idolized him. Joseph was at first intoxicated with this

life. His sombre brow grew cheerful; he allowed himself to be carried away on the billows of applause, which rose ever higher and higher about him, and enjoyed all the pleasures that beset his path. He forgot his home. Wife and children were to him but shadowy forms. Now he could live for his art, and he possessed the Amati; the glowing wishes of his heart were fulfilled. In the midst of the intoxication of his changeful life, the spectre of satiety would often glide by him, in the shape of the beautiful, sorrowful Leah, and touch his heart; his wild joy would be chilled and become converted into misanthropic sadness. Whilst the name of Franz Joseph Anderle became world-renowned, and many hundreds longed to gaze upon this new star in the heaven of Art, the famous artist himself became each day more ill and more gloomy. The fear that some one would steal his Amati, and with it the soul of his art, at last became a monomania with him. He watched the Amati with greater anxiety and care than the old man had done; sleep never visited his eyes. Leah, the ardently loving, wondrously beautiful Leah, appeared to him in tearful beauty. He called her by name, with an expression of deep repentance and tenderness; he extended

his arms towards the airy image: in vain—it only pointed to the violin and wrung its hands in anxious entreaty. Then he would press the Amati firmly in his arms, and sink in semi-unconsciousness upon the cushions of his sofa. Such scenes were repeated at ever shorter intervals; to escape from this torturing apparition, he changed ever more frequently the place of his abode. The physicians shook their heads, spoke of a different climate, of return to his own home; but they did not help him. Thus passed many sad weeks. Anderle's condition remained unchanged. Suddenly the artist disappeared. The newspapers were filled with inquiries and conjectures; the whole musical world took the liveliest interest in this enigmatical flight. All endeavoured to find the solution of this wonderful occurrence. Long in vain. At last the following notice appeared in the Bohemian journals:

"The wanderer has returned; the mother-country has reclaimed her gifted son. Franz Joseph Anderle's body now rests in the bosom of his native land. Bohemia has heard his swan's song. In Podiebrad, his birthplace, there stands near the wood, an old, dilapidated hut, half in ruins, which has been ten-

antless for many years. The place was avoided; for people said that it was haunted. On last Sunday evening the inhabitants of Podiebrad heard strange, penetrating sounds that proceeded seemingly from the interior of the hut. They assembled around it and listened; they heard the tones of a magnificent violin. None ventured to open the door; but they whispered about an old Jew who had formerly lived and died there. Several people even declared that this Sunday was the anniversary of his death. At last they ran for the chaplain. The reverend father came; he sprinkled the threshold with holy water, and prayed silently. The enchanting song of the violin continued—now wild, gloomy, horrible, now so unspeakably soft and touching that tears ran down the listeners' cheeks. Suddenly, in the midst of the softest, the most beautiful adagio, the melody ceased. A violent crash was heard—then a hollow fall. They rushed in, and found the celebrated violinist Franz Joseph Anderle lying dead upon the floor. His Amati, shattered to pieces, lay beside him. He would not give his beloved to any other living soul, and so took her away with him in death. His countenance bore an

expression of peace and a transfigured repose, such as it had never worn whilst living—the fulfilment of the longing that formerly beamed in his eyes. God, in his eternal mercy, had given rest to *this* troubled soul.''

Fallen Stars

"The swan's song is dying away,
Leaves and blossoms have faded in night.
How still and dark is the day!
Even the stars no longer are bright."

HEINE.

ONCE upon a time there was a wondrously beautiful Birch-Tree that stood upon a turf carpet that was soft as velvet, and embroidered in gay colours. He gazed boldly and freely out into the world. At his feet there sparkled a lovely Brook, clear as crystal. One can scarcely find a more enchanting sight than a hardy birch-tree, with its slender silver stems and its light-green leaves, whose fair cheeks are fervently kissed by the zephyr. In the birch-tree is found the true poetry of the forest. The Tree of which I speak was exceedingly stately; far and near there grew none handsomer; far and near there flowed no little Brook more pleasing to the sight. The Spring knew this, as well as all the flowers and trees in the country; the slender Tree and the Brook alone knew it not. An eternal

Spring lay upon the Birch-Tree's head; therefore it was that his branches rustled so incessantly. Magical melodies floated from them; they sank upon the earth, dropped into the open hearts of the flowers, and sallied far out into the land. The tops of the trees shook from pure joy; and even serious old fir and pine trees, upon whose brows icy Winter sat like unto a crown, forgot their snowy locks, and thought that the summer of their youth had returned. It often seemed as though the woods and all surrounding nature must devoutly and solemnly worship the Tree, so rich and holy were the melodious strains that he emitted. Of all listeners, the Brook was, without doubt, the happiest! Was it not *she* who was *first* to hear every tone, every harmonious sigh, yes, every breath, of the beloved Tree? Did not the Birch-Tree take delight in mirroring his form in her silvery, limpid waters? Did she not echo the lovely sounds that fell like dew from his boughs? The tiny Brook sang also; her little songs were charming, clear, and full of soul, and the handsome Tree nodded his head joyously and smilingly when he heard them. Enchanting indeed were the dialogues between the Birch-Tree and the Brook; then the glorious Tree inclined his

head mysteriously deeper and ever deeper—it seemed as though the Brook was the only one in whom he confided—and the golden light of his leaves fell like sparks into the crystal water. The Brook bubbled high into the air, and entwined her harp-like accords with the song of the Birch-Tree. Often one could not tell whether the magical melodies were soaring *upwards* or floating *downwards*—whether the sweet strains proceeded from the Brook or from the Tree. They were never alone: beetles, birds, and butterflies came from far and near to listen to them. It sometimes happened that a stout humble-bee, following its natural disposition, would grumble, and, putting on a censorious air, would say: "It would sound much better if the little Brook would murmur in another tone," or "that a *slower* movement would be an improvement;" or a spiteful, envious woodpecker, proud of his own chopping profession, would assert that "the Birch-Tree sang entirely too much, and would certainly injure himself; his voice was not nearly so powerful as it had been." Other speeches of the same nature were made; but the grateful acclamations of countless listeners completely drowned their buzzing and croaking.

Thus they lived, thus they loved, thus they

sang, day by day; neither could exist without the other, and the lives of both, although apparently separated, formed one harmonious whole. Even in their dreams they whispered of each other. The little Brook spoke to the flowers of the wondrous Tree, and then it seemed as though the Tree sang more blissfully, for the pure Brook declaimed so gloriously and so truthfully! And the blossoms gazed upon the Brook admiringly, and bowed their heads as she flowed by; but the rose of love, more daring than they, threw herself passionately upon the clear one's breast, and the little Brook rambled on more joyously, glistening in her rosy hue.

The dear angels who dwell above us in the blue-covered Paradise gazed also upon the charming pleasing sports of the Tree and Brook, and never wearied of beholding their love for each other. "Ah," said they, "would that we had these two dear, beautiful ones in our garden in Heaven!" And the smiles that they cast upon earth were so longing that the little flowers' eyes filled with tears. And the dear Lord gave ear to the wishes of these forms of light, and said to the mouth of the Sun: "Glowing one, give thy softest kiss to the clear little Brook, and let her flow, even

more limpid than now, in the meadows of our Heaven! In place of the flowers of earth, angels with their golden locks shall bow before her." "And the glorious, wondrous Tree?" asked the beautiful angels. "He shall follow his fair sisterly companion," said the dear Lord; *"for these two are ever one!"*

And the mouth of the Sun suddenly kissed the pure, lively, bubbling Brook, even whilst she was singing the praises of the Birch-Tree to a circle of listening flowers. The waters of the little Brook dried beneath the power of this fiery kiss, beneath these scorching rays; the unfading, imperishable rose of love bowed mourning over her grave.

And the handsome Tree?

When the lips of his loving sisterly companion grew silent, when her bright eyes closed, and when her soul—that pure mirror of the Tree—had departed, then his branches drooped and sank, the shining gold of his luxuriant leaves became dim, and fell down in pearly tears. His fresh green faded, all joy forsook him; then his beauty, then his strength, and at last his life, abandoned him. The proud, sunny, wondrous Tree died.

Would that I had merely related a fairy legend to you; but the brother and sister, the

Birch-Tree and the Brook, really lingered upon our earth, and sang there, in the form of two human beings. The blessed tree with his spring-like freshness, with whose sweet songs the *poetry* of the woods was silenced, was called by us *Felix Mendelssohn.* And the wondrous little Brook was *Fanny Hensel,* about whose brow the beaming diadem of Art was wound—a loving wife, a tender mother, the glorious sister and most intimate friend of the early-departed one.

A First Love

"In the cloister-garden wandering,
While the clouded moon shone sorrowing,
A maiden pale, and filled with gentle fears;
From her full eyelashes fell love's tender tears."

UHLAND.

LATE in the afternoon of a hot June day a frightful storm gathered over Vienna and its charming environs. Masses of black clouds looked threateningly down, flash after flash of lightning darted through the sky, and the thunder rolled fearfully above. At last the anger of the invisible giant seemed appeased, his voice became more feeble, and from his flaming eyes fell the heavy tear-drops of a refreshing rain. By degrees the sky became clear, sparkling little stars ventured forth, and at last Mother Moon came victoriously sailing along with her bright mantle of light, as though she would announce to all mankind: "Be tranquil! I am here; all is over."

The windows, and even the shutters, of a tall, narrow house that lay quite hidden in a small street, were tightly closed. A light

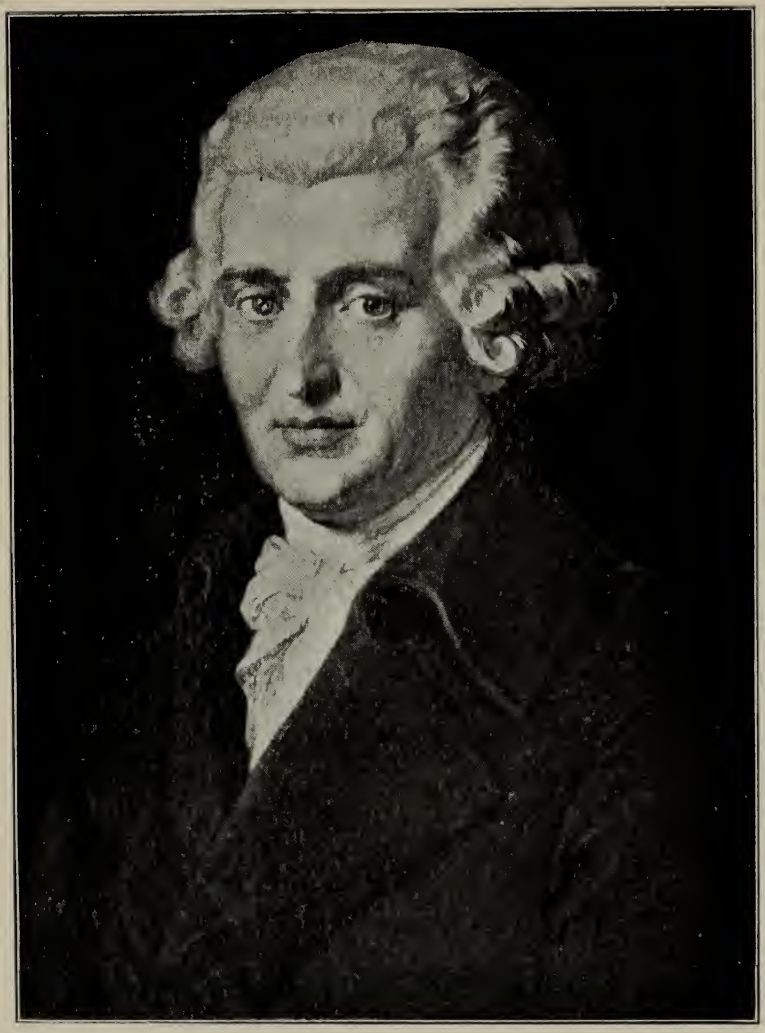
burned in one of its little rooms, and two female forms were seated in its darkest corner, clinging to each other. They were sisters, young girls, one aged eighteen, the other nineteen. They were the only children of an industrious, quiet citizen, whose sign-board, with its showy, richly coloured picture, showed that he belonged to the honest fraternity of hair-dressers. The taller of the maidens arose, opened the windows and shutters, extinguished the candle, and said, soothingly: "Come, Doretta; no more childish fears; the storm has passed over without harming us. Thanks to the Holy Mother! Come to the window, and tarry not. It is lovely without!" And Doretta went. The moonlight shone upon their young faces, rejoiced at their aspect, and cared not to leave them. Doretta, the younger of the two, had dark, curling hair, a round, full, brown face, flashing eyes, and a little mouth, as red as a cherry. Her rather full figure was under the medium height, and her movements were quick and full of hidden passion. Johanna, the elder sister, looked like a lily of the valley, or a *bluet,* so delicate and white was the colour of her face, throat, and hands, so large, clear, and of so deep a blue were her eyes. Her head was covered by

the little snow-white cap worn at that time by the citizens' daughters in Vienna. It was the year 1759, and the powder, which was fashionable then, lightly touched the golden blonde of her luxuriant locks.

After a pause, the soft voice of the slender Johanna resumed: "Where can Haydn be? He is usually home long before this hour. When the storm arose, may the gracious Mother have guided him to some place of refuge!" Doretta answered not; her bosom heaved uneasily, and her dark eyes seemed as though they would pierce through the distance. The honest citizen and *friseur* Keller then entered—a lively little man, with sharp features, and restless, although friendly, grey eyes. He held a curly wig, which he was busily sprinkling with powder, and said: "Well, dear children, has the young lad our lodger not yet returned? He is not in his little attic, for I have just been there. I thought he was with you. It is singular how dear the young scamp, the merry musician, has become to me! I trouble myself about him as a father would for his son, if he remain out an hour later than usual. And if I did not trouble myself, my girls would. Heaven knows, he has bewitched us all! Is it not so, eh?" he

concluded, laughing. A charming blush was Johanna's answer; Doretta muttered a few unintelligible words, tossed her head haughtily, and left the window.

"Who knows where he may be staying, the strange lad?" meditatively continued the father; "perhaps the ugly old Italian singing-master—what is his name? Porpel——" "Porpora, papa," gently interposed Johanna. "Well, I do not care; Porpora has carried him away again, and he is copying music for him. By Saint Joseph, it is really almost impossible to believe all that Haydn does for these musicians, as well as for his own pupils! He runs about all day, like a hunted deer, from one to the other, ready to render any service. I believe that if Master Gluck (of whom they talk so much now) would play for him, he would consent to blacken his boots. The lad once said to me: 'Joseph Haydn will do anything for dear Music's sake!' But, with all his services, all his zeal, his playing at Porpel's singing-lessons, and his compositions, he does not make a kreutzer! No one pays him, for he asks for nothing! So long as he has lived with us—and that has been a long time—I have not received a penny for board or lodging. Thank Heaven, I can wait for it! Have



HAYDN

you ever observed that the young man troubled himself about his poverty, or that he strove to earn something? Have you ever seen him with a care-worn face, or even with a melancholy look? No; he enters the house with so proud a step that one might suppose that our most gracious emperor had presented him with all his realm! And if one inquires, in astonishment: 'Well, Haydn, what piece of good fortune has befallen you?' he laughs so merrily that one's heart bounds with joy, and says: 'Porpora has praised me;' or 'Gluck patted my cheek;' or: 'I have found a beautiful flower;' or: 'the sky was so gloriously blue to-day, and the sun shone so brightly!' Does he not sit upstairs in his garret, before his old, worm-eaten spinet, as though he were seated upon a throne, and forget—with the droll sonatas of the organist Bach, of whom he speaks so often—to eat and drink? Always with those ever merry eyes! When the young man comes into my room and says 'good morning' to me, I feel as though he had cast a bouquet at my heart, and I am obliged to restrain myself so as not to throw my arms around his neck. Children, I tell you, God looks with marked favour upon this Joseph Haydn; he will either accomplish something

wonderful, or he will die early. One of the two things will certainly take place!''

Scarcely had these prophetic words escaped from the eager speaker's lips, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and he hastily called: ''Come in!'' Joseph Haydn appeared upon the threshold. His thin garments, as well as his handsome light-brown hair, were dripping with water; he was trembling in every limb from cold and wet; but his slight form was triumphantly drawn up to its full height, and his lovely, childlike countenance beamed with such feverish joy, that Johanna sprang up anxiously, and, running to him, inquired, in a tremulous voice: ''Haydn, what is the matter with you? What has happened?'' ''Oh, something wonderful, dearest Johanna,'' enthusiastically exclaimed the youth—''something quite delightful! Only listen! Listen, Father Keller; and you also, Doretta!'' Then he drew the struggling Doretta gently into the middle of the room, and spoke quickly and excitedly:

''This afternoon, I remained rather late with a scholar of mine, into whose heart, head, and fingers sweet music does not enter rightly. I had promised Master Porpora to stop at his house at seven o'clock this evening, in order to

receive some new airs that I wished to look over, so as to be able to accompany them well at the master's next singing-lesson. Porpora's dwelling was very far from my pupil's house. I hurried thither, but the master was not at home. After patiently waiting an hour for him, I departed, intending to return. I loitered a short time about the gates. It was warm and sultry; not a breath of air was stirring, the flowers drooped their little heads, the trees scarcely breathed, and there was not a bird to be seen. Glancing up at the sky, I perceived that the blessing-bringing hand of the Lord was approaching, and I heard from afar the rumbling of the thunder. Thinking of your anxiety, I hastened my steps, and almost flew, in order to reach my dear home. As I hurried through a side street, I suddenly heard the full tones of a magnificent piano. You can imagine that I stopped, especially as it occurred to me *who* dwelt in the large grey house. I pressed myself close to the wall, just under the open window whence the sound proceeded. What I then heard can neither be described in speeches nor words. A gigantic, wondrously glorious soul disclosed itself, amidst thunder, storm, and lightning, to the too happy listener, and, struggling, striving,

wrestling, penetrated continuously and victoriously through the terrors of nature, through the wild uproar of the elements, to the high, heavenly, radiant sky. The sublime Master Gluck was playing. When he concluded, every thing around had become tranquil and clear. I saw his lofty form at the window; I recognized his noble, serious countenance. His thoughtful eyes wandered searchingly far, far away. Without doubt magnificent creative thoughts of future wondrous works occupied his breast. I blessed the glorious one with tears of bliss and thanks, and crept slowly home to you, soul and mind filled with rapture! I suppose I must now lie down a little while. The rain has cooled me too much, I fear; I shiver, and yet my hands are burning as with fever!''

''Yes, dear child, hasten, change your clothes at once,'' said old Keller, alarmed; ''go quickly to bed! Johanna must make you a glass of mulled wine!'' The young girl was too deeply moved by Haydn's story to respond. She arose, nodded assentingly to her father, and gave the young man a tearful, fervent glance. Doretta coolly said: ''Good rest, imprudent one!'' and the young man left the room.

On the following day there was great care

and sorrow in the house of the worthy citizen and hair-dresser Keller: Joseph Haydn lay senseless in a violent fever. The wise doctor who was called in (with his wig pushed back, and his large green spectacles on his nose) said that it was "only a cold." On the third day, however, he thoughtfully shook his head, and concluded that the "ninth day might bring a very bad crisis." Quantities of medicine of every colour, plasters a yard long, and thick pills, were poured into, laid on, and administered to the poor patient. All in vain! Joseph Haydn lay raving, with hot, flaming cheeks and quick breath, smiling blissfully at thoughts of heavenly harmonies and of singing angels. He must have often heard enchanting melodies; for sometimes he enthusiastically exclaimed, with fever-parched lips: "Oh, how strangely sweet are those sounds! Oh, how full of joy is that melody!" Then he would burst into tears of rapture.

The beautiful Johanna would sit for hours by the bedside of the unconscious youth, weeping bitterly and wringing her slender hands in deadly anguish. Doretta would creep into the little room; but she never uttered a word of sympathy; she would cast a passionate glance upon the sick one, contract her

dark brow, and depart quickly. Father Keller tottered disconsolately around—powdered all his wigs badly, and forgot to serve his best customers. "Do you remember my prediction?" he would now and then say to his eldest daughter, in a hollow voice; "do you not see that he must die?" The much-feared ninth day arrived, and the patient's appearance *was* sadly changed: the flushed colour of the cheeks and lips vanished, and was followed by a corpse-like paleness; his respiration became low and oppressed; the wings of the angel of death rustled more and more near. The wise doctor said, with a confident look: "If the poor young man does not conclude his short life on this very night, I do not deserve to be called a disciple of the highly learned Æsculapius!" Johanna heard these words, and trembled. Excited, half senseless with despair, trembling with sorrow, she hastened to her chamber and threw herself upon her knees before a little image of the Virgin Mary. She struggled long for words with which to address the Merciful Mother. At last she exclaimed: "Holy Queen of Heaven, allow my beloved to recover! If a sacrifice be needed, take *me!* Accept my young life! Holy Mary, listen! I vow to consecrate myself eternally to

your service—to become a pious nun—to take the veil as the bride of your Son! Blessed Virgin, grant my prayer! Accept my vow! Ah, have pity upon my grief! Cure the sufferer! Rescue, oh, rescue the dying one!"

And as she, in the unutterable woe of her tortured heart, thus prayed, she raised her eyes; and it seemed to her as if the flowers in the little shining pitcher before the Virgin's image, which but now had drooped their faded heads, were blooming freshly, and greeted her. Sweet joy flowed through her childish, believing heart. She exultingly cried: "The Holy Virgin accepts my solemn vow!"

"Dearest father," she said to him, privately, in the evening, with much excitement, "if our Haydn recovers, then I will fulfil my blessed mother's darling wish, and take the veil in the Convent of Saint Ursula. I have vowed it to-day before God and the Holy Virgin!" Her father sighed and smiled at the same time: "Dearest daughter, your compliance comes too late! His life is at an end; the doctor has said so!"

Joseph Haydn recovered quickly. His childlike, happy smile returned, and by degrees his vanished strength. Who was happier than the beautiful Johanna? Did not the secretly-

beloved one sit with them whole days in their cosy little room? Could she not tend him with sisterly care, move his chair to the window in the warm sunshine, or place fresh roses in his feeble hands? Did not every thankful look of those dear eyes, every joyous smile of that beloved mouth, belong to her? And how proudly she listened when messengers came from distinguished ladies and gentlemen and inquired anxiously about young Haydn's health! Why, old Porpora, with his wrinkled, dark-brown face and his large, fiery eyes, came in person in order to visit his *"Birbante,"* as he sometimes, in vexation and jest, named the obliging young musician. He was, however, mild and gentle when he saw the pale, weak young man, who extended his hand to him with difficulty. How full of love sounded his pitying *"poveretto!"* and his fervent *"mio caro figlio!"* The sick man felt it, and blushed with happiness.

When he was alone with Johanna he would speak of the great and heartfelt joy he experienced through his intercourse with musicians; of his beloved high and holy art; of his heavenward conquering plans and hopes. Now and then he would endeavour to compose; and many a charming sonata, many a fresh, joyous

quartette, many a lovely little song, bloomed in the quiet sick-room under the fair Johanna's blue eyes. She, however, was contending with her own heart. The beloved one showed her, without reserve, the pure tenderness of his soul; love shone from his bright eyes, hovered upon his lips, and betrayed itself in every word. How often she wrung her hands when alone; it seemed to her as though she must sink under the double weight of her happiness and of her grievous oath! She thought of the sombre cloister-walls, and wept burning tears. She felt with pain that Doretta had become estranged, and had grown pale and gloomy; she noticed that she not only avoided the young lodger and her father, but that she often shut herself up for days in her own chamber.

One morning a large letter arrived for the "musician Joseph Haydn." It came from one of his most distinguished patrons—from the noble Count Morzin. It was a formal nomination as musical director in the excellent chapel of the count.* "This situation is

* This was but a transitory situation; for in the following year of 1760 Handel became Prince Esterhazy's chapel-master, with an annual salary of four hundred florins.

meant as a mark of gratitude'' (so wrote Morzin) ''for the beautiful symphony in D dur which my dear skilful Haydn composed for my chapel a short time ago.''

Haydn folded his hands, and, much moved, said, slowly: ''O, how I love Thee, benign God! How will I thank Thee, and sing Thy praises all my life long!'' And then he bent his eyes upon those of his beloved, which were swimming in tears, and cried, joyfully: ''Johanna, dearly beloved maiden, now I can tell you all, now we can be happy!'' Doretta suddenly quitted the room; but Johanna, falling upon her knees before her lover, extended her fair arms towards heaven, and exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice: ''Joseph, Joseph, banish your sweet dreams! There blooms no happiness in love for us upon this earth! We must separate—separate for this life! I have made a vow to the Holy Virgin Mary: I take the veil at the end of the year!'' After speaking thus, she sprang up, and hastened from the room. Father Keller threw his arms around the half-fainting Haydn, pressed him compassionately to his breast, and related to him with sobs the irrevocable vow which his daughter's tender heart had prompted her to make.

As Johanna entered her little sleeping-room with feeble steps, in order to gather new courage in silent prayer for the fearful and difficult labour of resignation, she heard a faint rustling in her friend's garret. A strange presentiment flashed through her; her strength returned; she flew almost noiselessly up the stairs, and through the half-open door she beheld her sister. She had just thrown open the window, and had swung herself upon the narrow parapet, with the intention of throwing herself into the street. A cry escaped Johanna's lips; she reached the window with the rapidity of lightning, and tore the wicked, blasphemous girl away.

A few months later a beautiful young nun, who received the name of Maria, entered the Convent of Saint Ursula; and two days afterwards the musical director Joseph Haydn celebrated his quiet marriage with Doretta Keller.

Haydn's leave-taking from his dearly beloved was both solemn and touching; the unhappy young man vowed to the pious departing enthusiast to give his hand to Doretta, not only for the sake of the love he bore herself, but for the love her sister felt for him. He hoped also through this alliance to be able to repay a part of his heavy indebtedness to the friend and

landlord, who had been a father to him. Then the lovers kissed each other for the first and last time. "Be true to your divine goddess, Music," the charming maiden sobbed, with a breaking heart; "do not forget me, and have patience with Doretta! In a year from to-day come to see me. Do not speak to me; only look at me quietly. If you are happy with your wife, carry a fresh bunch of flowers in your hand; if you are not so, Joseph, dear, dear Joseph, then show me the faded remains of this now so beautiful white rose-bud that I give you in parting! Farewell, *dearly beloved one!* May God and all His saints be with you!"

After the lapse of a year, a slender young man appeared before the grated window of the Ursuline Convent, and asked, in a low voice, for Sister Maria. Then a delicate, weary form appeared, with a face pale as marble. Eyes red with weeping gazed upon him through the flowing nun's veil. Haydn recognized with difficulty, and with bitter tears, his once so blooming Johanna. He quietly drew from his breast a withered rose-bud, and kissed it passionately; then he pressed his brow against the grating, and gazed long and earnestly upon his beloved one. Then, without a sound, without a word, with hearts full of love, they greeted

each other, and never met again upon this earth. A week later they buried the young nun.

Can it be that the eternally young, glorious, star-like Haydn, whose blissful melodies have become to our hearts that which the odorous laughing flowers, the green of the woods, and the rays of the sun are to our eyes and lives—can it be that he preserved the remembrance of this—his youthful love unto the end of his life? Can it be that his heart, midst the weary solitude of an unhappy, childless marriage, still dreamed with pleasure of love and of being loved?* Take the charming "Seasons" in your hand; remember that Joseph Haydn was sixty-nine years old when this brilliant, wondrous blossom sprang forth from his creative genius, and refresh your doubting soul with the pure, innocent love of Jenny and Luke.

* Doretta Haydn, the youngest daughter of the hair-dresser Keller, died in the year 1800. That the eldest, who was beloved by Haydn, entered a convent, is also a fact.

Rue Chabannais, No. 6

IN the little narrow Rue Chabannais, one of the most unpretending streets of the magnificent, marvellous city of Paris, there is situated a gloomy house, marked No. 6. Ugly, lofty, old-maidish-looking buildings stand guarding it on both sides; they have even taken their post opposite, and gaze obliquely, with their hollow, unwashed windows, upon the grey house with its wide *porte-cochère.* The inhabitants of the little street look upon it with a certain pride, mingled with a tender anxiety, and rejoice like children at the sight of every brilliant equipage or plain *fiacre* that arrests its rapid course before No. 6. At all hours of the day graceful female figures glide over the threshold of the large, sombre-looking house, and the milliner of the Rue Chabannais who spreads her tempting caps, ribbons, and veils in the window of her store might take important lessons in *toilette* from the many faces and forms that give no heed to her outspread treasures. Stately, heavy silken dresses,—plain black woolen garments—magnificent velvet

mantillas—small, light shawls, and careless costumes passed by. One might have thought that here resided a famous gardener, to whom all the flowers came, hoping by his advice to prolong their fragile lives; for, from the showy hot-house plant to the most unassuming wild flower that begged for a drop of dew, all seemed to journey hither.

Old and young men—but they do not remind one of blossoms and spring—fly with singular haste into the mysterious No. 6. How different is the expression of their faces as they return! Now a bright smile and sparkling eyes are seen, now a sad and furrowed brow. "Perhaps a second Lenormand has taken up her abode in this large house, revealing wonderful secrets to the curious, and uttering dark oracular speeches!" Ah, no; people only steal to such magicians under the veil of twilight or the shadows of night—never in broad daylight.

Well, shall I disclose to you the enigma of the grey house? Will you follow me, and ascend the broad stone staircase? Yes? Upon these steps many a fairy foot has tarried, fearing to proceed; many a little hand has tremblingly rested on the baluster; these white walls have heard many an anxious sigh. At last we have ascended the *three* flights. Let us stop to

take breath. Believe me, many a youthful heart has beaten *audibly* before this closed door; for we stand in front of the apartments of Manuel Garcia, the greatest singing-master of our age.

One of the charming fairies of whom—I tell you this as a consolation—there are still many, for they conceal themselves deep in the calyces of flowers, far away from the confusion and noise of this wild, tumultuous world, has acceded to my prayer, and thrown her perfumed veil over me. We drape ourselves in its folds, become invisible, and penetrate boldly into the artist's chambers, to remain there for an hour. Stepping across a small antechamber, we softly open a folding-door to the right, and enter a simple, darkened room, comfortably and tastefully arranged. Two beautiful female busts attract the eye; one bears the inscription: Eugénie Garcia; the other the immortal name of Marie Malibran. Two familiar portraits adorn the walls—the pleasant, friendly likeness of the Swedish Nightingale, and the serious countenance of Pauline Viardot.

Silvery sounds from the adjoining cabinet strike the ear; they attract us irresistibly. We feel obliged to follow them; we gently open the side-door, and stand in the master's own study.

The long, flowing, red silken curtains are half drawn back; a rosy light kisses the surrounding objects. In the centre of the room stands a handsome piano; arm-chairs are wheeled before the mantel-piece, and a large divan at the side is covered with loose music. The marble table is laden with books, heaps of music, portfolios, and papers of all kinds. Music-desks are placed about the room; upon the prettiest of them, by the fair singer's side, lies an open book of exercises: *"L'école de Garcia; L'Art du Chant."* The breath of poetry seems wafted through the room. Garcia is seated at the piano; his pupil stands not far from him.

The maestro is very tall, unusually slender, and feverishly vivacious. His face is narrow, and deadly pale; black curly hair encircles his high forehead. His eyes are dark, restless, glittering, and inspired. Now he listens with strained attention to the rising, swelling tones as they flow from the singer's lips; the next moment he impatiently throws back his head. A brief monition, a reprimand, a friendly smile, delicate irony, or pleasant, graceful jest, reaches her; sometimes he springs from the piano, stamps his foot, or frowns. How *seldom* a word of praise! A single word of commendation from the mouth of such a master is

a sunbeam which opens at once the firmly-closed bud of zeal and ardour.

How cautious Garcia is with the human voice, the precious gift which is confided to him! How gently he holds it between his hands, how carefully he watches it, how anxiously he endeavours to preserve the golden, shining enamel of youth, which is truly its greatest charm! It is really impossible to lose this fragile treasure under Garcia's guidance, no matter what they have said and do say to the contrary. A master whose method is so *true to nature* can never be reproached with this. How strictly he insists upon *pauses for repose* whilst giving his lessons! Only listen to what he says to his pupil, who has just looked up to him inquiringly:

"La fraîcheur et la spontanéité sont les qualités les *plus précieuses* de la voix; mais elles sont les *plus fragiles.* La voix qui les perd ne les retrouve *jamais,* le timbre en reste fêlé *sans retour.* Dans les premiers jours les élèves ne devront pas se livrer à leurs exercices pendant plus *cinq minutes* consécutives; seulement, les études ainsi mesurées pourront se renouveler chaque jour à quatre ou cinq reprises, separées par de *grands intervalles.* Puis, le temps consacré au travail pourra, en s'aug-

mentant par cinq minutes à la fois, être porté à une demi-heure, limite qu'on ne devra pas dépasser. Au bout de *cinq à six mois,* on pourra porter *jusqu'à quatre* le nombre des *demi-heures* d'exercice; mais on se gardera d'aller au-delà; encore est-il bien entendu qu'elles seront espacées par de *grands repos.*"

The singer begins anew. Her image is reflected in the large mirror that hangs behind the master's back; not a movement of her face can escape him; every tremulous motion of her eyebrows, every slight contraction of the brow, every ungraceful motion of her mouth, is there repeated. Not a motion remains uncriticised; for Garcia's piercing eye rests always upon the singer's features. He does not confuse his pupil's ideas by incomprehensible florid descriptions of the position of mouth and head; he simply repeats the lesson of the renowned Italian teachers of singing, Tosi and Mancini: "Que tout chanteur doit placer sa bouche comme il a coutume de faire *lorsqu'il sourit naturellement,* c'est à dire, de manière que les dents supérieures soient séparées perpendiculairement et médiocrement de celles d'en bas." He gives no orders for the position of the body but these: "*Ayez le corps droit, tranquille, d'aplomb sur les deux jambes, éloigné de tout*

point d'appui.'' The arms must be held slightly backwards, *''afin de ne pas gêner le jeu de la poitrine.''* The lesson is ended. The maestro conducts his pupil to the door; with friendly cordiality he repeats briefly the contents of the day's lesson, advises her about her studies at home, and with winning words encourages the desponding fair one.

See! The scarcely closed door reopens: a pale young man enters, accompanied by two older ones. He bows awkwardly, although endeavouring to seem composed, and delivers, with a self-sufficient smile, several letters of introduction, among which are found the names of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Spontini. He is a singer from the provinces. Intoxicated with the praises of his boon-companions, he wishes to devote himself to the stage. His rich papa and still wealthier uncle accompany him to Paris. Cousin Meyerbeer sends him to Garcia, after having previously sent him from Pontius-Auber to Pilate-Spontini. How carelessly Garcia casts these important letters to one side! He seats himself;—how earnestly he listens! The young artist has brought his favourite air with him, his show-piece. Among all composers, Verdi is his idol. The recitative commences; Garcia accompanies. The voice is

weak, and at the same time sharp—already half broken; his intonation is unnatural and forced; and to this are added false respiration and indistinct utterance. The master becomes more and more impatient; he agitates his feet, he hastens the time, his slender hands fly over the keys with feverish haste, his eyes sparkle, he presses his lip between his teeth. Suddenly he springs up, with the half-stifled exclamation: "*Assez, monsieur, assez; je vous prie!*" He sinks exhausted upon a chair. A painful pause ensues. At last the master unfolds to the singer, quietly and decidedly, the reasons which induce him to *reject* his demand, notwithstanding Meyerbeer's and Spontini's recommendations. His calmness and frankness towards the much-offended young man are remarkable. In conclusion, he astonishes him by advising him to address himself to some other teacher, if he does not feel convinced of what he tells him, and dismisses the disappointed admirer of Verdi with the most exquisite politeness.

How many pupils he rejects, who force themselves upon him, begging to have a few flowers thrown by his hand upon their worn-out voices! How impatient he is with narrowness of musical conception, with want of talent, with idleness! His severity with these defects has

given him a bad reputation; his violence has drawn bitter tears from many an eye; but his justice has never been doubted. He would not for a moment feign an interest in a pupil; on the contrary, where he finds the above defects he lets the scholar feel that he does not care for him. With one hand he carelessly plays now and then an accompanying accord, in the other he holds a book; he reads busily on without looking up, and the monotonous "*encore*" at the close of a solfeggia alone shows that the master's ear still watches.

The more unfinished and uncultivated the voice that is brought him, the more gratefully does he receive it. How joyously he then undertakes his arduous task, how indefatigable he proves himself, how carefully and conscientiously he watches over the treasure which has been confided to him! He occupies himself very unwillingly with what are called "repairs" and "finishing touches," and confesses as much very unreservedly.

Ah! I wish some of the *German* teachers of singing—who are accustomed to take their oath upon the infallibility of each one of their scholars—would themselves go to school for a while to this passionate and careful Spaniard, who is so enthusiastic for art! There they

would be obliged to study, quietly and *free from prejudice,* Garcia's *"L'Art du Chant."* Surely many of these fugitive birds could not be recognized on their return. Freely and merrily would they chirp and laugh, whilst relating the loss of their old, time-honoured, ridiculous, pedantic notions in the little Rue Chabannais, No. 6, in the splendid city of Paris! Would not that be glorious?

Let us away! My fair protectress has softly pulled the enchanted veil that envelopes us. Let us obey her command, and feel no anger with the lovely one, although we leave regretfully the pleasant apartment. Dear Master Garcia, farewell! We rejoice with our whole hearts that we have watched you; believe us, we will often return to you without the fairy veil. We mean that in imagination we will do so, admiringly and gratefully. The golden and silver sounds which your power has enticed from fresh young lips will then flow over us, and rock us to sleep; the clear drops of pearly roulades will reach us sportively and refreshingly; pleasant thoughts will steal over us, and the poor troubled heart will no longer hear the discord of the every-day world!

A Melody

"When I hear the lay
That once my love did sing."

HEINE.

A GAY troop of actors came in the autumn of the year 1792 to the former capital of Normandy—old, serious Rouen—which, with its imposing cathedrals, its proud churches, and its dark and narrow streets, seemed as though it would suffer no mundane pleasure within its walls. The director engaged the large, dreary-looking theatre, and gave five operatic representations a week. The orchestra was passable, the troop was tolerable; and so the good inhabitants of Rouen had the pleasure of admiring the creations of their celebrated countrymen Méhul, Lully, and Dalayrac, as well as those of the great Belgian Grétry. How many tears flowed from beautiful eyes at faithful Blondel's song:

"O Richard, ô mon roi,
L'univers t'abandonne."

How they sighed at the touching songs in "*Joseph,*" how enchanted they were at the

singular painting of the tempest—so true to nature—in Lully's *"Isis!"* And Dalayrac's *"Gulistan"* soon became decidedly the favourite opera of the grateful public.

On a rainy, shivering October evening, a young man, about eighteen years old, stood, in the attitude of an eager listener, upon the little, narrow staircase which was used by the actors as an entrance. At its end was a door, opening into a room behind the stage. He was lightly, almost poorly, clad, but his figure was slight and aristocratic, and his bearing elegant. The wretched lantern which was fastened near the door threw its uncertain light upon his fresh young cheek and merry, shining eyes. His brown hair was brushed away from his clear and open brow, about which lay *more* than youth and merriment: the indescribable light of genius encircled it. They were performing Dalayrac's *"Deux Petits Savoyards,"* and every note, though subdued by distance, was still audible to the solitary listener.

"Now the duet of the two Savoyards must be introduced," he murmured to himself, "yes, I am right; there is the introduction; two bars more, and the voices commence! Ah, if I had money, much money, so as to be able to enjoy such music every evening!"

A gentle sigh escaped from his handsome lips; but still he listened, for the sound of soft, pleasing voices was wafted towards him. Suddenly he heard a fall, a scream; and immediately the door was thrown open so violently that the young man staggered.

"What do you here?" asked a harsh voice; "you had better seek for a porter who can carry little Marion home. She has fallen down a trap-door, and has injured her foot. The opera must proceed, even without the second Savoyard; we have no time to trouble ourselves about the girl."

"I will carry her myself," said the young man.

"Then come in quickly!" was the surly reply.

The youth complied, and found himself in a large, gloomy, faintly-lighted room, behind the stage, where he beheld a young girl in the costume of a Savoyard, sitting upon a wretched, broken chair. Before her knelt an old, deformed woman, who was occupied in bandaging a foot of remarkable whiteness and delicacy.

"Mademoiselle Marion, be composed. Here is some one who will carry you home; old Louison will accompany you and show him the way," said the man.

The young man approached the chair with an almost chivalrous gallantry, and bowed as though before a princess. When he looked up, a face bordered by short, dark locks had turned itself towards him—a face of such enchanting although childlike beauty, with eyes of so pure a blue and with so charming an expression of countenance, that he involuntarily greeted these charms with an enthusiastic smile. His smile was returned by the loveliest of lips.

"She has not hurt herself," said the old woman; "she has merely sprained her foot. To-morrow all will be well; but now we must go quickly home."

She wrapped a black cloak around Marion's pretty figure; Adrian—this was the young man's name—took the young girl in his arms, as lightly and carefully as a father would have taken his child; the old woman, carrying a lantern, tripped before them, and thus the little procession moved through several of the streets of Rouen.

The rain had ceased; but it was cold. Marion did not speak; she clung confidingly to her protector; her gentle breath touched Adrian's cheeks, and her locks rested upon his forehead. He walked as though in a dream, but so slowly that the old woman often inquired: "I sup-

pose she is becoming too heavy for you?'' ''Oh, no!'' he would quickly and passionately answer.

The old woman soon stopped before a little, narrow house, and said: ''Marion's aunt lives here.'' Adrian started. He was allowed to carry her up-stairs. An elderly, good-humoured-looking woman rushed, full of grief and surprise, into the room, took the young girl from Adrian's arms, and kissed her.

''May I be permitted to inquire to-morrow how Mademoiselle finds herself?'' asked the young man.

''Certainly,'' said Marion, laughing roguishly. ''I thank you with all my heart for your services, and beg that you will tell me your name!''

''Adrian Boieldieu, the eldest son of the secretary of his Eminence the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld.''

''Boieldieu! Singular name!''

''You will forget it, therefore, less speedily!''

''It may be so!''

''Good night!''

''Good night!''

This original scene was followed by an idyl of the most touching nature. The two lively, merry, handsome children met again—and

often—and loved each other. Their affection became so deep and fervent that they soon could not endure the idea of a separation. Marion was an orphan, not quite sixteen years old, whose only riches consisted in her graceful and pleasing manner and a wondrously lovely voice. She knew not how she had fallen into the hands of the director. She had but *one* remembrance of her childhood—a little, plaintive song, an old Scottish melody, that a beautiful, pale, blonde woman, whom she called "mother," had sung to her. Adrian was delighted with the air, it possessed an indescribable charm for him, and every time they met he begged for the dear:

for she knew no *words* for it. Sometimes he would hum softly as she sang it; at other times he would close his eyes, rest his handsome face upon his hand, and look as though he were dreaming. Marion and Adrian only met at the rehearsals—under painted trees and oil-fed moons, upon wooden banks of grass, amidst ropes, lanterns, torn side-scenes, and old lumber; but their innocent love gave a lustre to all

their wretched, confused surroundings. They needed no nightingale's song, no murmuring brook, to idealize their affection; in their own youthful hearts flowed the source of true poetry. Their happy love, free from care, sang only lark-like songs, and understood naught of melancholy and soft complaint.

At Marion's request, they allowed the young man admission to the rehearsals; "he knows so much about music," she said to the director, whose favourite she was, "and takes lessons every evening with the organist Broche. He can sing all my parts to me, and notices at once when the insufferable Monsieur Careaux takes a false note upon his violin, or when old Martin comes in too soon with his bassoon. He will become a great musician!"

In consequence of this eulogy, the director—who was at the same time the leader of his troop—sometimes allowed young Boieldieu to lead the orchestra at the rehearsals. Upon these occasions all went off with such extraordinary fire that the old musicians laughed with delight, and were astonished at their own performances. Adrian was only too happy with his own efforts. "Do you see," he said to Marion, who, proud, and beaming with joy, sang her part under his direction, "now I commence to move

my wings for a higher flight. I am improving; I must become a great composer—not a mere musician! I shall write operas, and you will sing them; thus our names, united, will become famous!''

''Then we will be rich, have handsome clothes, drive, and reside in a magnificent house!'' Marion would say.

''And we will live in Paris, and Méhul and the glorious Grétry will visit us. They will press my hand, and speak in a friendly manner to me!''

''They will admire your pretty little wife, also, and will tell the whole world how dearly we love one another, how happy Adrian and Marion are together.''

And Adrian, smiling, kissed the pretty hands of the charming prophetess.

The lovely dream vanished all too soon; the joyous idyl had a sorrowful ending. The surly old organist Broche—the music-teacher of young Boieldieu—accidentally became acquainted with his pupil's other occupations and studies. In a rage he rushed to Adrian's father, and disclosed to him his son's ''fine tricks.'' ''I always declared that there could be nothing made of him,—now behold the realization of my words! The youth is a

vain and good-for-nothing fellow, devoid of talent!"

Adrian was led away whilst directing the orchestra. He was closely watched, and when at the end of a week his freedom was restored to him, he found that the troop had not only departed "by superior orders," but that they had disappeared without leaving any clue to their whereabouts. Boieldieu felt deeply the loss of his dear Marion; but his sorrow did not make him fall ill; his nature was too vigorous. He conquered his grief. He threw himself into the arms of his beloved Music with a sort of joyous despair; he played, composed, and studied with extraordinary fervour. He would often read until late at night excellent theoretical works upon composition; he ardently longed to compose an opera and to carry it to Paris. Paris was the goal of all his longings, all his wishes! An old poet living in Rouen—after many entreaties—presented the young man with a very indifferent, hastily composed opera-text, which Adrian, however, found excellent, and immediately set to music.

Two years passed amidst these hopes, labours, and studies, and then one September morning Adrian Boieldieu wandered forth, with the score of his work under his arm, and thirty

francs in his pocket, towards the object of all his thoughts. He was going to Paris.

When he arrived in the gigantic enchanted city, the billows of its rapidly moving life closed over the head of the young inexperienced man and almost deprived him of his senses. Fortunately, a compassionate wave bore him to the house of the famous old instrument-maker Erard. Here, in the parlour of this hospitable house, where music was so much loved, Adrian could play upon the magnificent piano, and, what made him still happier, could *listen* to music, for Erard received all the artists of note.

Boieldieu's playing soon attracted the attention of his listeners, less through its bravura than through its elegance; among his auditors were connoisseurs like Rode and Garat.

In spite of this, the young man felt but too painfully his ignorance; he therefore returned to his favourite occupation, composition, and supported himself by tuning pianos. His bread was hardly earned, and he often ate it with tears; but his unconquerable cheerfulness, the distinguishing trait of his whole character, and the extraordinary elasticity of his nature, always brought him hope.

One dark, raw February afternoon—Boiel-

dieu had already been nearly six months in Paris—he reached his garret fatigued, almost frozen. He found there a note from Erard, directing him to go immediately to the Rue Richelieu, in house No. 30, on the second floor. They desired a skilful tuner. The young man at once set forth. He found the house, and was conducted into a small but richly and tastefully decorated parlour; in its centre stood a handsome piano. The fire flickered merrily in the chimney, the curtains were closed, a lighted lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and tapestry, representing a field covered with flowers of every description, hung upon the walls. Adrian felt an indescribable sense of comfort; the gentle warmth penetrated through his whole system, it seemed to him that he must repose and dream. He entirely forgot wherefore he had come thither. He seated himself at the piano, and played at first brilliantly and grandly, then more gently, and at last he came—he knew not himself how—to the short, ardent dream of his first rosy love: the old Scottish song flowed softly and slowly over the keys. Then a *portière* of violet velvet was lifted: a young woman, attired in a pink silk dress, appeared upon the threshold, and an exceedingly beautiful voice repeated, half trembling, half doubting, half

Marion threw herself into the dreamer's arms. Yes, this bewitching, beautiful creature, with rounded figure and sparkling eyes, was the little girl of the troop at Rouen.

"Ah, do not be angry, Adrian," she said, after a pause, with exquisite naïveté, "I am married, and am now called Madame St. Aubin. They all declared that I could not wait for you, that I should not, for I would become old and ugly whilst doing so. I wept bitterly; but it was of no avail. I am engaged as singer at the *Opéra Comique.* I please the Parisians, and they please me. St. Aubin is kind; he travels frequently; often I do not see him for a week at a time."

Adrian gazed upon the young woman's face, smiled sorrowfully, and was silent. "Believe me," she continued, with pleasing flattery, "I have thought much, ah, very much, on you, and I know full well that it would be a thousand times better if I belonged to *you.* Do you still remember how often we dreamed of that happiness?"

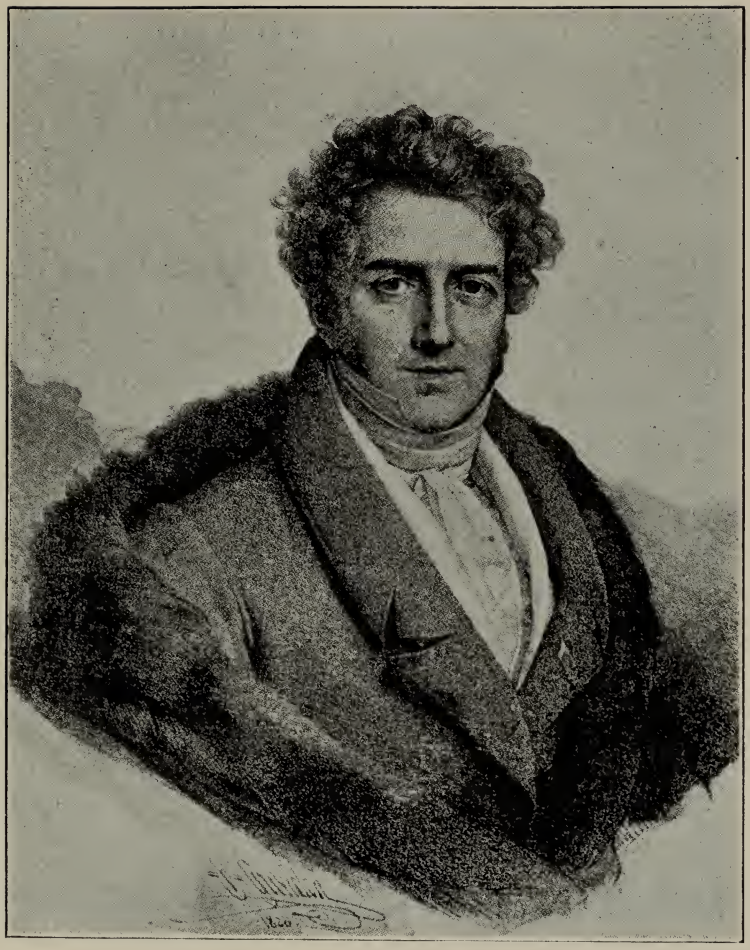
And Adrian seemed to recollect it; for he drew his beloved passionately towards him, and hid his face, which had grown pale, upon her breast.

About four months later, an operetta was brought out at the *Opéra Comique* by a certain Adrian Boieldieu, "*La Dot de Suzette.*" The much praised, extremely beloved Madame St. Aubin took the principal part. The opera had an extraordinary success; the *blasé* Parisians were electrified by its fresh, lovely music and by its originality. The St. Aubin, how she acted, how she sang! Her name, united with that of the composer, hovered upon every lip; they were both called before the curtain with shouts of applause.

After the opera there was a little supper at Marion's. "Do you see," said she, with unrestrained joyousness, as Adrian entered, with a radiant face, "one of your former wishes has been fulfilled: I have sung your melodies, and our united names have been rapturously praised. I doubt, however, my poor friend, if Grétry and Méhul will visit us in consequence of this; but here is one who is delighted with you, and who begs to be permitted to press your hand. He is called Monsieur Cherubini."

A slight handsome man, thirty-two years old, advanced towards him, and clasped him with the most amiable cordiality in his arms.

Many years rolled by; the name of Boieldieu was already classed among the most brilliant



BOILDIEU

stars in the musical heaven of France. The graceful, witty *"Le Calife de Bagdad," "Le Barbier de Village," "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge,"* and many other works, established his immortal fame. The genial composer was appointed Professor of the Piano at the *Conservatoire* of Paris; he afterwards accepted the honourable post of Imperial Chapel-Master at St. Petersburg. He returned to Paris, however, in 1811; for his health could not endure the severity of the Northern climate. To the delight of his friends, he brought many new compositions with him—splendid military music, and the choruses to Racine's *"Athalie."* In the joy of finding himself once more at home, he shortly after his return commenced and finished the delicious, merry *"Jean de Paris."*

But the sky clouded above him. Young Rossini's name was mentioned ever more loudly and enthusiastically in France, and his operas were received with rejoicing. Boieldieu found himself neglected; even *"Jean de Paris"* did not have its expected success. His mind became spiritless, his body was ill; his exertions in composing new works had but poor results. Adrian Boieldieu needed sunshine—ardent, glowing sunshine; without this his creative

powers perished. *Whence* should the sun shine upon him? Marion had disappeared before his departure for St. Petersburg; they said, laughingly, that her own husband had eloped with her, and Adrian's friends could do nothing for him. Thus he lived for four years without any permanent situation; his body and mind became more fatigued; a deep melancholy took possession of the formerly so joyous man. The physicians ordered him to visit Italy. The loving care of his friends enabled him to make the journey, for his own scanty means were insufficient. Discontented, he soon longed to return to Paris and to his beloved friend Cherubini. He gathered his remaining strength together, and turned towards home. In Brussels his exhausted body gave way, and he fell very ill. They carried him from the noisy hotel into a quiet dwelling. The artists of the town interested themselves in the liveliest manner for the sufferer; their inquiries and lamentations were without end. Every one wished to take some part in assisting him and in ministering to his ease and comfort. The sick man knew nothing of this; he lay, filled with feverish fantasies, and dreamed of laurel wreaths and eternal fame.

It was the ninth night of his illness, and his nurse had just sunk into a deep sleep, the night-lamp burned dim, and flickered—the sick man suddenly raised himself and looked around. It seemed to him as though he heard a well-known air; he listened. No, it was no illusion; some one was singing in a weary, broken, but still lovely, dear, and familiar voice—yes, in the next chamber. And the song? It was the sweet old Scottish melody of the little, charming Marion. How distinctly he saw this Marion! She moved before him in all her beauty, in the entire splendour of her youth, love, and grace! She smiled, she beckoned to him, and sang. Then—how could he do otherwise than softly join in the *refrain*: "La à—la à—la la!" He heard a faint cry, a cry full of rejoicing and suffering; then all was still—frightfully still. When the nurse awoke, he found his patient in a deep swoon.

He lay thus for many hours; the physicians arrived, and, whilst giving him their care, spoke of the death, in the next room, of the formerly famous singer of the *Opéra Comique*, Madame St. Aubin. She had died the previous night.

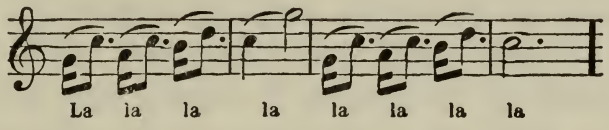
"It is a blessing for the poor creature," said

the physician; "for when she lost her voice her husband forsook her. She was supported and sometimes employed by the director of the theatre from compassion, and led a miserable life. She lived only in her recollections." Thus sounded the funeral oration of one of the most highly praised and charming singers of her time.

Eight days later, Adrian Boieldieu was out of danger. During the first days of his convalescence he received a letter from Paris, containing the news of Méhul's death, together with the offer of his honourable and lucrative post in the *Conservatoire* of Paris. Here was at last the longed-for sunshine. Beneath its enlivening influence, Boieldieu's body and mind gained strength and his old energy returned.

He journeyed back to Paris, was received with rejoicing by his friends, headed by the noble Cherubini, and was solemnly inaugurated in his new situation. Was Adrian Boieldieu aware of Marion's death? No one knew; he never mentioned her name. He built a monument for his beloved—a precious memorial, based upon the simple little song that Marion sang so prettily; this immortal monument is called: *"La Dame Blanche."*

The enthusiasm that this master-work excited not only in France, but in the entire musical world, is well known. This opera has ranked Boieldieu among the *greatest* composers. This lovely creation was Boieldieu's favourite, and was his last work of importance. Immediately before his death, on the 9th of October, 1834, he seemed to be occupied by it; for the faithful friends who surrounded his dying couch heard him sing softly, with smiling lips, the old Scottish melody, the melody so dear to his heart—and there came, like a wondrously sweet, far distant echo, the lovely refrain:



Domenico Cimarosa

THE famous opera-house of Vienna had not been so crowded for years as it was on the evening of the 29th of November in the year 1791. All who had claims to rank, wealth, and beauty adorned the boxes and orchestra-seats. Many of the poorer class—difficult though it may have been for them—had also laid their mite upon the altar of Art; for the parquet and upper galleries were filled to overflowing. To the observer the large house offered an attractive although melancholy picture. There shone lovely, blooming faces, upon whose brow the goddess of fortune had laid her wand; here gazed pale, weary ones, upon whose features the hand of care had drawn innumerable furrows; gauze, silk, velvet, threadbare garments, perfumed elegance, homely blouses, bashful poverty—all were about him. It was whispered that the Emperor Leopold, with his brilliant suite, had promised to appear; expectant glances were directed alternately from the curtain before the stage to the imperial box, with its flowing velvet hangings. What, then,

had drawn so irresistibly both rich and poor within these walls? What work of art, or whose appearance, created the unusual excitement?

A new opera was to be brought out—one written by a foreign composer, named Cimarosa, whom the emperor had sent for to Italy and had nominated to the post of Chapel-Master. The new work which was about to be represented was called "The Secret Marriage," *"Il Matrimonio Segreto."* At court they called the composer the greatest of all living masters—greater than the Viennese Mozart; but this the people could not and would not believe. No true child of Vienna could forsake Wolfgang Amadeus; every one must hear and judge for himself whether a foreign adventurer was capable of lessening the fame of the universal favourite. The people knew and honoured their musical heroes; they wore the name of the great Gluck like an order set in brilliants upon their breast; they carried the name of Haydn like a magnificent bunch of flowers in their hand; but that of their beloved, merry Mozart was buried, like a first love, deeply in their hearts. How could they find room for that of a stranger?

The emperor arrived; the overture, with its

spring-like freshness, resounded through the house; the curtain rose. The pretty Carolina appeared with her secretly espoused husband; they sang the charming duo: *"cara," "caro," "non dubitar,"* full of roguishness and tenderness; then many unconsciously forgot their prejudices, many a serious brow brightened. As the music went splashing on with the lovely sound of a forest-brook, and the comical, purse-proud swaggerer, Papa Geromio, stepped forward, and in the magnificent air *"Udite, tutte udite"* gave expression to the joy he felt in the prospect of having a count for a son-in-law, when the enamoured Aunt Fidalma appeared with *"ma, con un marito, via, meglio si sta,"* and the pert Elisetta, who wished to be a countess, and the jovial Conte—then it seemed as though sunshine beamed upon every face. Many a mouth smiled that had long since ceased to do so, and the most obdurate Mozarter pressed silently the hand of his neighbour. All felt as though they had heard one of Mozart's works.

Upon no other face was delight in this graceful music so vividly reflected as upon that of a little, slight man, clad in grey, who was seated in a side-box. He followed every air, every

ensemble, every note, with an almost passionate sympathy; he sang and acted with them—but only through his eyes. When the opera was over, and the emperor himself gave the signal for the applause—which was rapturous—none clapped their hands more zealously and more joyfully than the pale auditor in the side-box. The emperor and his suite returned to the palace; the crowd dispersed, walking or driving home; the lovers of music said to each other: "Really, this Italian deserves to be a younger brother of our Wolfgang Amadeus!"

Cimarosa himself was one of the last to leave the house. Fatigued, intoxicated with his success, he sauntered slowly towards the door. When he had reached an entry which was but feebly lighted, he was clasped by two arms, and a soft mouth was pressed passionately and tenderly upon his; the little man from the side-box had thrown his arms around his neck. The Italian gently disengaged himself from the enthusiast, and strove to inquire, in broken German, if he had not made a mistake.

"No," was the laughing rejoinder; "that kiss was intended for your music, and as, unfortunately, I cannot kiss it, *you* have received the embrace! I am myself somewhat of a

musician. This glowing, merry music is written so much to my mind that it seems to me to have flown from my own soul!''

''What is your name?'' asked the new Chapel-Master. He drew the little grey man into the street, placed him under the nearest lantern, and gazed upon a pale face endowed with a pair of wonderful eyes.

''We will speak of that afterwards,'' he answered; ''let us now go to the first tavern, and, whilst we drink our mulled wine, you must tell me all about yourself and your *'Matrimonio Segreto'!''* Humming the words of the Conte: *''senza, senza ceremonie,''* he drew the Italian into a brilliantly lighted room, and before ten minutes had elapsed the two who, a few hours before, had never seen each other, sat with clasped hands like two intimate friends. On the table smoked a huge bowl of punch.

As they sat there, laughing, drinking, becoming every moment more excited, so great was the resemblance between them that one might have taken them for brothers. Each had a refined, ingenuous countenance, a striking brow, a full, pleasing mouth, and powdered hair; they were of the same size, and had the same vivacity in their movements. It was in the *eyes* alone that the difference lay.

CIMAROSA

Cimarosa's black eyes reminded one of the nights of his fatherland; they possessed the same fire, the same peculiar clearness, the same exciting enchantment. His companion's eyes were blue. God now and then, as a consolation to poor humanity, allows a pair of eyes to open to the light, that strike upon our hearts, when we meet them, as did the sun upon the pillar of Memnon, and awaken all that is warm, good, and noble within us. Blest is the child of man upon whom Heaven bestows such eyes, and fortunate is the being who is allowed to gaze into them! The little grey man owned such wondrous eyes. Cimarosa sat opposite to him; in this man's presence, whose name he did not even know, his heart opened, and he felt forced to relate to him the story of his life. We will give the shortest version possible of his history, which he told in a mixture—often comical enough—of Italian, French, and German.

Who could imagine that in this playful "*Matrimonio Segreto,*" in this real "*opera buffa,*" one of the most painful of the composer's youthful remembrances was concealed—that it praised and mentioned a name that stood written in bloody characters upon his heart? The charming roguish music lies spread upon it like fresh roses over—a grave.

Domenico Cimarosa was the son of a poor shoemaker of Naples,* and was born in the year 1753. His childhood passed quietly, in spite of manifold privations, and a faithful mother watched over his young life. The laughing sky, the golden fruit, the long springs, and the short winters of his enchanting fatherland were not for the rich alone. It was not until his tender parent laid her head upon the cushions of eternal slumber that trouble commenced for Domenico. His father had forced his son to learn the art of shoemaking, but, as the boy proved awkward and sluggish beyond measure at this employment, he was, when fourteen years old, bound as an apprentice to a rich baker. As he was remarkable for his striking beauty, his stingy master Geromio made him at first offer pastries for sale in the street. The boy's face, which was beautiful as a picture, attracted many purchasers, especially those belonging to the fair sex. However, as Domenico stopped to listen to every performance on the guitar or hand-organ, and ran after every fiddler or singer that he met, without troubling himself about basket or buyers, he soon deprived him of this occupation, and

* Domenico Cimarosa was born at Aversa, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1753 or 1754; his father removed to Naples in the year 1757.

employed him in various light offices about the house. He was also made to carry home early in the morning the fine pastries that had been ordered by their customers. It appeared to the master that Domenico remained out unusually long; however, as he always delivered the articles properly—as the money which he brought back testified—Geromio said nothing, but decided to watch his apprentice.

It was on a February day, in which month the Italian spring puts on her most lovely face, that the stout baker stealthily crept after his light-footed boy. Domenico turned into the first street. Here a large ragged lad was waiting, to whom he handed his basket, together with his own breakfast, saying: "There, Giacomo,—sell them well, and bring back the money correctly!" The lad set forth; Domenico ran up the steps of the first projecting house, and disappeared. His master followed him, purple with anger. At the hall-door he heard the silvery sound of a young female voice.

"Who resides here?" he asked, with forced composure, of a lazzarone who was leaning against the entrance.

"Signor Aprile, the famous singer," was the answer.

And it was so. Notwithstanding the early hour of the morning—for an Italian—the favourite and pride of Naples, the singer Guiseppe Aprile, was giving a singing-lesson. A rich young girl, accompanied by her aunt the Contessa Fidalma, came hither daily. She possessed sufficient love for music to enable her to rise thus early, and, forsaking her enchanting villa before the southern gate of the city, visited the celebrated master and much-sought-for teacher, in order to study the art of song with him. The young Contessa was scarcely fourteen years old—half bud, half rose—extremely beautiful—and of a joyous temperament. An orphan, and having uncontrolled power over her fortune, she was besieged by numerous admirers—to whom she accorded only smiles. A distant relation, a stiff young Conte, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Italy, could boast of the distinction of being received each day for a few moments by the charming Carolina, of being allowed to kiss her hand and presenting her with a bouquet. Even these few moments seemed an eternity to the young Contessa; for she cared not to be interrupted in the sports and diversions that she indulged in with her pretty *cameriera* Elisetta. Aunt Fidalma allowed her

darling full liberty; she laughed at her niece's jests and mad tricks, found all that she did charming and original, and said that she would soon tire of her pranks and allow herself to be captured.

Carolina loved her aunt as she loved all those who did not thwart her wishes: she was not unpleasant to her; there was but *one* person for whom she felt *awe,* and that was her teacher Aprile.

It was *this* charming girl whom Domenico Cimarosa had heard sing, trill, and solfeggiare every morning for the past four months. He would lie before the door, and, with attentive ear, listen, until the noise of a chair being pushed back hastily told him that the master had arisen and that the lesson was at an end. Then he would spring up, rush into the street, and wait behind a projecting column until the carriage of the countess drove up and stopped. He would hear the light-blue silk dress rustle, see the little foot in its black satin shoe place itself upon the step of the carriage, and behold the fair flushed face turn once more greetingly towards the master's windows. The horses were driven away, and then Domenico departed. He would loiter dreamily to the next

corner, where Giacomo waited patiently for him; dreamily he would take the basket, then the money without counting it, and return to his master's house.

The poor fellow did not get so far on this February day; Master Geromio had no inducement for deferring his chastisement. He sprang upon his kneeling apprentice like a madman, and struck him so violently that Domenico fell with his whole weight against the door. It sprang open, and the young enthusiast rolled directly to the feet of the Contessa Carolina. It must have been a strange picture—this scene—that laid the foundation of the young man's artistic career! Aprile, drawn up to his full height, indignation depicted on his noble countenance; Contessa Fidalma, with a piercing scream, sinking back into a swoon; Carolina, slightly pale, but bending kindly over the handsome youth who now knelt before her; the background formed by the burly form of the baker Geromio, his face distorted by rage. Then the baker's apprentice spoke with truly inspired words of the deep longing of his heart—of his desire to become a *musician*. He promised to serve the singer Aprile in the most menial capacity, if he would only allow him to listen to singing

and playing. The singer could not withstand his entreaties; after a short conversation with his pupil, young Cimarosa's indentures were cancelled. Carolina blushed deeply when the liberated one, with fiery eyes, kissed her hand with all the grace of a cavalier; and Fidalma, who had recovered her senses, confessed to herself, in secret astonishment, that she had never before seen her niece so much embarrassed.

A few days after this occurrence, Aprile discovered so uncommon a talent for music in his new servant, that he procured him a situation in the *Conservatorio de la pietà,* and thenceforth never lost sight of him. A happy, never-to-be-forgotten season then commenced for Domenico. Allowed to listen, to study, to practise, and encouraged, he soon made remarkable progress; he was named, not only the most industrious, but also the most gifted, of all the scholars. He passed his leisure hours alternately with his patron Aprile and with the fair foundress of his fortune. The two countesses invited him so often to visit them, that he became every evening a guest at the beautiful villa before the southern gate. The young countess made him relate to her all that he had heard or learned; and when he spoke to her of the rules of counterpoint, or of the method of

his honoured teacher Sacchini, how sweetly did she listen, how charmingly naïve were her questions!

She generally received her young friend in an arbour near the house. There she sat beneath the luxuriant grape-vines and overshadowing creepers. In her long, light silk dress, a white veil thrown over her head, flowers in her black braids, and flowers on her breast, she looked like a fairy apparition become a reality. She was worshipped by Domenico. Through her alone the most ardent wish of his heart had been realized. He could have ever knelt in gratitude before her; as this was impossible, he contented himself with making a daily pilgrimage to this his holy image and in kissing with most fervent devotion its miraculous hand. And she? She blushed when he came, and trembled when he departed: the leaves of the book of love lay open before them, and they read the introduction together. Nearly two years passed thus; the handsome children were still at the *first* page; no passionate word, that would have illuminated their paradise, had yet escaped their lips. They thought not; they only felt the sweet to-day; the morrow troubled them not.

One day, Aprile said to the young Contessa, as her singing-lesson ended: "Yesterday, in speaking of our protégé Cimarosa, the old, stern Sacchini called him a star from which a sun might arise. How this praise pleased me! I think that if an unhappy passion, a hopeless love—with its despair and excitement—were to take possession of this opening bud, the flower would unfold quickly and gloriously; every really remarkable artist has become great through a *sorrow.*"

"An *unhappy* love?" repeated Carolina, growing pale. "Why not a *happy* one?"

"Happiness weakens the children of earth; we cannot endure eternal sunshine, we fade."

"Do you understand by an unhappy love the *death* of his beloved?"

"More tragic, more tragic still, dear countess! Her *marriage!*"

On the following evening, Carolina had through some pretext sent away her maid. She listened absently to her friend's words—she changed colour and trembled. "I weary you to-day!" said Domenico, and gazed sadly upon the beautiful maiden. Then, blushing deeply, she seized his hand, and whispered, with

averted eyes: "Answer my question—but, by the soul of your mother, answer me truly: *do you love me?*"

A half-suppressed cry was the only reply; she felt herself in Domenico's arms, she saw his noble countenance lighted up a bliss that assured her more plainly than words could do, of that which her heart desired to learn. Before he could speak, she had torn herself away from him, and had vanished.

Elisetta brought the lover—who was intoxicated with delight—the tidings that her mistress would expect to see him in three days' time. She placed a little note in his hand. It contained only these words:

"I shall carry the knowledge of your love with me into eternity; in return, I shall give you a great grief; do not be angry with me, *for I love you!* CAROLINA."

At the appointed hour, Domenico entered the Eden of his pure happiness: his heart was heavy; the presentiment of a great sorrow hung over him. The garden was illuminated; music and voices fell upon his ear. Trembling, he entered the bosquet that conducted to the arbour; all there was dark. Suddenly two soft arms encircled him, and a beloved voice,

choked with tears, whispered: "Domenico, forgive me! Aprile says that *happy* love weakens: you must not become weak; you must become great, celebrated, glorious. You needed a sorrow, a *violent sorrow;* it shall come to you through *my* hand alone. I am the wife of another!"

A glowing kiss burned upon Cimarosa's lips, hot tears fell upon his face, and—he was alone. He saw the beautiful, eccentric creature hastening away; the full light fell upon her heavy white satin dress and the wreath of orange-blossoms in her hair. A man approached the slender girl and offered her his arm: it was the happy Marito, the stiff Conte with his bouquet.

The next day Cimarosa forsook Naples. By the advice of his teacher and fatherly friend Sacchini—to whom he confided the grief of his young heart—he applied for admission to the Conservatory of Loretto, where he studied with redoubled ardour and imbibed the wise lessons of Durante's school. Aprile had been a true prophet. Now the pinions of his protégé became agitated, and he soared upon them higher and higher, far above the thorns and sorrows of life The young musician soon brought out an opera, "*Il Sacrifizio d' Abramo,*" which immediately excited the greatest attention

among composers and lovers of music. Impelled onwards by the still too poignant sorrow in his breast and by the universal recognition of his endeavours, he composed works of consequence in rapid succession, such as *"L'Olimpiade," "Il Pittore Parigino,"* and *"L'Italiana in Londra,"* which delighted the whole of Italy, and which were performed even upon the German stage. An honourable livelihood, free from care, was secured to the composer in Florence. The wounds of his heart were healed by degrees; how could the sorrow for a *woman's* loss remain wakeful in this fiery soul, in which countless delicious melodies, that rocked him into sweet slumbers, were ever rising?

Cimarosa remained three years in Florence, and then accepted an invitation to St. Petersburg. The Northern climate, and the Northern hearts as well, gave the child of the South an insurmountable home-sickness. He returned to Italy in the year 1791. At Florence he heard of the death of his beloved, the beautiful Countess Marito. They had found her dead in the arbour which had been so often the witness of their happiness; and they said that she had died of disease of the heart. She had been

much admired at the theatre, on the evening previous to her death, when Cimarosa's work, "*Amor costante,*" had been performed for the first time amidst the loud applause of the public.

The land of love and song now became distasteful to the famous musician; he acceded to the wishes of the Emperor Leopold, and went to Vienna. His fame had penetrated throughout the whole of musical Germany; even among German composers of that fertile age, there was but *one* to compare with him: Mozart—Mozart, so inexhaustible in those charming melodies which the Italians call "*di prima intenzione.*" Cimarosa's astonishing exuberance of musical ideas was such, that it was asserted that the material for a whole opera might be found in one of his finales. His fertility was as astonishing as his genius. He must have written forty operas, of which, however, the "*Matrimonio Segreto*" is considered the most exquisite. He interwove in this work the bitterest and the sweetest of his youthful recollections; and it remained always his favourite child. He brought this lovely creation to Vienna—where the emperor had it performed twice in one evening, so much was he

enraptured with the work. We have already spoken of its *first* representation, at the commencement of this sketch.

"This is the history of my life," the Italian master said, as he concluded his simple narration; "I have spoken to you as I never did before to any human being. Now I am here in Vienna; but I have *one* heartfelt wish, which has remained ungratified to this day: I must see the great *Mozart!* Three times have I already knocked at the door of his modest house—in vain; they told me the master was ill. I shall find neither peace nor repose until I have seen him and told him how my heart burns for him. There is an *affinity* between us, I feel it with pride; but *he* is borne upon *angel's wings,* I have merely the pinions of a bird;—still we both have the same aim."

The other did not answer; but extended his hand to the Italian, and gazed upon him so strangely with his wondrous eyes that Cimarosa sprang up, exclaiming, with vivacity:

"Who are you? You must be something great! I feel at one moment happy, at another uneasy, beneath your glance. Tell me your name!"

Then the little grey man smiled. and said:

"I have written the music of *Don Juan,* if you are acquainted with it."

Eight days after the warm meeting of these two congenial souls, on the 5th of December, 1791, the angels' wings soared so *high* with Mozart's glorious soul that it never again returned to earth.

Mozart's death inflicted a deep wound upon the heart of his soul-relation. Cimarosa now felt ill at ease in Vienna; life seemed gloomier to him than ever. Like an imprisoned bird, who cannot accustom himself to his cage, he fluttered about the imperial city—where he was loved and honoured as few strangers had been—for a few years. When the Emperor Leopold, his lofty patron, closed his eyes, Cimarosa left Vienna, and with a sad heart returned to Italy. He went directly to Naples; he was irresistibly attracted towards his native city, and towards the grave of his first, his only love. He had been there but two days when the revolution broke out in Naples. Was it strange that this sad, glowing heart thought to find consolation in the bewildering confusion of this wild excitement, and cast itself headlong into the midst of the whirlpool? When Cimarosa recovered his senses, he found himself *imprisoned,* and accused of treason against his

king. His high fame alone averted the sword that hovered over his head; the king allowed his *sentence of death* to be changed to that of life-long imprisonment. Despite the violent lamentations of half the world, despite the most affecting entreaties, the door of the prison was closed upon him.

Six years passed by. On the 11th of January, 1801, a new opera was announced in Venice; it was to be brought out in the evening at the theatre *la Fenice.* The composer of the work, which bore the title *"Semiramide,"* was not named; but a few mysterious words and dark intimations attracted the public in unheard-of masses. Soldiers and police-officers were placed everywhere; dead silence reigned in the immense house; every one awaited something unusual. Then a side-door was slowly opened in the orchestra, and *Domenico Cimarosa,* the long-lost one, tottered in, half carried by his companions. A *single* cry from countless throats received him—a cry of delight and gratitude. His name filled the air; they pressed around him, to kiss his hands, to touch his garments; they threw flowers to him, waved their handkerchiefs, wept and laughed wildly in a breath; it was a moving scene. The

pale, prostrated man, for whom all this frantic rapture was intended, bowed with a touching smile; then, with the air of a king, he seized his conductor's baton and led his work—the opera *Semiramide.* The strength, the fire, of earlier times appeared to have been given him for those few hours; the opera had great success. At its close, he fainted.

And wherefore this sudden appearance? It was an act of grace accorded him by the king; it was the fulfilment of the prisoner's last wish. He felt that his strength was sinking, and he longed *to direct once more one of his own compositions.*

The night that followed this triumph saw Domenico Cimarosa depart with a glad smile; he went to meet his Mozart; with his last sigh he breathed the name of *Carolina.*

A Leonora

BUSY and restless as are the merry inhabitants of Vienna, fond of change and pleasure-loving as they show themselves to be in their inclinations, they have always manifested a deep, serious, touching, and unalterable fervour in one feeling—in their affection for their great *musicians*. They are as proud of them as they are of their emperor and—of their Prater. That the Viennese cared not at the moment whether their dear Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had their daily bread, whether their dwellings were comfortable or their purses filled, is true; but no one could or should reproach them with it; for has not every true Viennese "indeed" entirely too much to do for himself? Did they not rejoice with their whole heart, and did not their faces beam with delight, when a new work was brought out by one of their favourites? Did they not drink their very good health in a glass of wine, and bow obsequiously when they met

them? Do not smile! This is much! How often is a master-mind passed unnoticed by his fellow-beings because the man is clad in shabby garments! No kind look is bestowed upon him, no thanks are accorded him for what he has created; yet kind looks and grateful thanks would fall upon his soul like a sunbeam. No man, however great he may be, can be deprived of such attention without feeling sad.

At the same hour every afternoon, a tall man walked alone on the so-called *Wasserglacis*. Every one reverentially avoided him. Neither heat nor cold made him hasten his steps; no passer-by arrested his eye; he strode slowly, firmly, and proudly along, with glance bent downward, and with hands clasped behind his back. You felt that he was some extraordinary being, and that the might of genius encircled this majestic head with its glory. Grey hair grew thickly around his magnificent brow, but he noticed not the spring breeze that played sportively among it and pushed it in his eyes. Every child knew: "that is *Ludwig van Beethoven*, who has composed such wondrously beautiful music." As he approached, they ceased their play; they stopped the balls which would have rolled before the master's feet; the whips were no longer cracked; the humming-

tops were quickly knocked over. Old and young, lofty and lowly, stepped to one side or contented themselves with saluting him with reverence. None dreamt of a return of this civility; even porters, laden with their heavy burdens, stopped patiently, until the strange dreamer had disappeared. All honoured him after their own fashion.

At this time the Viennese felt an increased interest in the appearance of the much-praised one; for Beethoven had concluded his first and only opera "Leonora" (he subsequently named it "Fidelio"), but he inflexibly refused to have it brought out. Obstinately deaf to all entreaties, he kept the precious score locked up in his desk.

"I cannot find the Leonora that I require," he said to his friends, who never wearied of conjuring him to have it represented; "it is true that there are many singers, but there is none for me. My Leonora must not trill and break her throat with roulades; she need not change her costume ten times, nor be remarkably beautiful: but she must have *one* thing beside her voice, and what this one thing is I will not disclose to you: you would only laugh at the 'crazy' Beethoven. Let the opera remain

SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT

quietly with me, and do not trouble yourselves about it.''

His impatient friends gave him no repose; they tormented the great master day after day. They sent him one singer after the other, and commenced at last to be seriously angry with him. Strange to say, Beethoven remained patient for a long time. One evening they pressed him more than usual, and spoke to him of the début of a young singer from Hamburg, of whom all Vienna was talking. She was the daughter of the famous actress Sophie Schröder. She was scarcely seventeen years old, and had lately arrived with her parents at the imperial city. In Mozart's Pamina she had enchanted the hearts of all through the charms of her voice and form; they unanimously prophesied for her a great future, and did not conceal from the master that they hoped he would allow *this* fair hand to receive his hidden treasure—his last work.

Then Beethoven sprang up, exclaiming, angrily: ''What? Shall I confide my holy gem to a child, to a thing that has but just left school? I believe that you are dreaming, or that your curiosity has deprived you of your senses. No; Ludwig van Beethoven did not

compose his Leonora for a girl of seventeen! I am weary of your importunities; and I declare to you, once for all, that I will *burn* my opera if one of you but venture to speak of it again!''

He was so imposing in his anger, his eyes sparkled with so much fire, his voice sounded so like the rolling of the thunder, and so many clouds shadowed his lofty brow, that all crept away. From that time forth the ''Leonora'' was never mentioned before the master.

For some time it happened that the great musician met regularly near the city, as he returned from his daily walk, a blonde young girl. She generally wore a simple white dress; a little straw hat was upon her head, and a dark-red shawl was drawn carelessly around her handsome shoulders. Like all others who met the meditative man, she stepped reverentially aside; but she did so slowly and hesitatingly—although with charming grace—and fastened her large eyes earnestly upon his countenance.

They were eyes of a wondrous deep blue, passionate, and fathomlessly deep, with exquisite eyelashes and eyebrows—eyes that possessed a strangely magnetic power. Her lovely lips would tremble whenever the dreamer Bee-

thoven brushed by her; it seemed as though she wished to speak to him and yet feared to do so; she would gaze after him with a mingled expression of admiration and pain, and then return sadly to the city.

A storm arose one afternoon. The thunder rolled nearer, single flashes of lightning passed through the air, the birds fluttered anxiously, and all who were without hastened to reach the protection of their dwellings. Gusts of wind arose, but not a drop of rain lightened the oppressive sultriness of the air. The voice of the thunder sounded loudly, the lightning flashed wildly. Then Ludwig van Beethoven, returning from his walk, strode on, looking like a prophet. His head was thrown back, his brow seemed clearer than usual; he enjoyed fully the solemn spectacle. He alone seemed to understand the magnificent language above him; for he smiled at the rolling of the thunder and gazed boldly at the lightning. For him the roaring of the storm was merely the mighty swelling sound of the trombone in the powerful symphony of nature; the wind that rushed through his hair seemed as if about to elevate him and carry him away; he raised his arms in singular, mute inspiration, and seemed to expect that an angel would descend to him

upon the wings of the lightning. Oh, would that a gigantic harp were brought to him, that he might pour forth the strange melodies with which his inspired soul was overflowing! Suddenly a white form stood before him, it trembled, extended its arms towards him, hastily murmured a few incomprehensible words, and gazed imploringly upon him. The master looked with surprise into the pale face of a young girl. A remembrance came to him with this lovely face and charming form. Had he not often seen her? Had she not been often near him? In a dream, perhaps! He did not know.

"Child," he said, at last, bending down to the young girl, "why are you out-of-doors in such stormy weather? Have you been detained, or have you lost your way?"

A sweet voice answered, firmly and gently: "I only wished to see you!"

"*To see* ME? What can you wish from me?"

"Your——Leonora!"

Beethoven started.

"What is your name?"

"Wilhelmina Schröder. I have been standing here for several days, hoping to attract your attention; to-day for the first time I have ventured to speak to you!"

"And did you not perceive the approaching storm? Did you not feel afraid?"

"I feared but one thing: that you would refuse my prayer!"

The master did not answer. He looked earnestly into the maiden's blue eyes. She blushed deeply, but did not lower them. Then Beethoven took the lovely maiden's little hands in his firm grasp, breathed deeply, as though relieved, and said, mildly:

"Come to me early to-morrow morning, my child, and be of good cheer; I think I have found my Leonora. Now away from here; I will conduct you home!"

With a happy smile, glowing cheeks, and beating heart, she took his arm: the fulfilment of her ardent wish was at hand. The storm had ceased, the lightning flashed feebly, a refreshing rain commenced. At the city gate Beethoven lifted the young girl, with fatherly care, into a carriage that was passing, and Wilhelmina Schröder gave the driver her mother's address. At parting, she kissed the master's hand with childish, overflowing enthusiasm. He looked back, and beheld the lovely young girl leaning from the window; her countenance was pale from deep emotion, and her youthful, serious brow was encircled by

golden hair. She greeted him gently, and the magical eyes smiled upon him. Ludwig van Beethoven felt a wondrous warmth stealing through his heart; a presentiment, both painful and pleasing, flashed across his mind; he said to himself, softly: "*This* woman will throw one more sunbeam upon my path—the last one!"

On the following morning, Wilhelmina Schröder, the young singer, stood by Beethoven's side at the piano. The score of his Leonora lay open before him. He had briefly explained the plot of the opera to the blonde maiden, and then, marking the time with one hand and playing the accompaniment with the other, he hummed softly the part of Leonora in the quartet:

„Mir iſt ſo wunderbar."

The young girl followed each note with attention. At the trio:

„Muth, Söhnchen, Muth,"

her blue eyes flashed passionately. But when the magnificent painting of the great air:

„Abſcheulicher, wo willſt du hin!"

was unfolded to her soul, a thrill of the most profound emotion ran through her frame.

The excitement of the half-breathless listener continued to increase; the master played and hummed, as if inspired. She did not hear how broken and harsh sounded the voice that rendered the glorious music, nor did she know that at the duet of the second act:

„Nur hurtig fort, und frisch gegraben,"

the tears rolled slowly and heavily down her cheeks. She could not turn her eyes from the wonderful man who sat before her and whom she so deeply honoured. What a peculiar, captivating picture those two beings presented in the narrow frame of the simple room—one representing fruitful, serious Autumn, the other, smiling Spring! The master, with his loose dressing-gown bordered with fur, with sparkling eyes and beaming brow, absorbed in his work, and casting now and then a deep and earnest glance upon the face of his auditor—the young girl, upon whose maidenly form and exquisitely pure features Spring had spread her freshness, while the sunlight trembled in the heavy blonde hair, that clung to the fair cheeks and formed a golden knot in the proud neck.

There hung upon her youthful brows
As many hopes as in the boughs

Are blossoms, bright, and rich, and gay,
In the blissful month of May.

Beethoven's hand hastened more and more over the keys!

"Now comes the most elevated part," he said; "in this are assembled the rays of light of the whole opera. Pay attention to this cry; all depends upon it, my child; you will show me at this point whether I have been mistaken in you or not!"

And he now gave, with touching inspiration, the famous cry:

„Tödt erſt ſein Weib!"

Wilhelmina Schröder now realized the magnitude of the task which she herself had sought; trembling she folded her hands; anxiety and happiness filled her breast. "First kill his wife!" this cry resounded in her ears; she heard nothing more; the brilliant finale glided by her like a dream. When Beethoven arose and closed the score, she approached him with unsteady steps.

"The effort that I would venture upon is great; bless me, so that it may be successful!" she said, solemnly, and bent her head.

The master laid his hand thoughtfully upon the blonde head, and a smile of contentment

flitted like an autumn sunbeam over his grave countenance.

Before the young girl slept, that evening, she folded her beautiful hands, and terminated her evening prayer with the words: "O God, let me become the Leonora that he imagined. Allow me to bring one more joy to his heart!"

A few weeks after this scene, Wilhelmina Schröder appeared in Vienna, in the opera of "Fidelio." The composer himself sat in a dark little box near the stage. Alas! the sweet and powerful tones that flowed from the lips of the young singer reached his almost entirely closed ear but feebly and indistinctly. He beheld the fire and ardour of her performance; he saw her eyes filled with passion and inspiration; and the acclamations that burst from the lips of the crowd rose around him like the roaring of the distant sea. The second act began; the beautiful woman descended into the dungeon, handed her starving husband the bread, passed through every stage of soul-martyrdom, and then came the wondrous luminous point, that powerful cry of anguish:

„Tödt erſt ſein Weib!"

Beethoven arose in feverish excitement. He gasped for breath; his immense form quivered; his eyes were fastened upon the singer's lips. For a second she seemed to hesitate; suddenly she drew herself up in a truly magnificent manner, and dashed this vibrating *b* with the greatest passion into the souls of her much-moved auditors. And then a miracle took place; this powerful *b,* filled with soul—like a revelation of light—penetrated through every barrier, and reached the master's closed ear.

Suddenly his work mirrored itself, as it were, in the glorious, overwhelming *b* that he had heard—as the universe mirrors itself in a single crystal drop. Unspeakable, boundless rapture seized him. He had not been deceived in *this* Leonora! He would have liked to clasp the young girl to his heart, to have bathed her in his tears; long-buried wishes, long-banished hopes, arose from their graves and gazed smilingly upon him. The sudden feeling of happiness overcame this man, so strong in *affliction,* so accustomed to *sorrow*: Ludwig van Beethoven fainted.

This representation of "Fidelio" was indeed the last—although perhaps the most dazzling—

sunbeam that fell upon the gloomy path of the sublime composer.

What could it have been that Ludwig van Beethoven demanded of the performer of his Leonora, and that he found in the blue eyes of this young maiden?

Wilhelmina Schröder carried the Leonora into the world. Who could hear the Fidelio (the idealization of the heroism of pure love) as performed by *her*, and ever forget it? Many singers have taken the part; but did *ever* one of them possess the power to impress the soul as did she? Were none, then, so beautiful as Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient, had none so powerful a voice or such enchanting grace? Oh, certainly! Charming women have donned the simple male attire of Fidelio, magnificent voices have sung to us the air: "Monster, whither dost thou hasten?" perfect actresses have personated this character; but did the cry: "First kill his wife!" *ever* escape from any other lips with such magnificent, overpowering force as from those of this blonde woman? And why? Here follows the solution of all inquiries. Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient possessed that rare charm that conquers the world—that enigmatical treasure

which, in our cold and languid age, has become almost a tradition—that most precious gem upon earth, that most beautiful blessing of heaven: *a warm heart!*

Little Jean Baptist

IT was at nine o'clock in the evening of the 24th of October, 1658, that a large and brilliant company had assembled in Paris at the palace of the elegant Marquise Saint-Remi. The long suite of apartments, furnished in the heavy and luxurious taste of the time, shone with the dazzling light of tapers. The large hall at the end of the rooms was divided upon this occasion by a purple curtain, that seemed to conceal a pleasant secret. Upon lowly benches were seated a few old musicians, belonging to the famous troop called *"les vingt-quarte violons."* They held their instruments in their hands, and cast inquisitive glances upon the radiant assemblage that moved before them.

Many beautiful women, clad in costly robes, with wide-spread skirts, their necks and bosoms decked with sparkling jewels, and the young men in embroidered court-dresses, stood in groups or walked, whispering confidentially, about the apartments. A few elderly ladies of the highest rank were seated upon richly gilded chairs, and had attracted a group of courtiers

about them, who respectfully watched their every look and word. The conversation turned mostly upon the last fête at court—upon the approaching betrothal of Philip of Orleans with the charming Henrietta of England, who was not yet fifteen years old—or upon yon curtained surprise. Then it began to be known that they were to have a new, exquisitely lovely pastoral, by l'Abbé Perrin, the melodies of which had been set to music by Michel Lambert. The amiability of the marquise in opening her house to her daughter's music-teacher for such a purpose was much praised. The gentlemen endeavoured to discover who the actresses were to be; the ladies teased the elegant abbé, the author of the play; while he, pale and excited, sought to conceal himself in the window-niches; in a word, all were in a state of pleasant expectation.

Michel Lambert was received everywhere. No one could excel his performance upon the lute. It was said that he had formerly played and sung almost daily for the dreaded Cardinal Richelieu, as did once David for the gloomy Saul. He was the best singing-master in Paris, and his handsome, carefully tended hands sparkled with costly rings, presents from his fair high-born pupils, while each day saw

his embroidered jabot decked with a different pin set in precious stones. Little now remained of his once pleasing voice; but Michel Lambert no longer needed its assistance to gain the favour of the elegant society of Paris; his reputation was firmly established. They honoured him as the composer of the *"Traité de l'accompagnement du clavecin, de l'orgue, et de quelques autres instrumens,"* as well as of the *"Principes du clavecin."** He had also composed several very pleasing trios, which were played and listened to with equal pleasure.

He was not to be seen amidst the company upon this occasion; he was behind the curtain with his actors, seeking in vain to dispel that "uncomfortable something" that a young girl is apt to feel before her first ball, a young soldier before his first battle, or a young author before the first performance of his play.

Behind the hall, the half of which had been altered into a stage, were three side-cabinets. Two of them opened into the hall, and had been given to the actors. The third had a glass window looking into the hall; it was connected by a door with the inner apartments of the

* The writer confounds Michel Lambert with Saint-Lambert, another teacher of music, and author of the *"Traité d'accompagnement,"* etc.—TRANSLATOR.

house, and by a concealed staircase with the garden. It was the oratory of the marquise. The before-mentioned window was doubtless intended to give additional light to the room, for the other one looked upon the garden, and in spring, summer, and autumn was made almost entirely useless, so shaded was it by the huge chestnut-trees without. Red silk curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, upon which a rich carpet was spread, while a costly lamp diffused a soft light through the room. This evening the oratory looked quite worldly. The repentant Magdalen that hung upon the wall was covered, and the artistically carved *prie-Dieu* had been removed to a corner. A handsome chair and a few stools were placed near the window that looked into the hall, and a marble table had been drawn into the centre of the room. It was laden with the rarest and choicest refreshments, and a magnificent agate dish, filled with beautiful flowers and fruits, stood in the centre of the table.

The tapestry door of this charming apartment opened noiselessly, and two maidenly forms glided in, just as the musicians commenced to tune their instruments.

"Come, fear not, Margot," whispered the shorter of the two to her companion, who

seemed loath to enter; "here we are secure. No one knows of this hiding place save mamma and papa, and they will surely never think of seeking us here. How delightful it will be to see and hear every thing through this little window! I can no longer endure this confinement in the convent or in the nursery! How long one must wait before arriving at the age of sixteen! But look, for whom can they have set this table?" The sight of the skilfully arranged flowers and fruits stopped the speaker's speech. The other young girl drew near, and they both cast curious glances upon the rare delicacies placed in golden cups seemingly to provoke the appetite of some unknown guest.

"For *whom* can they have set this table?" anxiously repeated the taller of the two.

"For whom except for papa?" the other cried, joyfully, after a short meditation. "Has he not told me a thousand times how stiff and tedious it was at these great festivals, and the pleasure it gave him when he was able to escape from them for an hour or two? He wishes to do this now, and therefore has had this apartment prepared for him. This is glorious! Papa will not scold if he find us here. He has never scolded me since I have been his daughter!"

"Yes, the marquis is a good step-father to you, Louison!"

"So good that I often feel sad that I do not bear his name, and am called 'Louise de La Vallière' instead of 'Louise de Saint-Remi.' Do you think he would look serious if we were to taste some of these dainties? We have time to do so. It is not yet ten o'clock; and I scarcely think that they will commence to play before eleven, as the servants have just carried in the refreshments. Come, let us sup also, dear Margot. What would Papa Lambert say if he knew how near we are to him?"

Margot laughed, and nodded. The young girls drew their stools to the table, and partook of the dainties.

The light of the lamp fell full upon their figures. Neither of them knew how beautiful they were at this moment. The smaller and livelier of the two was Louise de La Vallière, a child of fifteen, the only daughter of the Marquise Saint-Remi by a former marriage. She was blonde, white, and rosy—a bewitching elf, with laughing blue eyes and a lovely mouth. Happy in being released for a few days from the convent in which she was being educated, no less happy in the successful issue of her cunning plan to see Perrin's Pastoral, and to

listen to the music of her teacher Lambert, she was in the gayest spirits. Half kneeling, half reclining, she leaned upon the table. A loose white dress, somewhat tumbled, and worn without hoops, floated about her limbs; it was trimmed with heavy blue bows, and a boquet of faded autumn flowers was fastened upon her breast. No powder lay upon her golden locks, among which her charming little hands had produced much disorder.

Her companion was Margot Lambert, the sixteen-year-old child of the music-teacher. She was the true daughter of her splendour-loving father, and was very carefully dressed in a wide-spread robe of heavy silk of a pale pink colour, trimmed with lace, while feathers and pearls adorned the well-powdered dark hair. Her costume suited admirably her handsome face, with its large dark eyes, and Margot Lambert, despite her sixteen years, behaved herself so gracefully and prettily, and seemed so self-possessed, that he who had looked upon her at that moment for the first time would unquestionably have taken her for Mademoiselle de La Valliére, and Louison for the music-teacher's daughter. Louison was timid when with strangers, and only free and joyous when among her companions or with her step-father.

Margot, on the contrary, had early been accustomed to society, especially to that of men; for her father received much company, and since her mother's death, which had occurred three years previously, she had presided at his table.

"If one could only be there," whispered Margot, pointing to the hall, "among those splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen!"

"No, not for a moment," answered Louison, picking up a magnificent bunch of grapes and slowly plucking off berry after berry, "do I wish to be with all those stiff people. Ah, if all ladies were as friendly and as beautiful as you and mamma, and all the gentlemen as gay and agreeable as Monsieur Quinault, who comes to read his verses to the marquise——"

"Ah, Quinault; I know him also. He is handsome; but," said the slender Margot rather contemptuously, "he will never be a courtier! Does he really please you, or is it merely his verses that you like?"

"When I have been permitted to sit at mamma's feet and listen, I have found the reader quite as handsome as his verses. He gazes upon me in a friendly manner, and never treats me like a child; all this makes him seem quite charming to me!"

"I think that you would suit each other well. Like you, he would only go to court when forced to do so."

"What should he do there? That is just what I like about him! Now he is a free bird, and can sing where he pleases and as he pleases. Were he at court, they would place him in a golden cage, over which they would hang a handkerchief when they wished to silence him. No, we will remain together, Quinault and I! Perhaps I may become his wife some day! Mamma so often teases us about our friendship for one another. Then we will have a beautiful little castle, situated in a forest, and he shall read me his verses all day long. You shall visit us, Margot. There must be a large, deep pond around the castle, with swans floating upon it, and——"

"But, Louison, you are to go to court in two years' time; you are to be a maid of honour! Do you entirely forget that?"

Louison laid aside her grapes, and rested her head upon her hand. A deep sadness suddenly clouded her childlike face. "Why remind me of this?" she said, in a melancholy voice; "I was so happy to-night. This thought spoils every thing for me My mother laughs at me, and my father also, but I cannot help it, I

dread going to court as much now as I formerly feared to sleep alone in the dark.''

''Would that I could exchange places with you!'' said Lambert's daughter, with sparkling eyes.

''And I should like very well to be your father's daughter,'' answered Louison, with returned gayety; ''he is always good and patient; but do not be angry with me, Margot I could not fancy the bold violinist that you intend to marry.''

''Little Jean Baptiste will become more famous than will your Quinault,'' remarked Margot, visibly offended. ''Besides, I shall not marry him until the king himself has danced to the music of his violin. And I have told him so. He plays now more beautifully than any one in the troop of the '*vingt-quatre violons;*' and I wager if the young king were once to hear him perform, he would dance to his exquisite melodies with as much pleasure as I do. But how approach young Louis?''

''Wait until I am maid of honour and wear a stiff dress and tight shoes. Then I will intercede for your bold little Jean Baptiste, as well as for my good, timid Quinault. I shall then see the king daily, and I shall not feel more fear of *him* than I now do of others. Look, I should appear before him thus.''

She sprang from her seat, drew herself up to her full height, and, smiling upon her friend, held each side of her dress gracefully, and, making slowly a deep courtesy, said, solemnly: "Sire "

"Wait!" Margot cried, "let me adorn you for this representation. Here is a magnificent rose. So—I have placed it in your hair. Now, once more, Louison; you are more apt than I thought!"

"Sire!" Louison began anew.

Suddenly the tapestry door behind them opened noiselessly, and the Marquis Saint-Remi ushered in, with great reverence, a tall stranger. Astonished, they stood upon the threshold. and gazed upon the lovely group.

At length the marquis beheld the destruction of the artistic arrangement of the table, and cried: "Unhappy children!" Louison started. "Papa," she cried, and rushed towards her step-father, without heeding the stranger, "you are not angry; is it not so? I felt so great a desire to see a pastoral, and to listen to the music of my teacher Lambert. And so Margot and I intended to peep through the window. Oh, do not be offended with us!"

During this speech Margot pulled her friend's dress, and the marquis strove to interrupt her; but in vain.

As she concluded, the stranger advanced, bowed, and said, jestingly: "Here is another who also wishes to peep. Will Mademoiselle de La Vallière permit him to do so?"

At the first tones of his wondrously melodious voice, a thrill passed through the young girl's frame. Slowly she turned her eyes towards him, and her glance met those fiery commanding eyes whose power no woman could resist when they condescended to entreat—the eyes of the young king, Louis the Fourteenth.

Louison had never seen him; but she felt that the king stood before her, and a death-like pallor covered her face. Then a glowing red suffused her cheeks; confused, ashamed, overwhelmed by a flood of inexplicable conflicting feelings, and half sobbing, she turned to Margot, and cried: "Oh, we have eaten the finest of his grapes!"

This charming, childish exclamation made the young king laugh heartily. The marquis, who could not endure to see his step-daughter's grief, soon joined in his merriment. A few words sufficed to explain the unexpected appearance of the two young girls in the room from whose window Louis, by a secret arrangement with the marquis, had wished to view the new pastoral unseen. Louis himself interceded

for the "little ones;" they were allowed to remain, and, placed directly in front of the king, watched the play from the window.

The marquis, with a light heart, stood behind the chair of his lofty master. During the performance the young girls seemed to have completely forgotten their high-born neighbour. Louison sat as though turned into a statue; her glorious blue eyes alone lived and sparkled. Margot often inclined her beautiful head towards her friend, and whispered and laughed. The marquis was occasionally obliged to bid her be still. The king seemed more entertained by the pleasing scene so near to him than by the pompous verses and stiff melodies without; he scarcely turned his eyes from the young girls. The piece ended amid the loud applause of the elegant assemblage. Louis the Fourteenth then arose, and, with a joyous air, said: "I should like to make these two lovely children forget the fright that I unwittingly caused them. If they will express a wish to me, by my royal word, I will fulfil it if it be possible. Speak, my charming Mademoiselle de La Vallière!"

But the childish, merry Louison was suddenly strangely embarrassed and mute. She trembled, changed colour, and could not speak. Upon the repeated inquiry of her step-father

whether she had nothing to request from the king's favour, she hastily shook her head and timidly drew back. Then Margot advanced, and, courtesying as she had seen Louison do before the king entered, she looked boldly up to him with her flashing eyes, and said: "Sire, my betrothed is a very skilful violinist; allow him to perform for you, and give him a good situation among your musicians."

"How is the happy one called, my beautiful child?" asked the young king, smiling.

"He is only called *'Little Jean Baptiste;'* but his real name is *Lully,* Sire, and he is a native of Florence."

"Sire, the little fellow is really no poor musician," whispered the marquis. "When he was twelve years old he was brought to Paris by the Chevalier de Guise, who, forgetting his brilliant promises, allowed him to enter the service of Mademoiselle de Montpensier as a scullion. A hard fate for a gentleman's son! In his leisure moments he amused himself by playing upon a wretched violin. The Count de Nogent, hearing him one day accidentally, was struck by his performance, and hastened to inform Mademoiselle de Montpensier of the precocious talent of her young servant, and advised her to give him a teacher. Lully soon obtained a place

among the violinists of the princess, and became celebrated not only for his execution upon his instrument, but for the airs which he composed. Lambert thinks so much of little Jean Baptiste that he has betrothed him to his only daughter."

"Then I suppose that you would gladly be married at once?" inquired the king.

"Our happiness lies now in your hands, Sire," said Margot, roguishly smiling; "only allow little Jean Baptiste to perform for you. You do not know how beautiful his dancing melodies are; a king need not be ashamed to dance to them."

"Well, we are anxious to try them. Send me your Italian. I will listen to him. If he be only half as good as you say, I will assist him to his happiness—to his beautiful wife!"

With a friendly greeting, Louis the Fourteenth turned to go. Louison's rose fell close to his feet. He did not notice it, and, stepping heedlessly upon the flower, crushed it. The maiden picked it up unseen.

Margot, intoxicated with joy, threw her arms around her little friend's neck. "But why," asked she, when her delight had somewhat subsided, "did you not petition for your Quinault?"

"For *my* Quinault?" repeated Louison, so distantly and so proudly that Margot gazed upon her with astonishment. "Remind me of it when I am a maid of honour."

The next day Louison de La Vallière, weeping, entered the heavy coach which was to carry her back to the Convent of the Ursulines. All Paris knew and laughed at the trick of the "little girls," and none enjoyed it more than Père Lambert.

Two days after the representation of *"Pomone,"* Jean Baptiste Lully presented himself before his fair betrothed as first violinist of a troop of musicians, founded by the king, called *"les petits violons."* The name had been given in order to distinguish it from *"la grande bande,"* commonly called *"les vingt-quatre violons."* The prefix *"petit"* was very distasteful to Lully.

Margot received the news of his promotion with intense joy. He asked her when the wedding should take place.

"I will not alter my determination. I will be yours when the king shall have danced to the music of your violin!"

"He shall do so," was the answer. "Before three months have passed by, you will be *Margot Lully!*"

At the end of about nine weeks, all Paris was talking of an enchanting festival, or "*divertissement,*" to be given—called a "*ballet.*" The music was composed by the little violinist Lully; and it was so charming that the king had declared that *he himself* would dance in it. And he did so. At unheard-of expense, and with most unusual splendour, the "*Alcidione*" was brought out at Versailles. The composer himself led his musicians, and the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the court danced in it.

Amidst the spectators, Margot Lambert, with a countenance beaming with happiness, and attired in her finest costume, sat by her father's side.

Exactly one week after this evening, the charming Margot and little Jean Baptiste were man and wife.

When the bridegroom presented his blushing young wife to his protector the king, he gave him the title of Chapel-Master of the "*petits violons,*" and said to Margot, jestingly: "Henceforward the *wife* will play the violin, and the husband must dance. You need only complain to me should the dancer ever refuse you obedience. Do not forget!"

Lully was now happy; he had not only a

charming wife, but he had also excellent musicians who were obliged to obey him. His zealous aim was directed to the advancement of his band. He composed for it brilliant symphonies, trios, and marches, and forced his musicians to play them accurately. His artists trembled before him; if they took but a single false note, he would fall into ungovernable fits of passion. It often happened that he would fly at the culprit, and would tear his instrument from his hands and beat him with it until it was literally broken into a thousand pieces. It is true that on the following day he would send the ill-treated man a new instrument, worth far more than the shattered one, and would invite him to dine with him at his own house, where a smile and a friendly word from the beautiful Margot would never fail to soothe the sufferer's wounded feelings.

Thanks to his assiduity and severity, the young chapel-master soon succeeded, through the superiority of his band over that of the "*vingt-quatre violons,*" in gaining the favour of the young music-loving king; indeed, he won it so completely that Louis the Fourteenth named him his secretary—an honour that made the vain Jean Baptiste far happier than the richest present would have done. He now be-

came so haughty and so overbearing that once, when the proud Marquis de Louvois told him, contemptuously, that he only deserved the title of *court-fool,* he boldly answered him: "How gladly would *you* be one yourself, did you but possess the talent! There is but a slight difference between you and myself. You are obliged to dance when the king commands (or can I believe that you would dare refuse?), and the *king* dances when *I* play for him. I would rather be the player than a dancer like you!"

Louis laughed when this speech of his favourite was repeated to him. How could he reprove little Jean Baptiste, who composed such beautiful ballets for him?

In the tenth year of his marriage, Lully had already composed six *"Ballets des Arts,"* as well as the music to Molière's *"La Princesse d'Elide," "L'Amour Médecin,"* and *"L'Eglogue de Versailles,"* by Quinault. At this time Parisian society laughingly whispered that the beautiful Margot Lully had had an audience with the king, in order to complain of her husband's dissipated life. Every one knew that little Jean Baptiste was a dissolute fellow; indeed, one could see the life he led merely by looking at him. He had never been handsome, but now he was positively ugly. His small,

pale face, peering through an immense wig, was not improved by eyes surrounded by red circles, and by a red-tipped nose. His figure, when not holding his baton in his hand, was that of an old man. But sparks of wit and malice flashed often from his dark little eyes, and when he stood amidst his musicians every muscle of his body quivered with excitement. His wig was always crooked and dishevelled, his jabot crumpled, and the lace trimmings of his cuffs often flew about him in rags, whilst he was leading. The *"petits violons,"* as well as the *"vingt-quatre,"* had long since been dissolved. He was the king of the Parisian stage, and ruled every band of musicians in the capital. No one in Paris dared play on flute or violin without having secured Lully's protection. He who pleased little Jean Baptiste pleased the Parisians.

The bitter complaints and tears of his poor, neglected wife—the once charming Margot—at length induced the king to treat his chapel-master somewhat coldly.

This slight disgrace was deeply felt by Lully, who used every endeavour to regain his lofty patron's good graces, but in vain. At last he tried his talent as "buffoon." He appeared one evening in Molière's comedy of the

LULLY

"Malade Imaginaire," in the rôle of *Pourceaugnac.* In this character he played the wildest antics, and, whilst escaping from the apothecaries and their instruments, he leaped into the orchestra upon the sounding-board of the piano, which broke, with a hollow sound, into a thousand pieces. The king burst into fits of laughter, and the merry-maker resumed his old place in his favour: poor Margot's tears were forgotten.

In the year 1672, Lully opened a theatre, in which he was not only director, stage-manager, *maître de ballet,* leader, and machinist, but also composer of all the music. His first representation was the opera called: *"Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus,"* in which, with Quinault's assistance, he had happily combined favourite scenes from old pieces with several new ones. The *mise en scène* was gorgeous, and the court was enchanted. The following year he produced *"Cadmus,"* with a prologue, the poetry by Quinault. This was the first *"tragédie lyrique"* ever performed upon the French stage. In this work the composer's genius suddenly rose to a great height. After Molière's death, Lully obtained the theatre of the Palais Royal, accompanied by another favour from the king—an ordinance forbidding

the other theatres in Paris from using more than two voices and six violins. None had so firm a foothold as the "buffoon."

Lully's glory was now at its zenith. His first opera in this new theatre was "*Alceste,*" the text by Quinault; then followed "*Thésée,*" "*Le Carnaval,*" "*Atys,*" "*Isis,*" with its famous scene in the third act, in which a violent storm roared in masterly sound-painting.* The greatest poets of France now begged for his notice. Corneille wrote the libretto of "*Psyché*" for him, Fontenelle, that of "*Bellérophon.*" Some of Lully's compositions for the Church were grand—among others, a "*Te Deum,*" an "*Exaudiat,*" the psalm "*Plaudite gentes,*" the "*Veni Creator,*" a "*Jubilate,*" a "*Miserere,*" a "*De profundis,*" and a "*Libera.*" His church music was quite as successful and as effective as that which he wrote for the theatre. Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters, when speaking of the funeral ceremonies of the Chancelier Séguier, says: "The music cannot be described; Lully surpassed himself in his beautiful '*Miserere.*' At the '*Libera*' all eyes

* Lully was forty years old when he commenced to write these operas (nineteen in number), whose success lasted nearly a century, and which even to-day merit in certain points the esteem of the connoisseur.

were filled with tears: I do not think that the music of heaven can be more divine."

On the last of October, 1680, Lully's new opera of *"Armide"* (with Quinault's text) was brought out. The sickly poet had had much trouble in pleasing the eccentric composer; for he had been obliged to re-write the fifth act of *"Armide" five* times before he made it acceptable to him. But he patiently endured every thing; for was he not permitted to sit whole evenings with Margot Lully, and to speak of *her* to love whom had been the most beautiful dream of his youthful heart—of Louison de la Vallière? Margot's pale cheek would flush once more as she lost herself in these old memories. All sorrow would forsake her heart whilst describing to her invalid friend the lovely picture of Louison's childhood and her own. She told ever and again the story of that fatal evening in the oratory of the Marquise de Saint-Remi. Then it was that the king's foot had heedlessly crushed the blooming rose that had fallen from Louison's hair; where was she now—she, who had been the fairest of all roses?

The court, and all in Paris that could boast of rank, wealth, and beauty, had assembled to

see the first representation of Lully's "*Armide.*" The famous singer Marthe le Rochvis took the principal rôle. The audience was enraptured. The whole house resembled a sea of light and splendour; intoxicating tones and cries of delight arose on all sides. Lully's soul swelled proudly. The king called him to his box and placed a costly ring upon his finger; the queen took her bouquet from her breast and, smiling, gave it to him. Once more behind the scenes, he cast both ring and flowers into the lap of the most charming singer of the time, the siren-like Marthe le Rochvis, who in return gave him a coquettish tap on the cheek with her fan.

At this same hour, two women were taking leave of each other in the Convent of the Carmelites. One, in her long, flowing nun's attire, was called in the convent "Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde." She extended her wondrously beautiful hand through the grated window to the weeping woman whose brow was pressed against its iron bars. "Be consoled, Margot; do not be thus prostrated," she said, gently; "since you can no longer love *him*, love your *children*. You have a right to do so. Do not forget that in having this right you are a thousand times happier than I. *I*, also for-

saken, was forced to weep more at the birth of my children than I afterwards did at their death. Margot Lully in all her grief is happy in comparison with Louison de la Vallière."

Margot Lully kissed her friend's hand with passionate tenderness. "Pray for me, thou holy one!" she said, and left her.

Just two-and-twenty years before, this sorrow-stricken woman in her rich attire, and this nun, with her glance like a bride of heaven, sat, two merry, lively children, in the little oratory of the Marquise de Saint-Remi, laughing and jesting. Neither of them now thought of that evening. What had become of the brilliant assembly that then filled the sumptuous apartments of the palace? Most of them lay in the deep sleep of death. Among them rested the marquise herself, and Louison's affectionate step-father, as well as Michel Lambert. The famous poet Quinault had become a feeble, gloomy old man; Lully alone seemed happy. And Margot and Louison? One was the forsaken wife of a faithless husband; the other, the forsaken mistress of a powerful monarch—*a crushed rose.*

After an illness of Louis the Fourteenth, Lully composed a "*Te Deum*" in honour of his

convalescence. It was brought out on the 8th of January, 1687. During its performance Lully became so excited, whilst leading, that he struck his foot violently with his baton and was carried home senseless. This blow caused an abscess, from which he was destined not to recover. His sufferings were alleviated by one who from that hour took her place by his couch. She consoled, encouraged, and tended upon the sick man unwearyingly by night and day. Lully soon thought that he had never seen a more beautiful face. And Margot Lully—for *she* was the tender nurse—believed once more that *happiness* might still be possible upon this dreary earth. Her eyes, whose brightness had been dimmed by many tears, sparkled anew, and her smile regained its old charm. Under her careful tendance Lully became so strengthened that he could occasionally sit up in bed and work. Thus the first act of an opera, "*Achille et Polixène,*" was written. The sick man's stern confessor found him one day employed thus profanely, and appealed so strongly to his conscience, that he at last pushed the scribbled papers towards the zealous priest, saying: "There, take the trash and burn it, but pray let me rest!" The manuscript of "*Achille et Polixène*" was really committed to

the flames. Afterwards, when his wife gently reproached him for destroying his work, he whispered in her ear, with his old, sly smile: "Do not fret, Margot. I have a copy of it carefully put away."*

On the 22d of March, 1687, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, Jean Baptiste Lully breathed his last in Margot's arms, and his restless soul sought a new post as chapel-master in heaven.

* A mistake: it was the "*Armide,*" during a previous illness.

A Forgotten One

"The wreath was twined of violets blue,
That graced sweet Jenny's brow so true."

THE name of Ludwig Berger is an almost forgotten one; yet it belonged to a good man, now no more; a pure, noble, amiable being, of a truly musical nature! The remembrance that he has left behind him in the hearts of all who were so fortunate as to have known him, is not more precious than the radiant traces of his artistic existence, which we admire and follow in his works and pupils. His modest grave, over whose turf only fourteen years have passed with light footsteps, is as forgotten as though its weary covering had rested upon it for half a century. Many of his favourite scholars, and, indeed, the youngest and most brilliant one, have already followed their honoured master upon that path "whence *none* have e'er returned."

Berger's works are, if you can believe it, almost buried with him. A little bouquet of his truly poetical song-flowers bloom occasionally in the room of a true lover of by-gone music.

There may be met one of the four wondrously beautiful sonatas for piano, that once enchanted the fashionable world of Berlin and St. Petersburg. The souvenir of Ludwig Berger brings with it sadness, for we think of him wandering ill and solitary. But let us show you a little picture from his life.

A pale young woman was seated in a small but cheerful room beside a green-curtained cradle, in which a scarcely three-weeks-old child was sleeping. The delicate cheek of the blonde mother spoke touchingly of the beauty and health whose flowers had once bloomed upon it, but which now had fled, and had taken refuge in her large blue eyes. Every thing lay in them—light, youth, strength, and happiness—an oasis upon fields of snow. The young mother's little foot touched the rocker of the cradle, and she sang, almost breathed, a cradle-song with popular words, and with a charming, simple melody:

"When my baby I rock to sleep, love,
I sing him the song of the turtle-dove."

Snow-flakes were falling without, and frost-pictures were curiously peeping through the small panes of glass; for it was winter—an icy winter in St. Petersburg. The sleighs drove by,

wildly chasing each other; criers and vendors of different wares, well enveloped in furs, bustled about; beggar-women sang; but—although these sounds penetrated faintly into the room—the young woman heeded them not.

"Ludwig will soon come!" she whispered to herself, smiling dreamily. After giving a long motherly look into the cradle, she arose, moved slowly towards the piano in the corner of the room, which was covered with as much care as was the child's little bed, and dusted its cover. Then she went to the writing-desk, and endeavoured to bring into their proper position the portraits of Mozart and Clementi that hung over it, and who were looking at each other obliquely. How *German* was the little room! It had white cloud-like curtains, pipes hung in the corner, the walls were decked with views of Berlin and its environs, a dried bouquet of violets in a frame, a row of silhouettes, a German sheet-almanac, and a small collection of German musicians. A dressing-gown was thrown over the arm of the writing-chair. Of all the nations of Europe, none carry their habits and manner of living about with them so minutely as do the Germans. They incommode no one, however, and are completely satis-

fied if allowed to be happy in their own way within their own four walls.

The pictures were straightened, the papers on the writing-desk were arranged by her careful hand, and then the busy one discovered a sheet of music. It was dedicated: "To Jenny." The first stanza of the song seemed completed; its words were:

> "The wreath was twined of violets blue,
> That graced sweet Jenny's brow so true,
> When in the dance I with fond alarms
> First pressed her in my timid arms."

Tears started to the pale young woman's eyes. "To *me?* Ah, Heaven, he has thought of my birthday, which, by our dear *German* almanac, we celebrate to-morrow. How *good* he is!" she said, with profound melancholy.

"Do you really think so?" inquired a man's gentle voice, and Ludwig Berger came in softly, and wound his arm around his wife's waist. "Since you know it," he continued, cheerfully, "I will not attempt to deny it. You so dearly love the little blue flowers of our home that I wished to write and set to music a *Violet-Song* for you. But, Jenny, do not weep so bitterly," he said, as he seated himself, and drew his agitated wife upon his knee; "you shall soon

pluck your favourites again in your own quiet little garden near the gates of the city; I have promised it to you, and I will keep my word. We have now been nearly four years in the great city of the Czar. Your poor Ludwig will soon be a rich man—thanks to his wealthy pupils; then we will gayly turn our backs upon the pomp of St. Petersburg, and journey towards our beloved Berlin."

His blonde wife looked up, and smiled. The expression of intense home-sickness which made her face so strangely touching to an attentive observer softened, and melted into one of melancholy joy.

"Oh, how doubly rich we shall return!" said she, and pointed with emotion to the cradle. Berger responded to her glance with a father's proud smile, and asked, jestingly, if the rogue had been rocked to sleep with papa's cradle-song.

She nodded assent, and then he caressingly pressed his wife to his heart. "How can you be ready with my birthday-song?" the young wife inquired; "you have scarcely finished the first verse, and you must go this evening to Prince Tz——."

"The second one is already written in my head," he replied, "and the baby-boy is to

bring you a bouquet of violets in the third one; now you know all!"

"Violets in winter," she cried, much excited and astonished, "what a fabulous idea!"

"In the hot-houses of St. Petersburg all flower legends become realities," he replied; "see if I do not bring you violets to-morrow."

It was now quite dark; the nurse brought in the lamp, the mother and child went to rest in the adjoining room.

"You have more fever to-day than yesterday," said, anxiously, the old experienced German woman. "I do not comprehend why the doctor takes so little notice of it!"

"Silence, silence," whispered the young mother, "do not let my husband hear you; in a few hours he is to play at the house of Prince Tz——; no sad thoughts must torment him there! To-morrow all will be well!"

She affectionately bade her husband good-night. He meanwhile prepared for his visit to the house of the Prince, who was to give a *soirée* to celebrate the birthday of his only daughter, and had begged Berger to perform before a small and select company.

"I wish that I could remain home," murmured Berger, with melancholy; "the violet-song should be finished." He seated himself at

the writing-desk, and hastily wrote a few lines. "It does not do," he sighed, "the birthday-song will *not* be *joyful.* I shall leave it until to-morrow; then I shall have the *bouquet* before me!"

Before leaving, he entered the adjoining room, and gave a long, tender look at his precious treasures, his wife and child.

The young woman lay, with glowing cheeks, in a restless slumber. "Give me the violets, Ludwig, quickly, quickly," she passionately cried, and extended her arms; "you come too late!—You tarry too long! Oh, my poor, poor friend!"

"She often dreams," said the old nurse, consolingly, to the anxious husband.

The parlours of the splendour-loving Prince Tz—— were brilliantly illuminated, and the fabulous beauty of their decorations recalled to mind the wondrous age of fairy-lore. The palaces of the Russian nobles alone realize the magic dreams of golden rooms, and spring-like gardens in frozen winter; description can give no idea of the overwhelming luxury and splendour of their residences.

This evening but three parlours were thrown

open; in the centre one was placed the magnificent piano. The entrance-chamber served as the reception-room, while the last one was changed into a laughing garden with cascades of perfumed water. The guests, about thirty in number, consisted of the élite of the musical world, and a few young girls, friends of the beautiful daughter of the house—most of them pupils of Berger. Among the artists the expressive head of Clementi and the pleasant face of John Field were conspicuous; both were living in St. Petersburg, and were intimate friends of the talented German.

It was Clementi who had induced Berger to visit St. Petersburg. Just before going to Russia, he had heard young Berger play, and was so charmed with the artist's dreamy geniality, that he immediately asked him to leave Berlin and become his travelling companion. The proposition was joyfully and thankfully accepted. Shortly afterwards these two remarkable musicians journeyed forth into the world, teaching others and improving themselves! Having arrived at St. Petersburg, Clementi succeeded in procuring so many pupils for the young German, that his existence was fully assured in this strange land. When Clementi departed, he had the pleasure of

knowing that Berger had sent to Berlin for his betrothed, his dear, gentle Jenny, and that the home they had longed for so ardently had been found on the shores of the Neva. The frequent illness of his delicate wife, who suffered from homesickness, often threw gloomy shadows upon Berger's young married life; and when Clementi, after a five years' absence, returned to St. Petersburg, he found his pupil and favourite—it is true in great joy at the birth of his son—but not so happy and free from care as he had expected. The nervous irritability of this remarkably rich nature had increased to an alarming degree; and his inclination to a certain fanciful melancholy appeared to have developed itself in an extraordinary manner. Berger was one of those beings that know only how to extract *poison* from flowers; he could conceive of no joy that was unalloyed by sorrow; a cloudless sky but reminded him of an approaching storm.

This evening, in the prince's parlour, Clementi remarked an unusual melancholy on his favourite's countenance—a melancholy that had not been dissipated even by the distinguished reception which had been given him.

"Would that the evening hours would pass with redoubled quickness," he said, in an

undertone, to Clementi and Field; "my wife is ill, and a bunch of violets, that I hoped to present her with to-morrow—which is her birthday—has been torn from the poor musician by some rich *Boyar*. He offered a hundred roubles for the bouquet—and the florist has given it to him. I have just come from him; he wished to give me other flowers! I have sent to all the other green-houses, but there are no violets to be had." Clementi endeavoured to console his excited friend, saying that perhaps other flowers would give her as much pleasure. Berger shook his head impatiently, and answered: "You do not know my poor Jenny; they are her favourite flowers; to them are attached all the sweet remembrances of our love; they are allied to her whole being, for she herself is of a violet-like nature! And," he continued, in a low voice, to himself, "of what use is my song without its perfumed accompaniment?"

Kathinka, Princess Tz——, now approached the artists; in the purest German she begged Berger to perform his Es-dur-Sonata. He gazed almost absently upon her. She was indeed very lovely as she thus stood, clad in a heavy white satin dress, with costly rows of pearls in her black hair and around her well-

formed neck and arms. Fire flashed from the black eyes, a warm heart showed itself in the beautiful young countenance, and a kind, almost tender smile played about the full lips, as she spoke to her honoured teacher.

"Princess Kathinka can command," Berger answered, after a pause, "but she will have compassion upon her teacher; he cannot give his entire thoughts to a long piece of music this evening, even though it be his own composition. His wife is ill, and his heart is very heavy; his high-born pupil must allow him to extemporize! Take him as he is! It is true that the effort will be quite unworthy the day that we are here to celebrate, but the annoyance will soon be forgotten; no shadow can long remain near you; you belong to the happy ones of this earth, to whom God has given eternal sunshine!"

An expression of the bitterest sorrow passed over the maiden's face; she turned from her teacher and grew very pale. "Do not inconvenience yourself on my account," she said, in a low voice, and left him.

Ludwig Berger went to the piano and extemporized.

It is a peculiar gift—and but rarely granted—this pouring out of one's individu-

ality into tones, this unveiling of one's most secret thoughts and feelings. Artists seldom give *themselves* in their so-called fantasias; most of them offer a piquant mixture of beautiful melodies, brilliant *fiorituras,* pretty trills, reminiscences skilfully woven together, *et voilà tout.* A few unassuming men, however, whose hearts as well as fingers have been touched by divine Music, often surprise us strangely with their heart-moving fantasias; the story of a human soul lies hidden within them. Whoever has heard *Mendelssohn* extemporize has heard Berger's true pupil, and has heard at the same time the "artist by the grace of God" and the "man" full of mind and soul.

Ludwig Berger extemporized. A softly moving lake unfolded itself, its waves undulated beneath the shimmering moonlight. The reeds waved and crackled mysteriously. Songs and sweet sounds streamed from the calyces of languishing water-flowers, whilst amidst them melodies trembled, songs from his happy, bygone childhood, cradle-songs that his dead mother used to sing, maiden songs that had flowed from the lips of his beloved. All hovered spirit-like above the lake. The waves rustled more loudly, as though they would drown the sweet memories; then the moonlight

became dimmed, the flowers shudderingly closed their calyces, and deep, touching complaints resounded and penetrated with their agitating power into the souls of his auditors. They were forcibly drawn into this singing, sounding sorrow, and fought and suffered with it. At last, the lake flowed, like a vaporous dream, gradually away; the breath of the flowers, the whispering of the reeds, the moonbeams, the sighs and tears, mingled together. All became softer and softer, and a simple, touching melody struck, as though from afar, the listener's ear, an infinitely lovely ballad: it was the first stanza of the birthday-song:

> "The wreath was twined of violets blue,
> That graced sweet Jenny's brow so true,
> When in the dance I with fond alarms
> First pressed her in my timid arms."

When Berger arose, Kathinka Tz——stood near him.

Her eyes were filled with tears; she gazed upon his serious, refined countenance with a look of passionate admiration. "Accept, my dear, dearest teacher," she said, hastily, in a half-stifled voice, "accept my heartfelt thanks! And here—these flowers can tell you better than can I, how dear you are to us!" She

placed a large, beautiful bunch of violets in the astonished man's hands, who with rapture recognized in them his lost treasure. "They are flowers such as bloom in your old home," she continued; "they were given to me by my betrothed! It was a caprice of mine to wish only for violets. Carry the bouquet to her—to the wife whom you love."

Four-and-twenty hours after this occurrence, Ludwig Berger sat by his wife's dead body. A nervous fever had hurried her away. So said the physicians. She died gently on her birthday, in the arms of her husband, and a few hours afterwards the child followed its loving mother. A wreath of violets lay upon the stilled breast of the smiling dead one. The birthday-song was just completed. The pale man, seated at the feet of the sleeping one, gently pressed it into her folded hands. It now read:

"The wreath was twined of violets blue,
That graced sweet Jenny's brow so true,
When in the dance I with fond alarms
First pressed her in my timid arms.
Of all the flowers in wood or field,
To the violet blue the crown we yield.

"The bouquet was all of violets blue,
That decked sweet Jenny's breast so true,
When to my little house for life
I brought my lovely, fair young wife.
The violets blue will e'er have power
Me to remind of that blissful hour.

"And when by love and joy forsaken,
Jenny by death from me was taken,
The wreath that by myself was made,
And on her brow with sorrow laid,
Of rosemary I made it not, nor rue,
But of the violet—the violet blue."

Do you not think that the odour of violets which hovers over this most sorrowful and most lovely song of Berger's has been wafted into the soul of his genial pupil Felix Mendelssohn?

Does not the lovely song:

"When I espied the first violet,"

give "distinct tidings of it?"

An Old Piano

AT Weimar, in the grand-ducal castle, in fact in the Grand Duke's own chamber, there stands among costly decorations and rich furniture, a small square piano without ornament of any kind. Its brown wood is bleached, like some fabric long exposed to the sun; compared with the elegant uprights and baby-grands of our day, its severe simplicity suggests such a contrast as exists between a portrait of some ancestor in queue and periwig and the work of one of the modern portrait painters.

We had just strolled past many of the magnificent art treasures in which the Castle of Weimar is so exceedingly rich, admiring paintings and sketches, busts and statues, mosaics, bewitching roses and waterlilies painted on marble by the hands of noble ladies; but the homely old piano brought us to a halt. A question was just hovering on my lips when the guide, continuing his set recital, anticipated it by saying: "Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven played on that."

When I heard this I could not have passed the old piano for worlds. We stood still;

slowly and carefully, and filled with reverence for the precious relic, I raised the top. Over the keys was inscribed the well-known old firm name of "Imler" the Leipzig manufacturer. The broader keys were white, a fact which gave it an elegance superior to any possessed by the old spinets, which have a uniform black keyboard. Very softly I struck a chord, and the strings shrilled and hummed strangely, as if I had awakened their tones from a deep slumber and set them whirring wildly together, crying and complaining in dismay. Suddenly, in my fancy, the heavy window draperies were drawn together, and it was night. Countless candles were kindled by invisible hands; the doors were thrown open to admit the guests of the talented Karl August, whose portrait we had just beheld, but who now was standing in the flesh before us, in the center of the room, smiling and playing the host. At his side was the more serious figure of his spouse Louise, wearing a low coif with broad ornaments, which concealed her hair almost entirely, and a yellow costume, closed at the throat, exactly as in her life-size portrait. In her eyes was the same troubled, dreamy expression, so that she appeared not to see, or not to notice, those who were arriving. Behind Louise I saw the fresh, cheerful face of Duchess

Amalie, and, in the background, the whole company of whispering court ladies and cavaliers. Nods and smiles were everywhere; glances flashed from this side and that; silken gowns rustled; fair arms and shoulders glistened like snow; pearls and jewels gleamed and sparkled.

The guests were indeed "bright stars glowing side by side in a splendid heaven." King of them all was Goethe. Schiller, with his pale forehead, followed Goethe, supported on the arm of his frail companion. Wieland, too, was there, with his mysterious smile, and Herder, with his clear gaze; others were young Jean Paul, Mark, Knebel, Musäus, Stein, and Kalb the handsome recluse. And then the galaxy of fair women! I saw Charlotte von Stein in company with Charlotte von Kalb, Caroline von Wolzogen, Corona Schröder, and many others. The little Leipzig piano, which had been received and set up on the previous day, was now to be tried and admired. Among those expected was a young musician traveling from Bonn through Weimar, on his way to Vienna, where he intended to continue his studies under the famous Kapellmeister, Joseph Haydn. He had brought with him to Weimar a strong letter of introduction to the Grand Duke, and he was to be the one to dedicate the new instrument. He,

however, had not yet made his appearance.

Goethe advanced, struck a chord playfully, and passed on. Then the ladies pressed about Schiller, begging him to try a familiar air. He smiled, while a dull flush suffused his hollow cheeks; but he took his seat before the piano and tried, with all the timidity of a child, to pick out the desired tune with his slender forefinger. But no tune came. How his charming tormentors swarmed teasingly about him, until at last the beautiful Corona, laughing, gently drew aside the poet's transparent hands. Schiller now relinquished his seat to her, and she, the darling of Weimar, glancing mischievously over her shoulder the while, sang with her inimitable grace:

"Gracious, youthful gods of springtime,
Strew for me with fairy hands
Flowrets, leaflets, gaily tossed
And woven into airy strands."

Surely that was the young stranger musician who had entered during this lovely song and taken his stand just inside the door? His appearance was very unusual. Goethe had compared his head to that of a lion. It was composed of stormy eyes, a stern mouth, powerful features, a cloudy forehead. All eyes were turned upon him as soon as the Grand Duke

was seen to converse with him. His whole appearance had so remarkable a magnetism that for the moment even Corona, the enchantress, and her sweet song, were quite forgotten in the interest he aroused.

A few minutes later young Ludwig von Beethoven had taken his seat on the low bench in front of the piano, and was improvising. The listeners gathered closer and closer about him, as if attracted by an invisible force. Charming groups were formed; the faces of all, however different their expressions, were equally tinged with emotion. What a singing, rushing, ringing, those hands called forth. Flowery springtime flitted past; the storm of unbridled passion swept by; then gleams of moonlight; then the solemn echo of a dirge.

"According to Baedeker," I heard a grating voice remark with dreadful suddenness, "according to Baedeker, Weimar, on the Ilm, is one of the most remarkable cities in the world." Some little professor or other was on the threshold of this consecrated chamber. He never even so much as glanced at the piano, but readjusted his spectacles, buried his nose once more in his book, and continued his reading. Behind him,

with outstretched necks, his woman companions, young and old, stared into the room; but not one of them paid any attention to the plain brown piano. Alas! Where now was my Beethoven? The sun was shining hotly through the windows. The magical vision had vanished, the magical tones were silent.

The old brown piano was standing, you see, in the magnificent grand-ducal chamber, where it really might have been ashamed of its appearance. No wonder that the professor and the professor's wife and daughters did not think it worthy of a glance. Besides, the guide never told them that Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven had played upon its keys.

A First Appearance

ONE November evening, in 1822, a throng filled the Hall of the Estates in Vienna, their eyes riveted expectantly on a frail, blonde boy, who was just then moving toward the piano. Adam Liszt, the friend of Haydn and of Hummel, and a distinguished performer on both the piano and the violin, was leading his eleven-year-old son for the first time before the judgment seat of a public which had known Mozart. The men formed a minority of the audience, but all the leading musicians of Vienna were among them, and near the piano were observed the interesting head of Salieri and the serious Czerny, the lad's instructors. The galaxy of women seemed all the more remarkable by contrast. It was as beaming, glowing, smiling and fragrant as a flower bank after a dewy night. Many deemed it a propitious omen that the lad was to make his début surrounded, as it were, by roses.

In the very remotest corner of the hall a pair of soft and beautiful woman's eyes followed every movement of the slight, childish figure,

and a delicate face revealed by its affecting pallor the deepest, the most powerful emotions. The bosom of this lovely woman rose and fell uneasily, and her small hands twitched as they lay folded in her lap. A black lace veil concealed her abundant golden hair and fell over her dainty bust; a plain black gown enveloped her slender form. Traces of sorrow lay about her lips, yet she was making an effort to smile, when at last a sudden silence fell and the first tones of the piano came to her across the hall. Little Franz was playing a concert piece of Hummel's, with wonderful force and fire. The large audience did not confuse him; he seemed as quiet and self-possessed as an experienced sailor guiding the helm of his ship on the tossing sea. Why, then, did that fair woman continue to tremble, to breathe so anxiously? She heard the applause that was accorded him; she saw the glow of pleasure that lighted his face as he took his seat by his father's side for a short rest. Not a single glance of those large eyes with their dark lashes was bestowed upon the pretty little songstress, dressed in a low-cut satin gown and wearing a rose behind her left ear, who now went through the elaborate trills of an aria—they remained fixed on the countenance of the boy. How pale seemed that finely chiseled face

with its aristocratic mouth! From time to time he stroked his thick fair hair with quick movements of the hand. The songstress finished and retired, followed by the liveliest applause. As she passed the lad she brushed her hand caressingly over his hair. The woman in the lace veil observed her action with a sigh. Then the boy again stepped to the piano, made a short, childish bow, and presently his slim fingers were gliding over the keys in Hummel's B-flat minor concerto. The audience was delighted. A faint glow of joy touched the gentle face of the woman in the far corner.

Once again the signora fluted, trilling boldly up and down the scale in the florid style, and drew up her broad shoulders, and threw kindling glances in all directions, and at the end bowed again and again, with charming coquetry, in response to the loud "bravas." And then the lad seated himself at the piano for the last time. He was now to improvise, and the hall became as quiet as a church at prayer time; one hardly dared to breathe. The lad chose themes from Mozart and Beethoven, weaving them into one another and making variations upon them with the skill of a magician.

A proud smile stole over Salieri's anxious face; but the fair woman had allowed her head

to fall forward on her breast, while hot tears were rolling down her cheeks, tears which she meant none to see. Her folded hands were clasped more tightly, and a passionate prayer for the boy who was playing there ascended to heaven from her pure and pious soul. So rapt was the petition of the mother's heart that she was not disturbed even by the exultant cheers which rang out without restraint as the last chord was struck. But the young woman started up in dismay at the sound of one voice that reached her. She knew that voice. It was saying: "Madame, your son has played well; I am satisfied with him. He will bring you a great deal of happiness and you may well feel proud of such a boy. Come, let us go and congratulate him."

Franz Liszt's mother rose and laid her hand on the arm of a tall, gloomy looking man, who was standing in front of her. His thick hair was in the most original disorder and he was carelessly dressed. The audience was turning and tossing about gaily, but all fell back, as if before the Emperor himself, to make way for the pair which now advanced to the piano. They exchanged no words, but now and then the mother raised her gentle eyes and looked in admiration and awe at her companion, who

nodded back at her with almost fatherly kindness. At last the boy caught sight of them both.

"Mamma! Are you really here? And—Beethoven!" he cried, glowing with passionate delight. In another moment his arms were about his mother's neck, while Beethoven's smiling approbation was the first laurel to be placed on the young artist's brow.

From that day the career of Franz Liszt was settled, and his mother's heart, despite a thousand apprehensions, yielded to the inevitable. She bravely thrust aside the terrifying visions of dangers, sacrifices, disillusions which disturbed her night and day. "Go on!" bade the gentlest voice in the world. "May the saints protect you and lead you to the true peace." So the child whom she loved so intensely entered the thorny road of an artist's life, which leads to heights of attainment where men stand alone. Without a complaint, she uprooted from her pious heart the dearest wish of her soul. She had longed to see her son choose the path which, as she implicitly believed, would lead him straight to heaven; she had desired to make him a priest. Thenceforth she was content to be only the mother of an artist.

A Double Star in the Artistic Firmament

"When for the first time I beheld thee—"

TRULY that was a "musical" company, in the fullest sense of the word, which gathered at the house of Dr. Carus, in Leipzig, one December evening in 1828. A larger number than usual had been invited, and the quartette of young musicians and students, usually so gay, appeared a little out of humour in consequence. They had retreated into a corner beside the piano, whence they were watching the swelling tide of guests, with somewhat anxious looks. The two rooms, which were not very large, were already filled with men and women. All the notables of the musical world were present; it looked as if some one were about to undergo an exceedingly critical ordeal. Among others were to be seen the aged and learned Matthai who had accomplished so much as director of the Gewandhaus concerts and as supporter of several choral societies; August Pohling, the popular teacher of singing:

Marschner, the young composer; Weinlig the choir-master; Karl Voigt, the 'cellist; Gottfried Wilhelm Fink, famous pulpit orator, musician and critic, and the highly gifted Councillor Rochlitz, editor of the Leipzig Musical Times. The women who received most attention were the distinguished singer Henriette Weiss, née Schicht, and the pretty pianiste Perthaler, of Graz, who was in Leipzig as her guest. Many charming young girls flitted about like gay moths; there was a confusion of beautiful forms, a medley of happy voices, pleasant laughter and whispering, which reminded one of a spring day with its bright sky, golden sunshine, rustling leaves and twittering birds.

The friendly hostess, a delicate blonde, was doing the honours with accomplished grace, yet even while she was occupied with words of greeting, questions, and replies, her soft blue eyes were often turned toward the door with a look of eager expectancy.

"Something unusual is afoot, if one could only tell what," murmured one of the students. "Come, Schumann, aren't you really in the secret?"

The one addressed, who had seated himself before the open piano, shook his head.

"Go and ask, then," exhorted another. "I

am beginning to feel positively queer. I have lost all inclination to play.''

''Well, any of you would be better at finding out than I. You have all laughed at me often enough for my clumsiness in such matters.'' So answered Robert Schumann, and laid his hands dreamily upon the keys.

''Yes, but you can make the music say whatever you want,'' broke in young Täglichsbeck, ''and everyone knows what you mean. Only the other day you caricatured us all on the piano, and so well that each recognized himself instantly. Then you played Professor K. to the very life, with his walk and all, and finally you played Professor H. so comically that we nearly laughed ourselves to death. Go on, then, and ask Frau Agnes what's coming. Surely that's no very distasteful task?''

At that very moment the youthful hostess came toward the group of young people. They all admired her enthusiastically. In her hospitable house there gathered every week a little circle of musical friends who listened to the students' quartettes and trios with the keenest enjoyment. Julius Knorr or Robert Schumann would take the piano part, Täglichsbeck the violin, and Glock the 'cello, while Sörgel would assume the bass viol. Then they would set to

work merrily. Severe criticisms were not lacking, but delivered as they were by bright eyes and smiling lips, they merely stimulated the players to greater efforts and made them stricter in self-criticism. Schumann saw the doctor's wife more often than the rest, for he accompanied her whenever she sang. She had made the acquaintance of the young dreamer before her marriage, while visiting in his native town of Zwickau, and her voice had first inspired him to compose songs. At the present time she was studying with him chiefly the songs of Schubert, which he first brought to her in great delight and which were just beginning to win general appreciation. It was in the Carus home that Leipzig first heard sung "The Erlking," "At Sea," and the famous "Serenade." To-day Frau Agnes especially wished to sing Schubert songs, in memory of the gifted master, who had entered into his eternal rest only a few days before; and she had selected the wonderful "All Souls' Day" and "The Wanderer." Now, as she approached her youthful admirers, Schumann slowly raised his head and looked at her. His hands glided softly over the keys. There arose a hesitating, dreamy melody, and the young matron, bending her head over him, listened intently, while her long golden ringlets

fell across her cheeks. Full of shy grace, yet full, too, of a bold humour, with the short air, which now closed abruptly with an arpeggio chord.

"What am I expected to tell?" demanded Frau Agnes, with a mischievous smile. "That was a veritable interrogation point. Put it into words!"

"Positively, he is a magician!" murmured Sörgel. "He has made her understand him. No one else could have done such a thing. He almost makes one afraid of him."

"Be pacified, you inquisitive people," continued the amiable hostess. "I have a surprise in store for my friends to-night, and hope you will be duly grateful and enjoy the miracle which is about to be revealed. Robert Schumann is, as I well know, a true believer in miracles. To-day I think he will bend his knee in adoration. Oh, there it is now!"

With a light step she hastened to meet a little white-clad maiden who was entering the room in company with a man. She embraced the child with motherly tenderness, welcomed the father in her own winning, friendly way, then introduced the latter to her guests as the music teacher Wieck. Robert Schumann gazed with lively interest at the man whose endowments,

ability and energy he had so often heard commended. How eager he was to know him, to talk with him! But others had drawn the new guest into conversation, and the young student had to wait. Moreover, his was a retiring nature, and no one could be less at his ease on making a new acquaintance than was he. He regarded a visit to strangers as a kind of torture, and it required the finest tactics of diplomacy, and often months of time, to prepare the way for introducing him into a family. Ever since coming to Leipzig, for example, he had longed to know Friedrich Wieck, yet he had not dared to tell his friends, for fear, as he jokingly used to say, that they would "tie him and crate him" and, by force or cunning, drag him bodily into the Master's house.

This evening he merely followed the unexpected and interesting guest with his dreamy eyes and did not make the slightest attempt to approach him. An unusual amount of music was played. In addition to a quartette in E minor for piano and stringed instruments—one of Robert Schumann's own compositions—he played with his friend Knorr some brilliant duet variations on a theme of Prince Louis Ferdinand's. Henriette Weiss, who possessed a powerful voice, sang arias by Gluck and

Handel; the fair visiting pianist rendered Beethoven's C minor Sonata; and Frau Agnes sang Schubert songs. The latter bewitched all hearts more than ever before. Her voice was exceptionally winning and she sang with insight and poetic feeling. During the storm of delight which followed her singing, the glance of her accompanist fell upon a sweet, childish face immediately before him. Great blue eyes were gazing at the face of the singer with a look of the most profound enthusiasm. Struck by the child's naïve admiration, Robert Schumann involuntarily laid his hand upon her dark head, saying: "Are you musical, too, my little one?" The girl turned towards him slowly, a mischievous smile twitching at her mouth. She did not answer, however, for at that very moment her father laid his hand on her dainty shoulder and led her away to a distant group.

"Well, how about that promised miracle? Where is it?" asked Robert Schumann, half an hour later, with a rather cross grimace.

"It is going to be revealed over there. You had better pay attention," replied the amiable Gotte, comrade of his studies, pointing to the piano.

A little, pale, dark-haired girl was sitting before the keyboard, modestly but quite unem-

barrassed, and beside her was standing Friedrich Wieck. Suddenly, with extraordinary power and security, her graceful hands struck the first notes of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor. Was she "musical"—little Clara Wieck?

"What do you think of her, Schumann?" demanded Agnes Carus with flashing eyes, when the great waves of applause which followed the child's playing had somewhat subsided. "Did I prophesy too much? Haven't I shown you a miracle? Isn't she a little fairy?"

"She looks like the guardian angel in my mother's room at home," he returned quickly, excitedly. "But who taught her to play? What do the rest of us amount to beside her? And what will she become at this rate? I will take piano lessons from Friedrich Wieck. Do say a good word for me! Right now! Please don't refuse, but let me speak to him at once!"

And thus Robert Schumann, the Leipzig student, during the whole time he was studying law, became the most industrious pupil of the most famous music teacher in the city of Leipzig. A few days after that memorable evening, little Clara made her first public appearance at a concert given by the pianist Perthaler, accompanied and supported by the applause of an enthusiastic audience.

It was almost four years later. Robert Schumann had returned to Leipzig a second time, but his life had taken a new turn which was to bring him good fortune. After many struggles and doubts he had made his decision; he was to be a musician. Wieck's testimony enabled him to make this decision sooner than he had dared to hope. Grateful and happy, he now attached himself yet more closely to this first teacher of his, studying and practicing with such diligence that his friends were often worried about his health. In the first place, he set himself to acquire a certain degree of digital dexterity, and, disappointed at the results of his industry, he at last laid out for himself in secret a daring course of finger gymnastics, in order to get the desired suppleness.*

It was said that he even devised strange instruments of torture into which he screwed his hands, behind closed doors. But instead of attaining the goal he longed for, the young musician came to realize, to his dismay, that a crippling weakness was stealing over his right hand, and particularly that the middle finger of that hand was becoming totally useless. Practicing had now to be suspended. The physician

* See Joseph Wasielewsky's Biography of Robert Schumann.

forbade all exertion of the affected hand. What misery! A prima donna told that she was going to lose her dearest jewel, her voice, could not have been more depressed and worried. To long to play the marvellous Chopin, whose compositions were just then rising into view, like bright stars against the dark night sky—and to have crippled hands!

One warm summer evening it happened that Robert Schumann, crossing the Leipzig market-place with a roll of music under his arm, was going at such a pace that he fairly ran past his teacher Friedrich Wieck without seeing him.

"Whither away so fast?" cried Wieck, darting out his long arm like a toll-bar.

Schumann stopped.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I have just been to Brietkopf & Härtel's to get Chopin's latest work. Here it is—a Muzurka, Opus 17; a Waltz, Opus 18, and a Polonaise. I have read them all and could weep with despair, or jump into the river."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't write them—and because I can't play them."

"Borrow a pair of hands, then, or let somebody else play the things. Let me have the music and come and spend an hour with us this

evening. Perhaps Clara will try a bit of it.''

With a sigh the young musician placed the music in Wieck's hands.

''I'll be very glad to come,'' he said in a low voice, ''but what can Clara's little fingers make of this wild music? Why, I can't grasp it at all. I feel as if I had lost my way in the woods at night, with wills-o'-the-wisp dancing about me. And she is only a delicate, timid little girl. Well, I'll be with you at seven, sharp.''

''Good! Clara won't be frightened, I hope. Bring Schunke and Ortlepp with you.''

The two men separated and went their ways, Friedrich Wieck turning the pages of the music, Schumann with his head down, lost in deep thought. Indeed, so absorbed was Schumann that when he aroused himself at last, he found himself not at his rooms in Riedel's Garden, but at the opposite end of the city, under the green trees of the Swan Pond.

What was it that had so held captive his senses and his thoughts? Melodic reveries, mirages of future creative work; or the Chopin demon whose strange, fantastic airs pursued him day and night; or, perhaps, a finely modelled little head, surrounded by a wreath of dark braids, which was always reminding him of the picture of the guardian angel at home? Who knows?

How different and how much richer had Schumann's life become since his first sojourn in Leipzig as a young student? He had become one of a fraternity of gifted men which had formed itself out of a common devotion to a common goal. Names like Kupsch, Dorn, Banck, Bennet, Schunke, adorned it. Genius and talent enough to supply half the world were often gathered together in the little music room in Riedel's Garden. Yet on such occasions Robert Schumann always took the least conspicuous part. By nature serious and reserved, he was usually silent and never sought an opportunity to display his powers, though he was always the victor when forced into competition with others. All his friends bowed to his discriminating judgment, while his warm heart, his enthusiastic encouragement, the depths of his kindly feeling, and his noble candour, soothed even those who felt hurt by his searching criticisms. In those days too, this keen critic, this serious thinker, was an enthusiastic admirer of Jean Paul, and, as his friends relate and his letters prove, he was trying to imitate his favourite's style with tongue and pen. How often he would sit until the small hours over his dear "Titan" or "Hesperus," and would wake his room-mate in order to read to him excitedly in his pathetic

voice some favourite passage from one of these books! He was also carried away with Eichendorff, many a stanza from whose poems, which afterwards travelled the whole earth on the wings of a Schumann melody, was recited enthusiastically to some friend in this quiet room at midnight. His appreciation for poetic beauty, both as to form and expression, was infinitely delicate; the simplest verses, which scarcely affected others, would sometimes bring tears to his eyes. He was profoundly impressed with that uncanny poem: "Dusk is going to spread its wings," while the fathomless melancholy of the lines "From its home behind the lightnings red," like the picture of "Forest Solitude," haunted his memory for days after their first reading.

The evening on which other hands were to play Chopin had come. Friedrich Wieck's family and their guests had already assembled in the cosy music-room, when Robert Schumann arrived with his friends. The Wieck boys seized upon their favourite clamorously. The only others present were Fink and Rochlitz, and the amiable Henriette Vogt, wife of an art-loving merchant, at whose home Schumann had, for the first time, been a guest a few days before. Warm greetings were interchanged, and soon

a lively discussion was in full swing, on a subject which is still discussed to this very day, and always with the same zest—the merits of Chopin.

The young musicians, without exception, felt powerfully drawn by that refined, strange temperament, the shadowy wealth of whose harmonies enmeshed every soul as in a magic net. But even the much admired pianist Schunke admitted that he felt a kind of dread on taking up the study of Chopin. "Mozart and Beethoven, Haydn and Bach, lead us over beaten paths," he once remarked. "One wanders in their music through palm groves and magic gardens. But whither will this Pole lead us, with his slim, pale hand? Into an endless forest of moonlight, where we are always ill at ease, where mysterious voices

'Soar up and down'

and all sorts of ghost-like apparitions catch the eye."

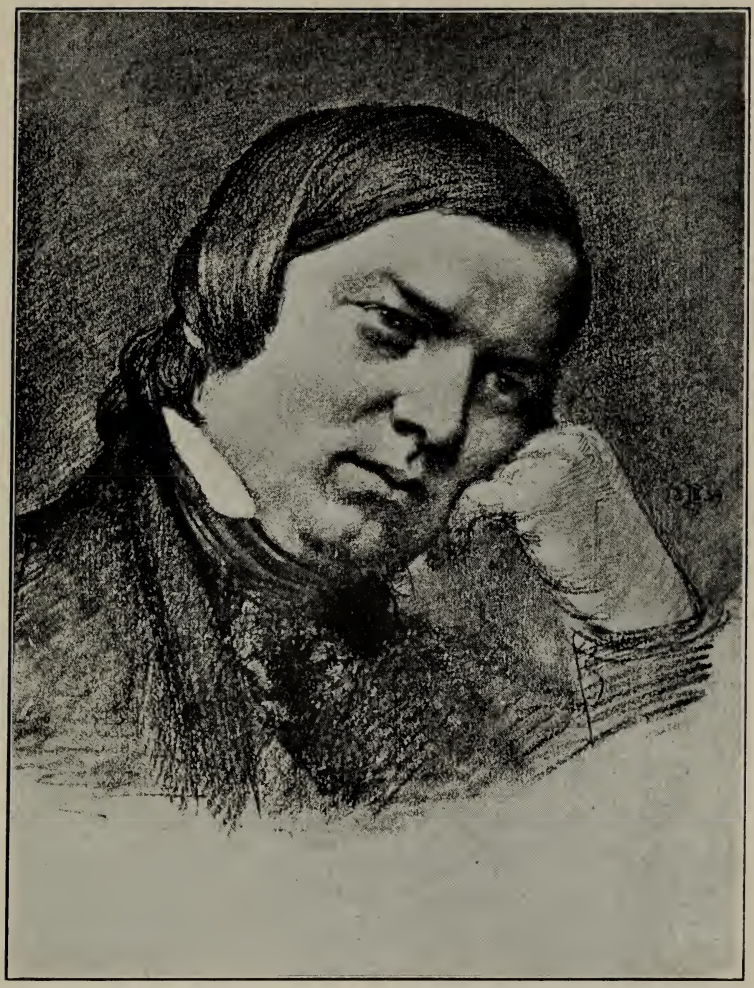
During all this conversation the delicate figure of a girl verging upon womanhood kept moving silently and softly about among the guests. A superficial observer might easily have overlooked that pale face, that shy figure. Her whole appearance suggested a sensitiveness

toward the outer world like that of the Mimosa plant, which shrinks into itself at the slightest rough touch. The soil of the common world seemed unfit for a nature so fragile as this "white flower," and yet the child was already attracting considerable public attention.

All Leipzig was talking of Clara's wonderful talent and its vigorous development under her father's energetic guidance; her industry and zeal were constantly praised. Yet few eyes beheld her in her own home, where she was, above all, the most affectionate of sisters, the most obedient of daughters. She acted with the most charming modesty in the presence of the artists and the friends of her father who visited at the house. For the most part she would sit beside her mother, silent and attentive among the older and younger musicians, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, while now and then a lovely smile parted her lips, saying more eloquently than words:

> "I love to listen when the wise are speaking,
> That I may learn to understand their wisdom."

To-day she was listening more closely than ever, as the speakers waxed warm in debate and argued and questioned on all phases of the subject. "Oh, my useless hand!" exclaimed



SCHUMANN

Robert Schumann despondently. "If only I could play this polonaise to-day! Who will lend me his sound fingers? I would thank him the rest of my life."

Then a sweet voice said, quite loudly and clearly: "I."

Clara rose and went over to her father, laid her hand lightly on his shoulder, and asked, with a blush: "Papa, will you let me play it? I believe I can. And the little muzurkas, too."

"You must take the responsibility, then," replied Wieck, "for I was out when you were practicing. Try, my child, if you think you can venture, and if Schumann is content with your ten fingers."

She glanced at Schumann, who nodded. A smile flitted across her face. And presently Clara was seated before her beloved piano and was playing Chopin.

Passively, all the company stepped within the magic circle woven by this music, by this playing, and followed as in a dream the elfin figure, which whisked away before their eyes into the enchanted forest. Labyrinthian paths lay before them under the moonbeams, leading—where? On and on, past dancing, flashing wills-o'-the-wisp, to the castle beside the deep lake, whose lighted windows were reflected in

the placid waters. A garden filled with roses and exotics surrounded it. On the broad terraces stood orange trees heavy with bloom, their perfume wafted softly on the eddies of the air. Women, marvellously fair, in magnificent attire, their dark tresses plaited with pearls, or wearing sparkling jeweled crowns on their foreheads, paced slowly to and fro in the uncertain moonlight; at their sides proud, manly figures, clad strangely and superbly. On all sides low whispers, warm sighs, passionate glances, the tremulous pressure of clasped hands. Within the castle, in a great hall, there was dancing—wild dances whose melodies quickened the pulsing blood, while spur rang against spur. Yet, fascinating as were those forms, entrancing as were those intricate figures and groups, there was something dreadful in their pleasure, something demoniacal in their wild joy. Under it all there sounded the clash of swords, shrieks of despairing love, noises like "revelry about a corpse and dirges at a marriage feast." Wildly and more wildly surged the men and women in the dance, more heated became their embraces, more hotly flamed their glances; those who had been strolling in the garden now came to stand at the doors, staring, pale and sorrowful, at the reeling revelry with-

in. Then suddenly the candles were snuffed out, the music ceased in a shrill wail of anguish, and all was blank. The moonlight flooded deserted rooms, the dancers had vanished. Only in the garden shadowy forms skimmed away mysteriously, shivery ripples moved upon the lake, and the rustling of the reeds died away like gentle sighs.

"That was Chopin," said Friedrich Wieck, quietly, as the frail form of the girl rose from the piano. But her childish face had turned pale, a new seriousness had touched her brow, and her eyes were glistening with moisture. No one spoke, so seized and overpowered were they all by Clara's playing. The mother held out her hand involuntarily and drew her daughter to her. As she passed Schumann the girl's eyes met his gazing up at her in almost prayerful admiration. She paused for a moment and a bright blush dyed her clear cheeks. And this interchange of glances was the first link of that firm golden chain which was to bind them to each other for time and eternity. From that hour Robert Schumann's heart never forgot the young girl who, as he lightly expressed it, had "lent" him her hands.

There was a great deal more discussion and music that evening, but Clara did not play

again. She kept her seat among her brothers and sisters, asked to see the young musician's lame finger, carefully and skilfully tightened the bandage, and gave "the patient" all sorts of wise feminine advice, smiling and making merry meantime; while Schumann gazed down thoughtfully on this little sister of charity, with her captivating profile and her abundant dark hair, and was once more reminded of the guardian angel in his mother's little room at home.

Later, after the frugal supper, the boys guardedly begged their friend to tell them a "long story" and gradually drew him into a window corner, while the others conversed. It was there that he was in the habit of telling them, as he later told in melody, those real, precious fairy tales which begin with the magical words "Once upon a time," and end with the comforting assurance that "if they haven't died, they're living still." But this time, just as he was beginning, a very dear little somebody rose and crept nearer, unnoticed. Resting her hand on the back of the narrator's chair, without his knowing it, she forgot learned discussions about the system of Logier, the "suspensions" of Chopin, and the fugues of Bach, and listened with soul and eyes to the story of

how the "Seven Ravens" turned themselves back into seven knights in order to save their devoted little sister.

Many years had passed since Robert Schumann first heard Clara Wieck play Chopin—and what changes had intervened! The dreamer who had dissipated his powers in many interests was now a musician at whom crowds stared spell-bound and who was surrounded by a throng of enthusiastic adherents. A number of superb published compositions bore witness to the lofty flight of their author's genius, to his wealth of imagination, to the true Teutonic depth and fervour of his temperament. After a life crowded with events, after sojourns in Leipzig, Dresden and St. Petersburg, he had come to Düsseldorf; and not alone, for the guardian angel, now a real, living person, was with him. The budding child was now a wife and the mother of blooming children. The union of Robert Schumann with his Clara had cost hard battles, fierce, persistent struggles. Many an anxious year had sped before the glorious bridal song "Over the garden, through

the air,'' could be sung, with its joyous refrain:

''She is thine, yes, she is thine!''

and its tender lines:

''For I have kissed her there so long
I've made her mine in life and song.''

But to be side by side at last seemed to them only the more blessed after that long waiting. The time of separation lay behind them like a troubled dream, for now they belonged to each other forever.

Robert Schumann was conducting his ''Pilgrimage of the Rose'' in the Düsseldorf Concert Hall. The dense audience listened to the graceful stanzas, the charming melodies, with the most rapt attention. Young, girlish faces, fresh as roses, lent their beauty to the tiers of the chorus. Among the sopranos was Clara Schumann. During that whole evening I think I scarcely once took my eyes from her. She joined in the singing, gazing always at her husband. What a look hers was! It expressed true, sweet womanly devotion and endless love. She followed his every movement; she kept time softly to herself; she watched for the alto and joined in with that part; she harkened for the tenor; she marked the entrance of the basses;

she listened attentively to the orchestra; while again and again her deep, affectionate eyes turned back to him with that look which no one who saw it could ever forget. The conductor's face remained impassive, and only now and then, at some favourite passage, his eyelids lifted slowly and his eyes met the eyes of his wife.

Later, when all was over, I saw him sitting exhausted in his easy chair, and there she was standing, just as she had stood once many years before when he was telling fairy stories, her slender hand resting on the chair-back. Then she nodded with charming motherly sweetness to her youngest little daughter, who was sitting near the orchestra.

In the second part of the performance she played compositions of her husband's. Among these, the bewitching duet "At the Spring," which she played with one of her young girl pupils, Nanette Falk, was received with keen delight. Afterwards she played some of Mendelsohn's Songs Without Words and a Chopin mazurka.

Robert Schumann sat in a corner, in his characteristic pose, his chin resting on his hand and his lips smilingly pouted, as always when he was, as now, pleased and satisfied with her. In

the midst of the applause she turned her head sideways, seeking his eyes, and he nodded gently, with a sign of approbation. Her face showed clearly that she did not find her best reward in the applause of the public.

There was something profoundly affecting in the quiet way in which she took care of him, sympathizing with him mentally and physically, before all eyes; but her many friends know how infinitely more moving still was the life she lived with and for him in her own home. Just as she had lent him her hands, half playfully, on that memorable Chopin evening, so she had later been the means of securing a reception for his own brilliant pianoforte compositions. As far as her strength permitted she had set herself to remove every obstacle in his sometimes rather rough road toward an artistic career; she was always patiently trying to pluck the thorns from every rose which blossomed along his way.

Though she was unaware of it, her own existence made up the elements of Schumann's most glorious song cycle, "The Life and Love of Woman," from the bewitching

"Since mine eyes beheld him"

to the affecting

"Now for the first time thou hast bruised my heart."

A complete and exhaustive biography of Robert and Clara Schumann can only be written by and by, but whatever may be told hereafter about the husband's fame and artistic creations, the chapters that tell of the wife's wonderfully harmonious life with him must sometime assuredly be prefaced by this motto, the secret of that rare and perfect artistic union:

"I will live for him and serve him,
Be his in every wise—
Give him my soul, and find it
Transfigured in his eyes."

THE END.

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